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(TRADE MARK)

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(REGISTERED.)

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A GLIMPSE AT A FEW MONTREAL CONSERVATORIES.
(From photos. by Hamilton.)

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While pointing out that there has been a gratifying increase in the importation of horned cattle from England, the High Commissioner in his report warns the Canadian authorities of the necessity for extreme caution in view of the panic that reigns in the United Kingdom with regard to pleuropneumonia. The arrival of a single infected cargo from the Dominion would be disastrous to the trade. Not long since an order was issued permitting the importation of cattle and sheep from Holland, that country being then free from disease of any kind. But, notwithstanding its known immunity, such an outcry was raised among the farmers, owing to its contiguity to Germany, that the order had to be rescinded. In fact, if many of the British farmers had their way, no importation would be permitted at all. It is in consequence of this widespread suspicion of everything that crosses the sea, and not because he is unaware of the conscientious care exercised in the inspection of all animals allowed to leave the Dominion, that Sir Charles Tupper thinks it well to put the Minister of Agriculture, and the officers of his department on their guard.

An experiment of which the result will be awaited with considerable interest has been made in the planting of trees in the plain country of the North-West. The opportunity for it was afforded by a project of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, which has been in operation for some years—that of marking off ground for gardens at the more important railway stations of the sparsely settled western country, in which various grains, vegetables and flowers are cultivated. These gardens, which had an experimental character, occurred mainly in a virtually treeless tract, and it was thought well to try whether some of the hardier, deciduous and evergreen trees grown at the Central Farm, Ottawa, might not thrive if transplanted to the West. So twenty-five bundles, each containing 175 selected trees and plants of some three dozen varieties were put up and forwarded to twenty-five of these station gardens at points between Moose Jaw and Calgary. The bundles contained several varieties of maple (Manitoba, Norway, sugar, red and soft), of ash (white, green, mountain—American and European), of birch (yellow and canoe), of walnut, butternut, elm, sycamore, black cherry, honey locust, alder, mulberry, catalpa, horse chestnut, willow, cranberry, barberry and ailanthus, of deciduous, and of white, Scotch and Austrian pine, Norway and white spruce and arbor vitae, of evergreen trees. All the packages reached their destinations in good order, and in many instances the

young trees are doing well. Those sent to Medicine Hat are in charge of Mr. J. Niblock, an enthusiastic arboriculturist, who, it is gratifying to learn, has met with encouraging success in his labour of love. It is to be hoped that some of the other tests will attract like interest in the localities where they are conducted.

Vancouver, B.C., continues to be a source of wonder and admiration to English visitors. A recent tourist, who has been contributing a series of interesting letters to the *Colonies and India*, expresses his delight with this young Pacific city. What in his opinion, as in that of all who have trodden its broad streets, makes it exceptionally remarkable is that it has already, short though its career has been, passed through the terrible ordeal of a sweepingly destructive fire. When it was founded in 1866, the country around its site was virgin forest, many of the trees being from six to twelve feet in diameter. Its rapid growth was only retarded momentarily by the sudden desolation that overtook it. No one would fancy to-day that the handsome and thriving city of 15,000 people, with its wharves and warehouses, churches, hotels and fine private residences, was the youngest of American settlements. What seems strangest of all to the correspondent is that there has been no boom, nothing artificial or forced in its creation. There has been no speculating on margins, but a steady growth in the value of property; all the land bought has been paid for, half cash down, the remainder in from three to six months, and railway land is sold only on building conditions. There are not twenty persons, according to the land commissioner, behind in their payments. Everything shows healthy progress, stability and enterprise, and gives assurance of a grand future.

We are glad to learn that the Rev. F. E. Wilson, of Sault Ste. Marie, has concluded arrangements for the issue of a monthly periodical, to be devoted to the Indians. It will be the organ of "The Indian Research and Aid Society," the inaugural meeting of which took place at Ottawa on the 18th ult. under the presidency of Sir James Grant, M.D., F.G.S. His Excellency the Governor-General has consented to be patron of the Society, which has also obtained the sanction of the Minister of the Interior. Sir Wm. Dawson was elected president, the Hon. G. W. Allan, the Rev. Dr. Bryce, Dr. Lewis (Bishop of Ontario), and Sir James Grant, were chosen vice-presidents; the Rev. F. E. Wilson will be secretary, and Mr. W. L. Marler, treasurer. The council comprises Mr. J. M. LeMoine, Dr. G. M. Dawson, Dr. Thorburn, the Rev. Principal Grant, Dr. Sullivan (Bishop of Algoma) and other prominent workers in the fields of missions or research. The Rev. F. E. Wilson and Mr. H. B. Small will edit the Society's magazine, which is called *The Canadian Indian*. The price of subscription (which includes membership in the Society) is \$2. We consider the formation of such a society a movement in the right direction, and we hope that *The Canadian Indian* will have a success corresponding with the importance of the subjects with which it is to deal.

By the death of Mr. E. Lareau, M.P.P., this province has lost a patriotic and earnest public man, the legal profession a learned member and a diligent student, and Canadian literature one of its most enthusiastic and productive writers. Mr. Lareau's mind was always active and his pen was rarely idle. Though still comparatively young, he

had found time to complete a number of important works, some of them authorities on the topics with which they deal, while attending his professional, professorial and parliamentary duties. He wrote the only comprehensive history of Canadian literature that we possess; compiled a bulky survey of general literature; wrote, in conjunction with the late Mr. G. Doutre, "Le Droit Civil Canadien," and alone "L'Histoire du Droit Canadien," a volume of essays on feudal tenure, the Canadian press, etc., besides occasional contributions to various journals. Some of these works—those on legal and constitutional history especially—are of recognized value, and are marked by conscientious research, characteristic clearness and impartiality.

The engineers of the United States do not seem to deal successfully with the Mississippi floods, which at stated periods cause such devastation along the banks of that great river and its tributaries. Just at present large districts in Mississippi, Louisiana and Arkansas are in a state of destitution, and have appealed for assistance. General A. W. Greely, whose visit to Montreal some of our readers doubtless remember, has contributed a timely article on the subject to the *North American Review*. In substance, he says that the freshets of the main river and its tributaries are not due, as many have held, to the melting of winter snows. The freshets in the Upper Mississippi occurring as late as April, and those of the Missouri in June and July—both rivers, moreover, being at a low stage in February and March—they cannot contribute to the March and April floods of the Lower Mississippi. In fact, he thinks that if all the waters of the upper river were dammed up so as to leave St. Louis high and dry, the lower reaches of the river would none the less be surcharged and the lands along its banks inundated. As for the central portion of the river, between Cairo and Red River Landing, no matter what outlets were opened into the gulf below the latter point, it would still be subjected to disastrous overflows, as at present. The floods in the Mississippi Valley below the mouth of the Red River are distinctive floods, and their treatment must, therefore, be individual. They are, in a measure, independent of the central valley where the flood periods are prolonged considerably beyond the duration of the freshets in the Delta region. It will thus be seen that it is not a single problem, but a number of separate local problems that the science of engineering is called upon to solve.

In these utilitarian days it is not often that a teacher boldly undertakes to defend the study of Greek simply on its own merits. The Rev. Prof. McNaughton, of Queen's University, has, however, not shrunk from the task. In his inaugural lecture he has courageously stood up for it against all opponents. After paying a deserved compliment to his own distinguished teacher, Prof. Geddes, now at the head of Aberdeen University, and expressing his assurance of constant sympathy and encouragement from the Principal of Queen's, Prof. McNaughton weighed the arguments generally used in the denunciation of Greek as one of the branches of liberal study, and found them wanting. As for the contemptuous question sometimes heard by its antagonists, "What does one gain by it?" he appealed to experience. "Ask any man who has acquired some familiarity with this language whether he regrets the time spent on it. I do not think that one man out of a hundred would say he did. For the most part, you will find that the most ener-

getic opponents of Greek are just those who have too little acquaintance with the object of their resentment to have sustained any serious injury from it. It is a case of mistrust of the unknown." As for the charge of uselessness, if Greek was useless it was a uselessness in which he gloried as a protest against that philistine utilitarianism, that deemed nothing valuable that could not be turned into money. But, in truth, it was impossible to get away from the Greeks. All great achievement in the world was traced back to Greece as its fruitful source. The thoughts, and even the words of that wondrous people were wrought into whatever was most ennobling, most inspiring in the thought of to-day. Thus, as John Addington Symonds says, "All civilized nations are colonies of Hellas," and it is this relationship that "has made Greek so indispensable in modern education." Prof. McNaughton's lecture is published in the March and April numbers of the *Educational Monthly*.

A SEVENTEENTH CENTURY TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT.

Of the great reforms that have changed the face, and, to some extent, the heart, of civilization during the last fifty years or more, not the least important is the temperance movement. How far-reaching and thorough its influence has been we realize when we contrast the ordinary social usages of sixty or seventy years ago with the rule of the present day. Whether we read history, biography or fiction, we cannot but recognize the sweeping change that has taken place. When we ask to what causes this transformation is to be attributed, we receive various answers. According to some authorities, it is the altered attitude of the physician, while others ascribe it to the total abstinence societies, and others again assure us that it results from the general improvement in morals and manners. Those who have placed on record the doings of temperance organizations seldom assign an earlier date for the inauguration of the work than the beginning of the century. Dr. Lyman Beecher and Dr. B. J. Clark, moved by the study of Dr. Rush's book on the effect of ardent spirits on the human frame, are said to have led the way by forming in Greenfield, New York, a temperance society which still exists. Dr. Rush, though he bled and purged after the fashion of his time, was in many ways in advance of it. He was a humane reformer in the treatment of the insane, and his treatise on the effect of alcohol may still be studied with advantage.

Nevertheless, there is hardly a point on which he dwells in his war with the destroyer that had not already been used in a controversy that raged in Canada a hundred years before. To Canada really belongs the initiation of the temperance reform. It is an American writer—an honour to his calling—who tells us that the first temperance meeting held on this continent took place at the mission of Sillery, near Quebec, in the year 1648—a hundred years before Dr. Rush was born. "The drum beat after Mass," writes Dr. Parkman, "and the Indians gathered at the summons." The first speaker was an Algonquin chief, who, after citing a recent edict of the Governor, threatened all who should violate it by drinking to excess with merited punishment, and exhorted his people to avoid disgrace and set a good example. That there was need for remonstrance and exhortation we have ample evidence from contemporary

writers. The state of degradation to which the liquor traffic—for, as soon as the fur traders became aware of the weakness of the Indians, they made brandy the chief article of barter—had reduced some of the tribes, was a disgrace to civilization and a sore grief to the missionaries. Hence arose a dispute which lasted for more than fifty years, as between the clergy and the civil power, but which, in one form or another, as far as it touches the Indians, has continued till the present moment.

The *eau de vie* controversy, or the brandy quarrel (as Mr. Parkman calls it), was complicated by rivalries and jealousies which sometimes caused the central evil to be lost sight of. But no person can read the story of the conflict without being convinced that the temperance party had right and reason and Christianity on its side. The policy of denying liquor to the Indians has, in fact, been sanctioned long since by every government in North America. But what is especially noteworthy in this temperance movement of two centuries ago is that, on the total abstinence side were marshalled all the arguments which Drs. Rush, Richardson, Oswald, and other medical reformers, have since adduced against the use of intoxicants. One document, more particularly, entitled "*Histoire de l'Eau de Vie en Canada*," prepared, it is supposed, about the year 1705, by some of the missionaries, might still serve to coach a temperance lecturer. It is true that when the author describes so vividly the effects of spirituous liquors on the human system, it is the *corpus vile* of the unsophisticated and unseasoned Indian that he has in his mind's eye. In Britain, in Germany, "drunkenness is magnificence, good cheer, one of the bonds of society, a source of wholesome delight, and, moreover, the fashion from time immemorial." The magistrates could hardly be expected, therefore, to deal very severely with it, whatever condemnation the laws of God might pronounce on it. But if people chose to look upon intemperance in Europe as a venial offence, those who had witnessed its fruits among the Indians of Canada could not most assuredly regard it as a trivial matter. Having anticipated looked for objections by this distinction, the unknown author of this woful history proceeds to demonstrate that brandy (which, like rum in our day, stood for liquor in general), though it might be a remedy, was not an aliment, that, though administered in small quantities under proper direction, it might be salutary to the patient, it was ruinous to body and mind when taken in excess. He then gives numerous instances of the fearful effects of brandy-drinking among the Indians—murders, maimings, massacres, like that of Lachine, surprise by enemies, as at La Prairie de la Magdelaine (though there Valrennes ultimately won the day), assaults on women, deaths by exposure, fires, famine, madness. But it is not the Indians alone who sin and suffer in this way. The tavern-keepers waste their evil gains in riot and debauchery. The merchants of Montreal share in the depression of an impoverished community, and parents bewail the corruption of their children. No temperance lecture, in fact, could be more forcible, more pathetic, more convincing than this stray leaf from the record of the 17th century. To Canadians it is of unusual interest as the testimony of a contemporary to the priority of the temperance movement in Canada and to the antiquity of arguments, of which we are wont to give the credit to our own enlightened age.

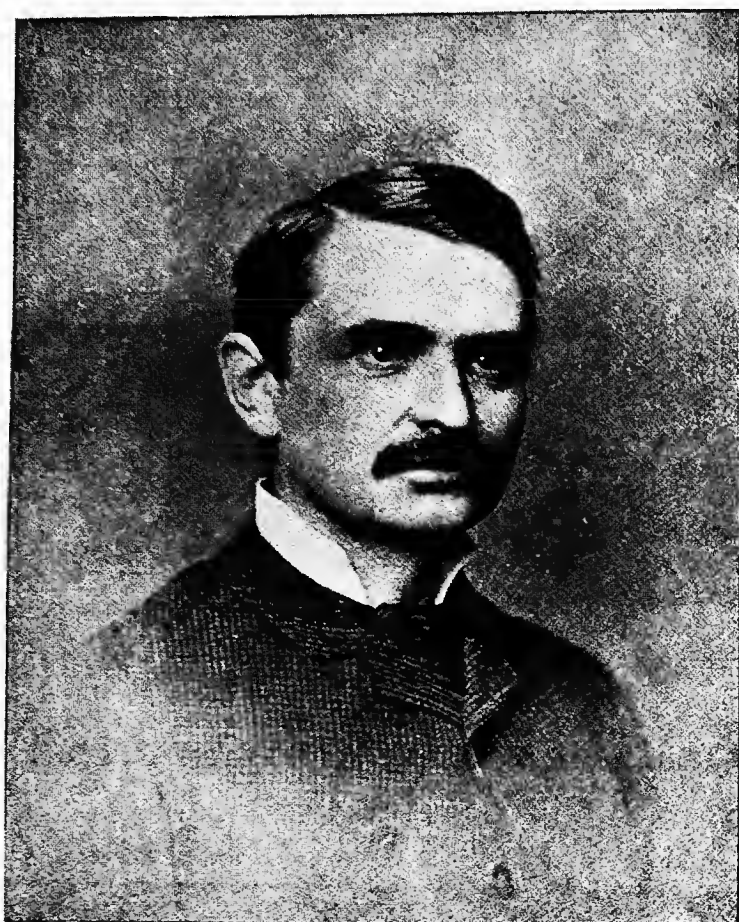
It may be asked by what logic these arguments were answered. The reply was generally that the traffic was expedient in order to win the Indians from France's rivals and foes. But on one occasion Colbert employed a sophistry which reminds one of the guise that Satan can, it is said, assume when he pleases. This commerce, said the great minister, was absolutely necessary to attract the Indians to the French colonies, and thus give them an opportunity of being imbued with the Christian faith. It might be thought that such a plea was more ingenious than sincere. That conclusion would probably be incorrect. If refused brandy by the French, the Indians, it was felt, would go to the English or Dutch, from whom they could get all they wanted. But even the dread of that alternative did not justify the indiscriminate sale of liquor, in which the traders were known to indulge. In the heat of the controversy the taunt of *tu quoque* was some times heard. But there is no note of inconsistency in the document from which we have quoted.

A REMARKABLE DISCOVERY.

The Rev. John Morris, S.J., F.S.A., writes to the *London Times* of the 15th ult. an account of an extraordinary discovery recently made at Canterbury Cathedral. The following is his letter:

SIR,—A few days ago I saw a sight in Canterbury Cathedral that interested me greatly, and as I am not aware that any account of it has been sent to you, perhaps you will allow me very briefly to describe it. In the course of the investigations into the history of the cathedral that the Dean and Chapter have intrusted to a committee of experts, a local tradition has been swept away, or indeed I might say two incompatible traditions. In the south wall of the aisle of the famous Trinity Chapel at the east end of the cathedral stands a tomb, which for some long time past has been called by Archbishop Theobald's name. He was the predecessor of St. Thomas of Canterbury in the Metropolitan See, and the year of his death was 1160. Those who are conversant with the history of the cathedral will have always known that Theobald was buried elsewhere. Inconsistent with this tradition was another to the effect that when the choir of the cathedral was burned in 1174 the shrines containing relics were flung down from the beams on which they rested, and the relics from the broken shrines were collected by the monks and placed in this tomb. It must be acknowledged that the tomb presents much of the appearance of a shrine; and as it has projecting from the quatrefoils of its ridged roof various marble heads in deep relief, it was not surprising that these heads should be regarded as those of the saints whose relics were supposed to be within. That ridged roof has been lifted off, and it has been ascertained that no relics from the broken shrines were deposited there. But underneath there is a coffin-lid, which also was raised, and there beneath lie the undisturbed remains of an ancient Archbishop, fully vested. The body has been left as it was. The objects of value that were in the coffin have been carefully removed; and this, indeed, was a necessary precaution, for it would not have been wise to leave them there now that they are known to exist. These will form part of the treasures in the Chapter Library—a beautiful chalice and paten, silver parcel-gilt; a gold ring with an engraved emerald; the pastoral staff, of cedar wood, with a very poor volute, but with three engraved gems in the knop; and some specimens of beautiful embroidery on the vestments. These will all be precious helps in the history of mediæval art.

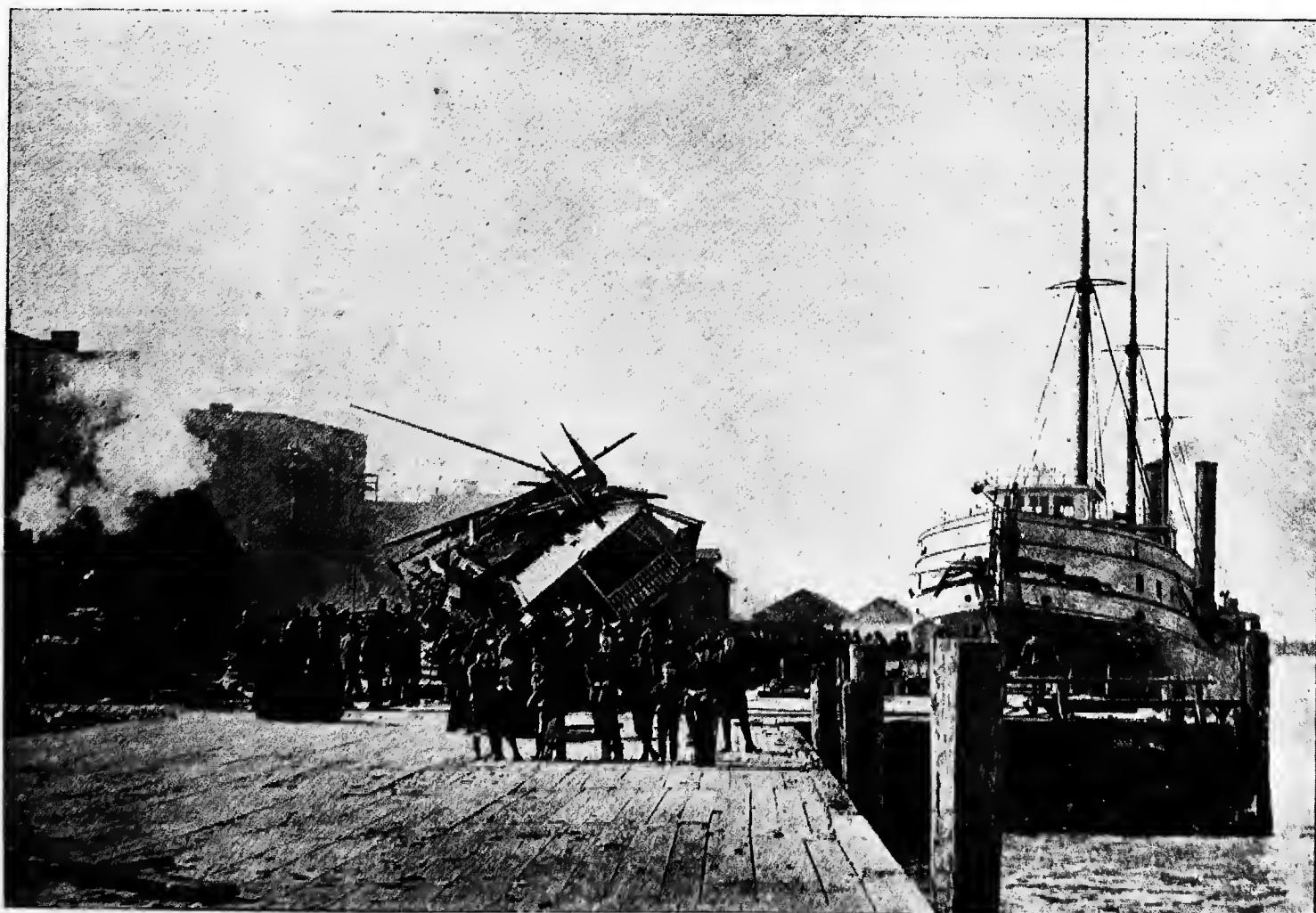
And who is the Archbishop upon whom we have reverently gazed? It is either Hubert Walter, who died in 1205, or Cardinal Stephen Langton, whose death was 23 years later. I do not now trouble you with the reasons that lead me to believe that the face I have seen is that of the great Archbishop who sided with the barons of England against King John in the struggle that gave us Magna Charta. I am not exaggerating when I say that I have seen the face of an Archbishop who lived six centuries and a half ago. The state of preservation of everything in that stone coffin was very wonderful. The vestments were quite sound—all but the woollen *pallium*, which had almost perished, though its pins were there—and, to my great surprise, the shape of the nose and chin was clear and distinct. "May he rest in peace," I may be permitted to say, in a sense different from that in which usually those words are said. These remains have been treated with the greatest respect, and the Archbishop rests still quite undisturbed in the stone coffin in which he has rested so long. To have seen, not a heap of bones—for I have seen none but those of the head and hands—but to have seen Stephen Langton in his vestments is an event in life, and I am very thankful to those who have done me the signal service of inviting me to Canterbury at such a time.



THE LATE EDMOND LAREAU, Q.C., D.C.L.
(Archambault, photo.)



THE LATE CHARLES GIBB, ESQ., THE NOTED POMOLOGIST.
(Wm. Notman & Son, photo.)



WRECKAGE OF WHARF AT SARNIA BY THE STEAM BARGE "ROUMANIA."
(A. H. Crease, photo.)



HON. P. A. LANDRY, OF DORCHESTER, N.B., recently made Judge.
(Topley, photo.)



HON. JUDGE GAGNÉ, OF CHICOUTIMI, P.Q.
(Livernois, photo.)



LA BAIE ST. PAUL, LOWER ST. LAWRENCE.
(Wm. Notman & Son, photo.)

OUR ENGRAVINGS

SOME MONTREAL CONSERVATORIES.—If any of our readers will take the trouble to turn the pages of Bonchette's important work—"The British Dominions in North America"—they will discover that a great proportion of what is now the most fashionable part of Montreal once consisted mainly of fields and gardens. In his fine double-page engraving of the city, they will find that nearly two-thirds of the upper town of to-day is still unoccupied, and that the human figures which give life to the picture are made up in part of hunting parties with their dogs, in part of groups of men and maidens in the delightful occupation of fruit-gathering. The explanatory text reveals the same condition of things. "The space near the town," he writes, "and all round the lower part of the mountain, is chiefly occupied by orchards and garden-grounds; the latter producing vegetables of every description and excellent in quality, affording a profuse supply for the consumption of the city. All the usual garden fruits, as gooseberries, currants, strawberries, raspberries, peaches, apricots and plums, are produced in plenty, and it may be asserted truly, in as much or even greater perfection than in many southern climates. The orchards afford apples not surpassed in any country; among them the *pomme de neige* is remarkable for its exquisite whiteness and exquisite flavour; the sorts called by the inhabitants *fameuse*, *pomme grise*, *Bourassa*, and some others, are excellent for the table; the kinds proper for cyder (cider) are in such abundance that large quantities of it are annually made, which cannot be excelled for goodness anywhere." This description shows that some sixty or seventy years ago the vicinity of Montreal was well known as a fruit-growing district. If one go some years farther back, to the time of Weld's visit, for instance, we find that in the gardens of the Nor'-westers and other magnates there were not only all the indigenous plants, but also a large number of exotics, preserved in greenhouses. And if we trace the history of Montreal by backward steps up to the middle of the 17th century, we find all along the route indications of the same taste and the same fertility. It is, however, during the last fifty years, and especially during the last quarter of a century, that horticulture has been most effectively studied and practised in Montreal. The limitations of space have been compensated for by more scientific methods, and the management of conservatories has attained a perfection which in the older days was not even dreamed of. The examples of this branch of horticulture, which we have the pleasure of presenting to our readers in this issue would, we believe, do credit to any city in North America. They are those of Mr. H. Montague Allan, Mr. Andrew Allan, Mr. R. B. Angus, Mr. J. Molson, Mr. Burnett, the Hon. J. J. C. Abbott, Sir George Stephen and Mr. Robertson.

THE LATE CHARLES GIBB, ESQ., OF ABBOTTSFORD, P.Q.—The late Mr. Gibb, whose unexpected death at Cairo, on his return home from Japan, has already been mentioned in our columns, was born in Montreal in the year 1845. He was educated at Bishop's College School, Lennoxville, and at McGill University, where he graduated in arts. He then studied the profession of notary, which, however, he did not practise. Having spent some years in foreign travel, during which he visited some of the most noted scenes in the old world, Mr. Gibb determined to devote his attention to fruit-growing. He purchased a fine property at Abbotsford, P.Q., which became famous all over Canada for its successful experimentation, especially in apples. Some years ago Mr. Gibb visited Russia and other parts of northern Europe, and introduced into Canada a considerable variety of the hardy apples grown in Russian gardens. On his return, he prepared handbooks on the subject, which have become standard authorities to fruit-growers. His efforts gave an impulse, which is widely felt, to the study of pomology, especially from the standpoint of climate. The Montreal Horticultural Society and the Abbotsford Fruit-Growers' Association owed much to Mr. Gibb's initiative, and the whole of Canada, this province and city especially, is largely in his debt. In private life Mr. Gibb's character and demeanour were exemplary. He enjoyed the esteem and affection of all who knew him. Generous, unaffected and modest, he was a type, worthy to be followed, of the true man and the patriotic citizen. A great preacher was called the golden-mouthed; Mr. Gibb had a heart of gold.

THE LATE PROF. EDMOND LARAU, Q.C., B.C.L., M.P.P.—Mr. E. Lareau, whose portrait we present to our readers in the present issue, was born at St. Grégoire, P.Q., on the 12th of March, 1848. Having passed through a course of preliminary study at the College of Ste. Marie de Monnoir, he entered McGill University, where in due time he received the degree of B.C.L. He also graduated in the

legal faculty of Victoria University, where he became a Bachelor of Laws (LL.B.). In 1870 he was called to the Bar, and was for many years one of the law professors of McGill College. Mr. Lareau was in early life connected with journalism, and won the reputation of a graceful and vigorous writer. He devoted much time to literature. Elsewhere reference is made to the products of his pen. At the last provincial election he was chosen to represent the Quebec Assembly in the County of Rouville. Though firmly attached to Liberal principles, Mr. Lareau was never an extremist, and he always retained his personal independence. In private life he was largely and deservedly esteemed, and his death is a subject of regret to many persons of both races and of all parties and creeds. He had been ill for some months before his death, which took place on the 22nd ult. His funeral, which took place on the 24th, was attended by a large circle of friends. The pall-bearers were the Hon. Mr. Mercier, Judge Jetté, Dr. E. P. Lachapelle, Mr. L. O. David, M.P.P., Mr. H. Archambault, Prof. M. Hutchison, Mr. F. L. Beique, Q.C., and Mr. P. Roy.

ALBERT EBENBECK, THE "HERO OF HESPELER."—Albert Ebenbeck, whose portrait we have the pleasure of laying before the readers of the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED,



ALBERT EBENBECK, HESPELER'S HERO.

(Smith, photo., Galt, Ont.)

was unknown to fame until last summer when, at the risk of his own life, he rescued Miss Rebecca Heath, of Woodstock, from drowning at Port Dover. He is a Canadian, of German parentage, and was born at Jordan, Ont., on the 26th of May, 1870. He attended the public schools at his native place, and in 1881, the family having removed to Hespeler, he obtained work in the spinning-room of the Upper Mill, where he is still engaged. He and his brothers have just completed a handsome new house, in which they live with their widowed mother, the father having died when Albert was a child. The circumstances under which he performed the deed which won him the recognition of the Royal Humane Society were first brought to light by Mr. Adam Brown, M.P., to whom they had been communicated by Mr. John Cunningham, of Hespeler. The young lady, whose name has been already mentioned, was, on the 20th of August last, in imminent danger of drowning, when Albert Ebenbeck gallantly swam to her succour and was instrumental in saving her. Col. Thompson, seeing that both rescuer and rescued were in peril, rendered prompt assistance, and they all reached the shore in safety. Sometime afterwards, Mr. Cunningham, believing that Ebenbeck's simple courage and humanity merited some acknowledgment, wrote to Mr. Brown on the subject, and the latter sent the particulars to Sir Charles Tupper, the Canadian High Commissioner in England. Sir Charles acted without delay on Mr. Brown's suggestion, and in due time Albert Ebenbeck received the vellum testimonial of the Royal Humane Society. The occasion of the presentation, which took place on the 14th ult., was a gala day for

the people of Hespeler. Mr. Reeve Kribs presided at the gathering, and on the platform were Mr. Adam Brown, M.P., of Hamilton; Mr. Thomas Cowan, of Galt; Mr. James P. Phin, Warden of Waterloo County; the Rev. Dr. Cornish, the Rev. J. White, Dr. McIntyre, Miss Heath, the rescued lady, and Mr. Albert Ebenbeck, the "hero of Hespeler." Letters of regret at inability to attend were received from the Hon. James Young; Mr. Lutz, Mayor of Galt; Mr. L. P. Kribs, of the *Empire*; Mr. Clarke, Mayor of Toronto; Mr. B. L. Frances, of Woodstock; Mr. W. Guggesberg, Reeve of Preston, and Mr. D. Guthrie, M.P.P. of Guelph. Mr. J. P. Phin, the Rev. Dr. Cornish, Mr. John Cunningham, the Rev. Mr. White, Dr. McIntyre and Mr. R. H. Knowles, principal of the school, Hespeler, having made remarks appropriate to the occasion, Mr. Adam Brown, M.P., was called upon to address the meeting. Having expressed the pleasure that it gave him to be present, Mr. Brown related the circumstances of the rescue, and Mr. J. Cunningham's, his own and Sir Charles Tupper's share in procuring for young Ebenbeck the recognition of the Royal Humane Society. He extolled the young man's heroism and modesty, and hoped that his life would be worthy of his young manhood. Mr. Ebenbeck briefly acknowledged the compliments that had been paid him, and said that he had risked his life, not for the sake of reward or honours, but of humanity and as his simple duty. Mr. Cowan, of Galt, then made a stirring speech, at the conclusion of which Mr. John Cunningham, on behalf of Miss Heath, returned thanks to Mr. Ebenbeck. Three cheers were then given for Mr. Brown, Mr. Cowan and Mr. Cunningham, and Mr. Brown having proposed three cheers for the Queen, they were given with hearty good will. The meeting, which took place at Glück's Hall, was one of the largest ever known in Hespeler, scores failing to find even standing-room. Mr. Brown and the other visiting gentlemen were subsequently entertained at the Queen's Hotel by Mr. "Josh" Wayper, who, though a keen sportsman, is an enthusiastic admirer of Mr. Brown.

WRECKAGE OF WHARF AT SARNIA.—This engraving shows the scene and results of a singular, disastrous, but happily not fatal accident. On the morning of Saturday, April 19, the steam barge Roumania, laden with iron ore, entered the St. Clair river, abreast of the steam barge Green. As the Roumania neared Sarnia, the Green crowded her, and, to avoid mishap, the captain of the former gave the order to put the wheel over. While this was being done, the chains parted, and the big steamship ran bow on into Clarke's wharf, into which it cut some thirty feet, overturning and smashing warehouses, waiting room and custom house, and entirely blocking up the railway track. The crash attracted the attention of those who were in the neighbourhood, and, the news spreading, hundreds of persons had soon gathered at the scene of disaster, which, as one onlooker said, "looked more like the work of a Western tornado or a California earthquake than the result of a steamboat collision." The debris took hours to remove, and trains were consequently delayed till the track was clear, locomotives being used to pull off the wrecked buildings. Strange to say, the hull of the barge was hardly scratched. The J. C. Clark had a narrow escape from being crushed. That she got off with some slight damage to her upper works was due to the promptness with which the engineer moved her forward. It was extremely fortunate that, contrary to usage, the custom house and waiting-room were entirely unoccupied at the time of the accident, as otherwise the disaster would have been accompanied with loss of life. Mr. Clarke lost no time in commencing proceedings against the owners of the barge, a Cleveland firm, but on the following day one of them, Mr. Richardson, with Mr. Goulder, a noted admiralty lawyer, arrived at Sarnia and gave the necessary security for the release of the Roumania, which at once left for her destination. The lawsuit will be watched with interest by shipowners. The proprietors of the boat have retained Messrs. Lister and Cowan and Messrs. Pardee and Garvey, while Messrs. Gird and Kiltermaster are acting for Mr. Clarke. Captain Crowley, of the Roumania, claims that the Green was unnecessarily crowding him towards the Canadian side. Mr. Clarke lays his damage at \$15,000.

THE HON. JUDGE GAGNE.—The Hon. Mr. Justice Gagné, who has recently been appointed Judge of the Saguenay and Chicoutimi districts, and whose portrait may be seen on another page, was born at Malbaie on the 17th of April, 1842. After a brilliant course of study at the Quebec Seminary, he studied law under Mr. L. G. Baillarge, Q.C., of Quebec, and was admitted to the Bar on the 5th of October, 1864. He established himself at Chicoutimi, where in a short time he succeeded in obtaining an excellent practice, which his success at the Bar constantly increased. He was in 1882 elected member of Parliament for the Counties of Chicoutimi and Saguenay by a majority of 1106 votes. In the following year he organized the Saguenay and St. Lawrence Railway Company for the construction of a line to connect Chicoutimi and the lower portion of the county with the Quebec and Lake St. John Railway. This company transferred its rights to the Quebec and Lake St.

John Railway Company, of which Mr. Gagné became one of the directors, a position which he still holds. On the 10th of September last he was appointed Judge of the Superior Court for the districts of Saguenay and Chicoutimi, and continues to reside at the town of Chicoutimi. The inhabitants of that place resolved to give the newly nominated Judge a public testimonial of their esteem and gratitude, and recently presented him with an address of congratulation, accompanied with a handsome gift, consisting of several pieces of valuable plate.

HIS HONOR JUDGE LANDRY.—Judge Landry was born at Memramcook, N.B., in 1846. He is the son of the late Amand Landry, M.P.P., who represented the County of Westmoreland in the Provincial Legislature for nearly a quarter of a century. He was educated at St. Joseph's College, N.B., and embraced the profession of law, studying with the late Sir Albert Smith, and was called to the Bar in 1870 and made a Q.C. in 1881. Mr. Landry's political record dates twenty years back, having been first elected in 1870 to the Legislative Assembly of his native province, where he successfully occupied the important positions of Commissioner of Public Works and Provincial Secretary from 1878 to 1883. His father was the first Acadian to sit in the Legislative Assembly, and the son was the first to administer a department in the government. Since 1883 he has represented the County of Kent in the Federal Parliament. Mr. Landry's integrity and fairness as a minister, and the propriety of his conduct in all respects as a politician have never been impugned, even by his opponents. His aim and endeavours always tended to the recognition and advancement of the race of which he was the worthy political leader. In courts, on hustings, or in parliament, he had acquired the reputation of being an eloquent and forcible speaker and debater. The press has been unanimous in its praises of the honorable gentleman, who is now to judge the descendants of those who banished his forefathers from their home and country.

JOHN LORN McDUGALL.—Mr. John Lorn McDougall, Auditor-General of Canada, is the son of the late Mr. L. McDougall, who sat for the County of Renfrew in the Canadian House of Assembly for a short period in 1858, when he resigned. He was born at Renfrew on the 6th of November, 1838, and was educated at the High School, Montreal, and at University College, Toronto, where he took a gold medal in mathematics, a silver medal in modern languages, and graduated in Arts (B.A.) in 1859. In September, 1870, he married Miss Marion E. Morris, of Ottawa. Mr. McDougall has filled the position of Warden of the County of Renfrew and president of the South Renfrew Agricultural Society. He represented South Renfrew in the Ontario House of Assembly from the general election of 1867 to the general election of 1871, and in the House of Commons from September, 1869, to the general election of 1872, when he was defeated. He was again elected at the general election of 1874. He was unseated on petition, and was re-elected by acclamation. He was again unseated, on petition, in January, 1875, and was re-elected the following month. He resigned his seat in accepting the position of Auditor-General in August, 1878.

BAIE ST. PAUL.—This scene will be at once recognized by some of our readers. It is a glimpse of that Lower St. Lawrence region which to so many families, pent up in inland cities during our somewhat long, but not altogether unpleasant winter season, is associated with bright summer holidays, with the inwashed breath of the Atlantic, with the passing of stately ships with fishing, boating and all outdoor joys, and not seldom with memories of a romantic past.

DUFFERIN TERRACE AND CITADEL, QUEBEC.—The beautiful scene, made more attractive by the historic memories that cluster around it, of which our engraving gives a fair general view, took the final shape in which it is familiar to the younger generation in the year 1879. To give the history of its successive transformations would be to condense the annals of Quebec from the time of Champlain, its founder, to that day, at once joyous and sorrowful, when Lord Dufferin, just before his departure, laid the corner-stone of one of the fairest structures on this continent. On the 18th of October, 1878, the work was initiated, and in the spring of the following year the name which it now bears was officially recognized. "But," writes Mr. LeMoine, "a famous name of the past, which many loved to connect with this spot—that of Louis de Buade, Count de Frontenac, was not forgotten." The Literary and Historical Society of Quebec, on the 18th of April, 1879, presented to the City Council a petition, asking, among other things, that one of the handsome kiosks on the Terrace should bear the name of Frontenac. This prayer was granted, and by a resolution moved on the 9th of May, 1879, by Mr. P. Johnson, C.C., and seconded by Alderman Rhéaume, the five kiosks on Dufferin Terrace were named Victoria, Louise, Lorne, Frontenac, Plessis." For the story of the Citadel, we cannot do better than refer our readers, as we have so often done before, to Mr. LeMoine's instructive and entertaining pages.

PIQUETTE AND KIBIKUA AN MUSQUA.—The race or nation to which these characteristic examples of our North-West Indians belong are divided into three sections, according to the region in which they dwell. The divisions are known as the Plain, the Wood and the Swampy Cree. These last have their home in Manitoba and the district of Keewatin, and are comprised with Chippewas and Saulteaux under Treaties Nos. 1, 3 and 4. The Plain and Wood Cree are the signatories of Treaty No. 6. The negotiations which led to these treaties, and the ceremonies, incidents and speech-making to which they gave rise are related in the instructive record prepared by the late Hon. Alexander

Morris, who was Lieutenant-Governor of the entire North-West during the conclusion of the most of them.

OLD INDIAN AND SQUAW.—This group interprets itself. There is ample scope for reflection in this glimpse of half savage life. Our triumphs of civilization have been fraught with gifts to the poor Indian that were not always wholesome, in either the material or the spiritual sense. If the missionary has offered him the treasure of the Gospel, the trader has at the same time tempted him with the very poison of asps. The lessons that the self-denying followers of the Cross took so much pains to teach him he saw those who accompanied or followed his instructor take equal pains to defy and set at naught. Is it any wonder that his clear-seeing natural shrewdness should have sometimes prompted him to distrust the stranger and his gifts, whether they promised heaven or bore a very different trade mark? He saw and was sure of one thing—that wherever the newcomers established themselves the hunting grounds, which were the wealth and the glory of his ancestors, were taken from him and his game slaughtered apace to satisfy the greed of those who hastened to grow rich. Though Canada has a more honorable record, as far as its relations with the native tribes are concerned, than any other community in the new world, the result of intercourse between the stronger and the weaker race has been no less deadly for the latter. Some of them have been civilized, it is true—that is, all their original and distinctive features have been crushed into blank expressionlessness. More of them have remained pagan, and still more have rejected the blandishments of those who would change them from nomads into farmers and artisans. A few have shown by their careers what, under a more humane and rational system of treatment, many of them might have developed into—men of honour and usefulness, not strangers to the arts of civilized life, yet retaining enough of the wild charm of a race not incapable of heroism, as an heirloom from warrior ancestors.

MOUNTED POLICE, CALGARY.—The fine body of men, well known to our readers as the North-West Mounted Police, is distributed into ten divisions, besides the central depot at Regina and the adjacent district. Calgary is the headquarters or chief station of Division "E." The entire force, by the last published report, consists of 1,059 officers and men and 925 horses. The officers are one commissioner, one assistant commissioner, eleven superintendents, one senior surgeon, thirty-one inspectors, five assistant surgeons, two veterinary surgeons; the non-commissioned officers, of fifty staff sergeants, sixty-three sergeants, seventy-three corporals. There are eight hundred and twenty-one constables. Calgary is the seat of the assistant commissioner, has a total force of fifty-eight, of whom forty-five are constables, the remainder being officers and non-commissioned officers. The last report of the assistant commissioner, while in the main favourable as regards the force, its physique and conduct, deplors the evasions of the liquor law, the difficulty of conviction and the consequent increase of crime and danger to the community. He speaks highly, nevertheless, of the progress that some of the Indians are making in the ways of civilization, especially in agriculture.

RAISING THE STEAMER ARMSTRONG AT BROCKVILLE.—This engraving will have a peculiar interest for those who are concerned, professionally or otherwise, in hydraulic engineering. The circumstances which gave occasion to the scene here depicted were as follows:—On the 30th of June, 1889, the ferry steamer Wm. Armstrong, while crossing from Morristown to Brockville, with three cars of coal and a number of passengers, suddenly went to the bottom in mid-stream, where the water is about one hundred feet in depth. An attempt was made to raise her by means of large cigar-shaped iron pontoons, which were sunk on each side of the wreck, and from which huge iron chains passed under the sunken vessel. After being placed in position, the water was expelled from the pontoons by forcing in air from a compressor on a vessel anchored over the place. One mishap succeeded another, the plan failed, and finally it had to be abandoned. The one plan of lifting her by means of hydraulic jacks was then tried, and she was recently brought to the surface. The jacks were placed on heavy timbers resting on two schooners, far enough apart for the wreck to come up between them. Our illustration, from a photograph by Murray & Son, Brockville, represents the wreck appearing above the surface, the schooners being listed over by the weight. The Armstrong now lies in shallow water and, as soon as piles have been driven around her, she will be raised a little higher and pumped out.

RHIGAS PHERAIOS.

The Greek patriot who bears this name, the author of the famous song which Byron paraphrased in his "Sons of the Greeks, arise!" was born in Thessaly about 1754, and was a professor of Greek in one of the schools of Bucharest. He was roused by the insults of the Turks and the example of the French Revolution to devote his life to the liberation of his country. With this object he founded a Hetaeria, or secret society, and began to disseminate patriotic poetry and other propagandist literature. His influence in awakening his countrymen was very great. He thought that in Napoleon he saw the liberator of his country, and was on his way to meet him at Venice when he was arrested by the Austrians, then at war with France, who handed him over to the Turks and a summary execution. It is in these facts that lies his claim to the title of protomartyr of Greek independence.

APRIL MUSINGS.

"April, sweet month, the faintest of all,
Fair thee befall!"

Laughing, fickle April stood at the threshold nodding saucily to stormy March, who had made much ado, but who now crept quietly out. With many smiles came April, and so warm and bright were they that the great river which March had held chained burst asunder its bands, and its waters, leaping with delight at their freedom, showed blue and green amidst the snow and ice.

So she brightly smiled for a day or two, and then—ah, fickle one that she is—her smiles vanished and clouds and rain took their place, and every one cried out: "Oh, how dreary it is!"

"Then how like you this?" cried April, and smile after smile flashed forth, till the earth was flooded with them, while the wind, hurrying from the south, quietly laughed as he saw the astonished and pleased look on every face at the sudden change.

Nods and bows, and wreathed smiles
Now took the place of discontent."

"Just like a summer day!" exclaimed somebody.

"Summer day, indeed!" ejaculated April. "Did any one ever experience aught so delightful on a summer day?"

True, April, and we would not be without thee for all the cloudless days June could give us. Thy very charm lies in thy changeableness. Now all smiles and laughter, then buried in a cloud, only to greet us with richer stores of pleasure.

"It is thy hand that doth unlock
From plain and rock,
Odours and hues a balmy store,
That breathing lie on Nature's breast,
So richly blest
That earth or heaven can ask no more."

Early in this month, in warmer climes, the flowers appear in all their wondrous beauty, but with us only a few towards the latter end of the month greet our eager search.

Nestling among the sheltered places we find the dainty little wind-flower, hepatica, and the blood root, sanguinaria. When wandering through the woods one sees the rich brown buds ready to unfold their hidden beauty. Here round this tiny lakelet grows the graceful pussy-willow. Just fluttering by is the first butterfly of the season, looking in vain for some of its friends to keep it company. And now the sound of rushing water greets the ear, and leaping down the rocks comes a mountain torrent, by the melted snow. On a tree near by a little brown songster is pouring forth a melody of sound, as though giving thanks for the glorious day. A little further on, beneath an overhanging cliff, the clear whistle of a robin is heard. There he is with his bright red breast, and by his side his modest little wife in plain dress of brown. Step quietly. See, there are more coming, and still they come, whistling merrily to one another.

"Birds love and birds sing,
Flying here and there."

MORDUE.

WHITE AND GOLD AND BLUE.

The sky is a wonder of beauty now,
With soft, light clouds, as white as snow,
Floating over its splendid blue,
And golden sunshine falling through
The lace-like veil of cloud.

A combination of rare delight,
Is the white, and azure, and gold so bright;
And it brings to my mind another scene
Of white, and azure, and golden sheen
'Tis blent with the skylark's singing loud.

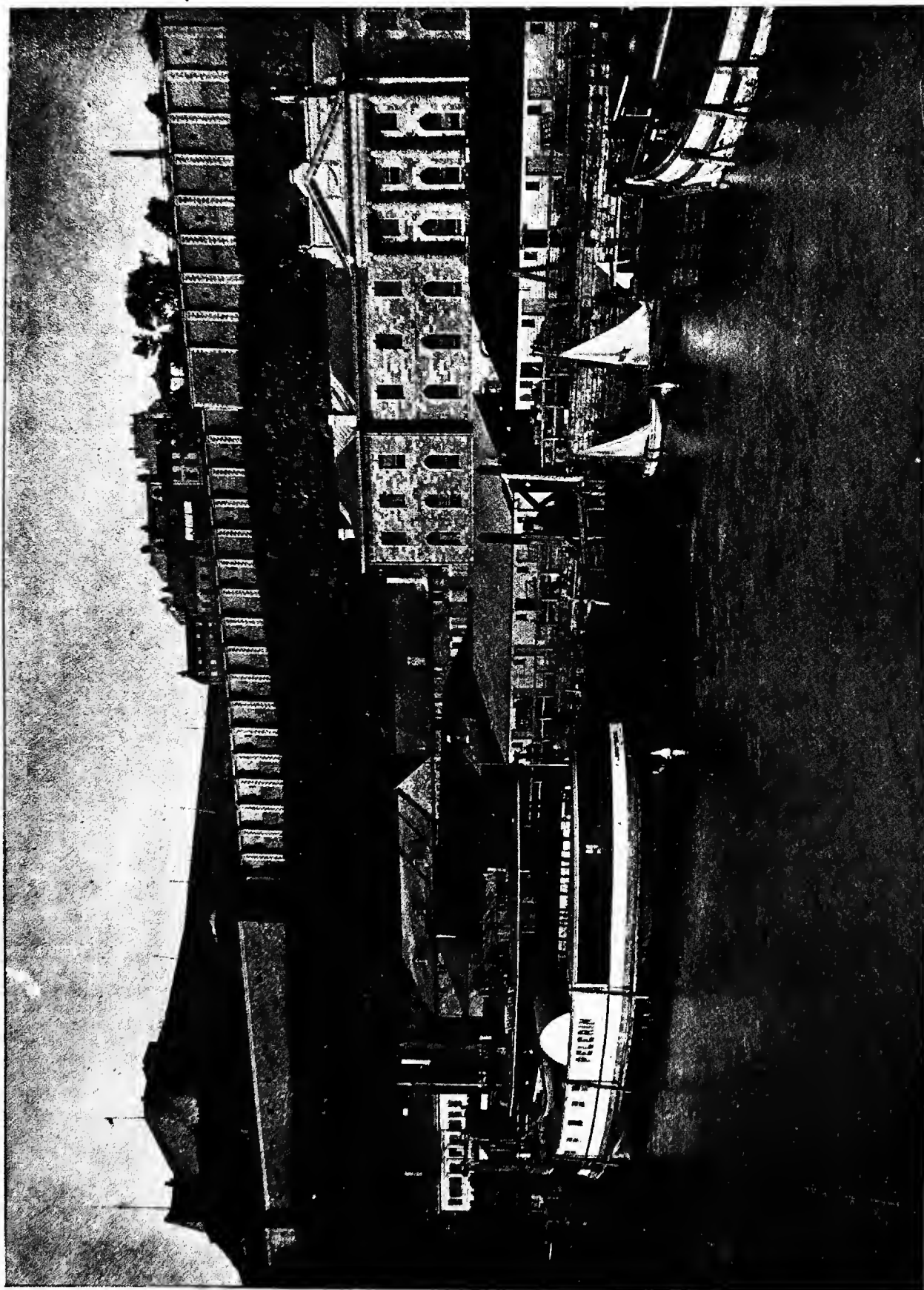
The white is wreathings of hawthorn bloom,
With starlike blossom, whose sweet perfume
With dreamy sweetness fills the air,
While they are lying soft and fair.

Like snow on the hedges green,
And the buttercups, growing stem to stem,
Hide all the greenness under them;
And form a sheet of shining light,
All dazzling in the sunshine bright
With wondrous golden sheen.

And you know, dear, what gave the blue,
My dearest friend, with eyes so true,
For the bluebells are gracefully waving now
Beneath the hawthorn, as white as snow,
And I so far away.

For the buttercups and the hawthorn blue,
With its starlike blossoms and sweet perfume,
For the fair bluebells, but most for you,
O dear, dear friend, with eyes so blue
My whole heart yearns to-day.

A NEW SPONGE-BANK.—According to the *Perseus* of Milan, important sponge-banks have lately been discovered close to the island of Lampedusa, on the southern coast of Sicily. These deposits of sponges extend for over a surface of from 15 to 18 marine leagues, and are situated about an equal distance from the south-eastern extremity of the island. The smallest depth above these banks is 20 fathoms; the greatest depth is from 30 to 31 fathoms. At the lesser depths rock is met with, on which the sponge grows; at greater depths a sandy soil is found. All varieties of sponges are discovered here, including those which are in the greatest commercial request, and they are easy to obtain. Greek and Italian vessels have already proceeded to Lampedusa to take advantage of the discovery.



CHAMPLAIN MARKET AND WHARF, DUFFERIN TERRACE AND THE CITADEL, QUEBEC.

(Wm. Norman & Son, photo.)



KUSKITTA AH-MUSQUA (BLACK BEAR) CREE SQUAW, CALGARY.

(Wm. Notman & Son, photo.)



PISHQUAPITTA (HAIR IN KNOT) CREE INDIAN, CALGARY.

"The World, The Flesh and The Devil."

By MAY AUSTIN.

There was a dumb ache in Agnes's heart as she stood once more in the well-loved home. It was as dear to her to-day, dearer than on the day when she had left it; but how shabby it had grown, and her mother had become thinner, paler, smaller. The brown hair, whose brownness had been Agnes's pride, was plentifully streaked with grey. The black gown she wore was more brown than black from constant wear, and there was a neat darn in each elbow; her quick eye took it all in. The carefully laid tea table, the coloured mat put so as to hide a patch in the table cloth, the chipped butter dish, the broken knives.

A bitterness rose now as she contrasted Mrs. Melville's luxury with her mother's poverty. Why should things be so? Her mother was good, and kind, and unselfish, and made the best of what life gave her, while Mrs. Melville turned all things into a misery.

She was, for the time, too oppressed with the sense of poverty to see the compensation which showed form in her thought.

Things seemed even worse the next day, when her sister Katherine elosed her in her room and laid their affairs fully before her eyes.

There were bills owing and no money due; things had never been at such a low ebb before.

"Why! I even hate to go out walking," said Katherine, vehemently. "I feel just as if all those unpaid bills were posted on my back, plain to everybody's sight. How is it going to end? Oh! Agnes, do you believe it is possible that there are people happy enough to have no debt pressing upon them?"

There is no doubt that though other sorrows may be more acute, there is no greater trial than this of inadequate means; the constant sense of pressure upon an empty purse; the hundred and one miseries and mortifications which follow poverty as closely as an eagle his prey.

"The older we grow, the more we realize that life is a struggle for existence," said Agnes.

"I won't accept that," Katherine answered petulantly. "Something must turn up; there is always matrimony before us,—the probability of some man being idiot enough to wish to encumber himself with a penniless wife."

Agnes flushed at the mention of matrimony. She would not view it as a way out of pecuniary difficulties. But yet, if she cared for some one, looked up to and respected him, would it not be a comfort to have him to stand between her and the world?

She smiled just then, for she thought of Maxwell Melville.

CHAPTER XII.

"Did you think I would let you go?"

When one is in misery, every moment mounts upon it. Things get worse and worse. Your spirits sink lower and lower, but there must be a reaction!

The reaction set in with the Powers about a month after Agnes's home-coming. That morning the last straw had been added to Agnes's cup of bitterness. She had gone to get some groceries, and they had refused to let anything more go out of the shop into their hands until some money was forthcoming.

The grocer, a tall, black-bearded Irishman, blanched as he spoke, and Agnes, even in that first moment of overpowering humiliation, realized the man had right on his side. As he spoke, the words cut into Agnes's spirit like cruel knife stabs.

"Indeed, I am sorry Miss."

What was the man saying?

An advertisement of Pears' Soap took huge proportions and danced before her eyes.

"Use Pears' Soap."

The letters seemed alive!

"Use Pears' Soap."

"The bill has been running now three months or more, Miss."

"Use Pears' Soap."

What a farce it all was!

"Three months, Miss; that isn't business."

Agnes brought herself to with a strong effort and hurried out, throbbing with pain. Her mother was ill and worried. This must be kept from her.

There was a new ten dollar note upstairs in her box. She had laid it away for Christmas presents!

When the grocer saw this note, when his greasy fingers closed over its crispness, he smiled complaisantly. Was there nothing else she wished for? The things would go over at once!

Agnes did not go straight home. She went for a walk instead, not into the fashionable portion of the town, but down a narrow side street in the east end,—a street about which something of the country still clings.

Here bright-eyed French girls sling laughing words at each other from door-step to door-step, and pinafores children play by the roadside without danger of death.

There was a forge in this street. Agnes stopped at the door to watch the smithy holding a horse's hoof against his worn leather apron as he pounded in the nails, and the fire flamed in the furthest corner, while the sparks flew as the hammer descended upon a red-hot wheel. Clip! Clip! Clip! It made her mind revert to Martin Maynard and Alminere. When we are suffering, it lessens that suffering to think of others!

When she returned home she was calmed. A peep into

the pantry satisfied her the groceries had come. She went on up to her room and then came down to do some practising. She must not neglect her music, as she was trying to get pupils. She was at the piano in the little drawing-room when a ring came at the door bell, and then someone marched right in and confronted her.

Maxwell Melville! looking very fair, and very big and broad, in that dingy room.

"You! You!" she cried as she shook hands with him.

Here Maxwell imprisoned one of her slender hands.

"Did you think I would let you go darling?"

"Mr. Melville!"

"You know that I love you."

Both hands were his now.

"Max! Max!"

"And that you are going to marry me."

His arm was around her. His cheek pressed close to hers; but she did not draw herself away. She yielded to his warm embrace, and his hot, passionate kisses. So he was answered.

Mrs. Power found them sitting together on the sofa when she came downstairs. There were explanations at once.

Maxwell looked very tall and manly as he stood before Mrs. Power and asked for her consent. But her consent was a mere matter of form. He was sure of it before he asked. And had he not Agnes's promise.

Katherine was in high glee. This was the turn of the tide! She told Maxwell so openly! She thought it was the jolliest thing in the world to get married. She wished she was going to be; but Agnes was next best!

Of course Maxwell spent the day with them, and then he put up at an hotel near by. He could hardly tear himself away from Agnes's side, and it was decided she would marry him in a month. The next morning's mail brought a letter with a foreign stamp for Mrs. Power. Katherine received it at the door and carried it in hot haste to her mother.

"More good fortune," she cried, and her prophecy was a true one.

The letter was from a distant cousin of her father's. He was an old bachelor and rich. He had only just heard of their father's death and the pecuniary loss to them. In all these years why had they never written.

"I'd have written to the dear old boy like a shot," broke in Katherine here, "only, unfortunately, I had never heard of his existence."

"Their interests should henceforth be his," he wrote. "He was on his way to them, and he enclosed a cheque."

They all cried over that cheque. It meant so much to them. The freedom from debt. Comforts long undreamed of.

"And your trousseau, Agnes dear," cried Mrs. Power. She always thought of her girls first.

"What a delicious old darling he must be," said Katherine. "Perhaps I shall marry him."

It wasn't very funny, but they all laughed. They were easily moved to tears and laughter just then.

Old Major Power arrived in time for Agnes's wedding, and took Mrs. Power and Katherine metaphorically under his wing. They all lost their hearts to him at once—he was so cheery and kind, and had such plans for the future.

"Tut! tut!" he would say, when they ventured to remonstrate at his generosity. "I have more money than I know what to do with, and it pleases me to make you happy. So self is at the bottom of this as it is at the bottom of much so-called generosity."

Dr. Maitland and his bride came down for the wedding. Hugo sent his excuses and a present to the bride—knives, forks and spoons! They were very handsome ones, but Katherine turned up her pretty nose when Agnes expressed her appreciation of the gift.

"Nasty, uninteresting things," she exclaimed. "If ever anyone gives me such a pokey present I will—cut them!"

Then she went off laughing at her own wit! She had changed again into the happy child she had been before the deadening influence of poverty had made itself felt.

Agnes said her cup of blessing was full to overflowing. She was overjoyed at her mother's good fortune as well as at her own happiness.

The wedding day dawned as brightly as wedding days should dawn, according to tradition, for the welfare of the bride. It was a very lovely bride, too, that the sun shone on.

Major Power's present to her had been a cheque for a large figure, and this she had taken for her wedding things. Her dress was plain white velvet. It fitted to perfection her rounded, graceful form, and fell plainly from her waist, to lengthen out into soft, rich folds, and the veil that fell back from her face made a pretty background for the outline of her pure, fair features. She would have no orange blossoms; but in her hand she held a huge bunch of white China asters!

Mrs. Power gave her away, and it was to her mother she gave her last smile and glance as "Agnes Power."

Just as the clergyman pronounced them "man and wife," the sun glinted in through a high window and slanted down on the bride's bent head, turning that white band of hair, waving from the left temple, to brightest silver. It fell on her eyes, too, and dazzled them, so that she could not see clearly when she turned to her husband at the conclusion of the sacred service. And then she started. She had never seen Maxwell look like Hugo before.

"I am not going away from you for so very long," said Agnes out of the car window to her mother. She, Major Power and Katherine had come to the station to start them

on their wedding journey. "It is so good of Max promising I shall come to you whenever I wish to. Why, it will hardly seem like separation from you, dear mother."

Then there was a whistle! A handful of rice and a slipper from Katherine's pocket. A cry of God speed!—and then they were off!

CHAPTER XIII.

"But if we guessed wrong?"

Six months of married life past happily and uneventfully.

Agnes had always longed for a life like this—a life of luxury.

A library of her favourite authors, fine pictures, music and horses. Everything she could possibly wish for seemed hers. And the hope was before her that gives joy to all good women. Before the autumn she expected to be a mother.

One day, in going over some old books of her husband's, a note fell from between the pages of one, where it had evidently lain long. It fluttered to her feet, and, as she stooped to pick it up, the signature "Alminere" caught her eye, and at the same instant "My own darling Max." Her heart beat like a live, frightened thing, struggling to burst its bondage. Her face was whiter than the paper in her hand.

There are times when the sense of *unreality* seizes you so deeply that you search for some familiar thought, and then cling to it with all the force of a man who hangs over some deep precipice, and whose grasp of a strong overhanging branch is his only safety. The branch is strong, but has he the power to keep his hold of it?

In this first fearful moment of loss of faith in her husband, Agnes clung to the thought of her dear, patient mother.

"Oh! mother," she moaned, "mother." But there was no gentle voice to answer her. Her words fell unheeded against the curtained windows and the pictured walls!

Max! Her husband! It was he, then! He! She could scarcely comprehend the bitter truth, but this was not to be refuted. She would not read the note. She scorned to do it. She lit it by a gaseller and let it burn in her hand. How it writhed under the flame! Just so was a her spirit writhing within her.

Then she went over to the window and looked mechanically out upon the garden. How she had wronged Hugo. But Maxwell's own words had made her wrong him. He had not only deceived her, but purposely misled her.

It was a dangerous thing, this sudden revulsion of feeling towards one she had for so long harboured hard thoughts against. Strong natures like Agnes's feel acutely; there is no half measure with them. In that one moment all respect for her husband died, and love followed that death. She revolted in spirit against him. She felt she must rush away—home to her mother. Anywhere! so as to leave him. But then the thought of the little child, whose advent she had looked forward to with such joy, restrained and calmed her. She must bear this bitterness in silence. Her life was not her own but her child's! But she changed after this. She yielded to her husband's caresses, but she never responded to them as she had been used; and he, confident of her affection and of his own love, never noticed the change.

"I say, Ag," he said across the breakfast table one morning. "Hugo writes he is coming here for a few days. I was beginning to think he didn't approve of my choice, or that he was jealous, he so persistently refused all my invitations."

Again that cold feeling crept about Agnes's heart that had held it that summer morning when Hugo had left her in the garden. Was she glad he was coming? She knew she was glad when he came, and wondered at it! There was always that consciousness within her that she had wronged him, and from this consciousness grew her infinite kindness.

In the midst of deeper feeling there is a lighter current that runs counter with it. In a mind quick to see the ridiculous, this is always much developed. Agnes had it to a large degree. Above all she felt deeply, light thoughts would thrust themselves. Hugo arrived one morning just before breakfast. She met him in the hall stepping out from behind a heavy portière. They shook hands in silence, and the look in his eyes puzzled her. Was it pity? It was something very tender. Something which made her glad to think of, and then ashamed of being glad.

He and Maxwell kept up a rapid conversation after they sat down at the table, and these were her silent commentaries:

"Maxwell smiles too often; it shows weakness in a man." * * * "I wonder could Hugo ever guess why I was unkind to him." * * * "He has grown quite bald on the temples. How I used to hate bald men!" * * * "Is life portioned out for us like a ball of twine?—when it has rolled to the end there is an end of it!" * * * "Hugo doesn't eat so gracefully as Maxwell. Gracious! what a mouthful!" * * * "What a lot of sacrifice it takes to keep us alive? We are beautifully cultivated creatures, are we not? We have the dear little lambs so deliciously dressed, and talk such pretty sentiment over each mouthful. What do we care if the old mother sheep is bleating in the meadow so long as we don't hear her." * * * "Oh, if I could only love Maxwell as I used; but we can't cry back a lost affection." * * *

"What a farce the words 'love, honour and obey' are? It sounds beautifully; but we can only promise to obey, honour is in their hands, and love is our master. We obey it."

Agnes was caught from this haze by Maxwell appealing to her upon the merits of a recently published book.

"The story was not properly rounded; was it, Ag?"

"It was true to nature. Nature is all angles; so many things are unknown; so many things have to be guessed at only."

"But if we guessed wrong," said Hugo.

Agnes was very pale.

"Then we must suffer for our short-sightedness."

"As you make your bed so you must lie on it." Maxwell quoted this with asperity. Then he smiled "I'm a splendid hand at making beds."

"Your own," replied Hugo, and then seemed sorry he had spoken.

But Maxwell still smiled good-temperedly, showing his even, white teeth.

"Every man for himself," is my motto, eh, Ag?" but Agnes seemed suddenly weary.

"I think," she said, after a slight pause, "It would be a lovely morning for a drive. Might I have the man, Maxwell, or will you be my charioteer?"

"I can't go, and the man is busy. Hugo, old chap, do you mind being bothered with my wife for an hour or two! You can have Claudius, and I promise you he will keep your hands full."

"Perhaps after all—" began Agnes in protest.

"Nonsense, Ag; the horses are eating their heads off in the stable. They ought to be exercised; this is the second day Claudius has not left his stall."

"And I shall be very glad to drive you."

Agnes smiled at Hugo as she went off for her hat.

She was glad, there was no good denying the truth to herself; she was outrageously happy; she was going for a drive with him, would be with him an hour; two. She was happy; tremulously so.

She felt the old sweet excitement she had felt when as a girl some unexpected pleasure appeared, and she rushed to get ready for it.

It was a lovely day; summer was upon the land, and the sky was dotted here and there with white clouds, which looked like flocks of sheep in a blue pasture.

It was very good to live and to enjoy things. Agnes felt this, and thrilled as Hugo's hand helped her into the low phaeton; hated herself for thrilling; and so a frown gathered between her eyes, and she kept them away from Hugo.

"I am going away to-morrow," he said presently.

"Are you?"

Again that cold feeling crept about her heart.

"Yes. You see I am an idle fellow, but active in that idleness. A good deal of the Bohemian beats in my blood, and this luxurious life wouldn't suit me. Only I wished to have a glimpse of you."

She heard very well what he was saying, and while he spoke, her own thoughts came with lightning speed.

"How jerkily he speaks, and a bit of dust has landed on his nose. It isn't a particularly handsome nose either. He has lost a tooth on this side. It shows when he smiles. And how old he has grown. Oh! God! I love him! I love him! I love him!" But these were only her thoughts. The words she utters were very different.

"Why should you pay us such a shabby visit? Maxwell thought you would stay some time. Men always need men's society."

"We were never particularly devoted, Maxwell and I. Perhaps it has been my fault."

"You are very different." Then quietly, "Your mother writes so cheerfully."

"Poor mother!" he said; then—"I fear I have never done her justice. She was very trying. In justice to herself, I must tell you what I know will be a secret in your keeping. My father drank himself to death."

"My mother's constant fear was that we might inherit the craving for it. She—" his voice sank—"it had overcome her."

Agnes said nothing, but her look told her astonishment and pity.

"I found it out years ago. She never forgave me for that. Can you imagine what she has endured. Her fear for her children. Her own craving, which she struggled to overcome, but could not. How she managed to get it at night unknown to anyone, and how she talked against it in the day time. Poor mother!"

"That explains many things; but I never dreamt of this."

"Do you believe in hereditary vice? I do. That night, I was a boy of twelve, I had been in the village with some older playmates. We had for a lark, as we called it, gone into the bar and taken a glass with some of the bigger chaps. When I crept into the house at midnight I noticed a light coming from under the store-room door. Thinking it was one of the servants up to some mischief, I stole softly up the stairs and pushed open the door. Then the whole thing was made clear to me. I saw my mother—my mother! like any low man with an accursed bottle to her lips. I gave a cry and she saw me, and I ran on to my room, locked the door, and vowed on my knees before God that no drop of the vile stuff would ever pass my lips again. Sometimes it has been a struggle. The hereditary poison is in my veins."

Agnes turned pale. "But you will keep your oath?"

"Die sooner than break it."

She was satisfied. "It is inexplicable. Does good al-

ways grow from evil as flowers from the filthy ground? Must our gain always be bought by another's misery? If you had not seen her that night?"

"Good and evil walk together. Did what I gained ever balance what I lost? I had thought my mother an angel! Do you know I grew to loathe her, heaven forgive me, when I heard her moral arguments against evil and her severe censure of those who had fallen beneath any temptation. But now, thank God, I feel nothing for her but pity."

"You are a good man," said Agnes simply.

He flushed under his sunburnt skin. "No man is good. But you—you are a saint."

"You hurt me," cried Agnes. "You don't know how wicked I am; how nothing seems worthy, sometimes; all holy things a hideous delusion—I have even thought with Cain, why should I thank God for a life he has given me unto eternity, without giving me the positive power of making it beautiful."

"An old clergyman once said 'a saint is not a perfect person, there are none such on earth; a saint is one who always wishes to do right.'"

"I do wish it," she cried; "but it is hard, very hard. We had better turn now; see how the clouds have gathered."

The clouds seemed to have gathered over them also, for as they drove homewards both were silent. Nature is a merciless creditor. We cannot escape her; but must pay to the full the debts we have contracted through carelessness, thoughtlessness, or even ignorance. The world looks on and sees our prosperity, and smiles and shrugs her massive shoulders, and envies and wonders. We have not got our due, for all is well with us.

Is all well?

Do they see our tears at night time, do they hear our heart cries in the morning? Do they know of the pain we endure in the place of pleasure? For pleasure consists in the way a thing vibrates through our system. The song of a bird may be a joy to us because our spirit is ready to receive it, but if our spirit is not ready, then it is a misery.

CHAPTER XIV.

"It is over."

The next day Hugo went away, and the summer passed on, slowly, surely. As the time drew near to her confinement Agnes seemed to fade. There seemed to be nothing to depress her in the way she was depressed. When her mother came she met her at the door, and as she laid her face against hers in the old tender way, burst into tears.

"I am so glad you have come, mother, so glad; there is nothing but a blank before me, and I am afraid."

"This is quite natural, dear."

Mrs. Power patted the golden head bent upon her shoulder. "Didn't I feel just so; and am I not alive to welcome my grandchild?"

"It's not that. Of course I am frightened about that; but there is more. I feel as if I hadn't the spirit to live."

"You are run down, darling; haven't you seen the doctor? Why didn't you send for me sooner?"

"Maxwell thought I was rather silly and frightened," she began, and stopped, but Mrs. Power knew what was left unsaid.

The doctor came the next day and spoke cheerfully, hopefully to her. She was run down; it was a pity he had not been called in before. But all would be well.

But still Agnes felt all would not be well with her. She felt, knew that her days were numbered, and with this knowledge the overpowering want of Hugo's presence came upon her.

She must see him; talk to him; touch him.

She fought against this cruel feeling of want, but still it lay within her heart and ached through all her being.

Death was coming upon her. What would it be? What would it bring her? Oblivion, peace, torment?

Anything would be better than this. Ah! but she was dying, and she must see him. Death would be total separation from him. Would he follow her into that shadowy region unknown to all that live? While she is living, while she has consciousness what a comfort to see him, speak to him, just for the last time.

She was paler and weaker after this war with herself. The doctor shook his head when he saw her again, and left the room hurriedly.

Maxwell came in a moment afterwards with pain stricken face.

"You are not well, darling?"

"I never will be well." She was crying quietly. "I have tried to do the right, Maxwell. I have tried to be a good wife to you."

Maxwell was shaken with sobs. "You have always done what was right, Agnes. But I have been a selfish brute. Say you forgive me, dearest."

A look of mental pain passed over her pale face. He was sneering for her forgiveness. Did she not need his? She was his wife. She bore his child. And yet she loved another man—his brother.

"Oh! Maxwell," she said, "I do forgive you. I need forgiveness myself for many things. We are all so weak and so faulty. It should teach us to be kind to every one who does any wrong." That night her child was born.

Hugo read in the next day's papers the birth of Agnes's boy. Further down amongst the deaths was an item which meant nothing to the multitude, but all to him.

"The wife of Maxwell Melville, aged twenty-three."

He started up. He must go at once and have a last look

at her loved face. By the side of her whom he had loved so well light was given him. Maxwell had gone with him into that dim, flower-scented room.

"I loved her, upon my soul, Hugo. But she was too good for me. If it had been you."

"Hush," said Hugo.

"But I must tell you. Listen. I was afraid she might care for you, and so I—let her think you had led Alminere wrong."

A glance of passion passed over Hugo's face. But here his glance fell on the pure, pale features of Agnes, and in her presence that passion paled.

"It is over," he said. But the dead face was no whiter than his living one.

THE END.

• • •

FIRST CROAK.

| | |
|--|--|
| Northward, crow, Croak and fly! Tell her I Long to go,— | Lark or thrush Someday, you Up the blue Cleave the hush |
| Only am Satisfied Where the wide Maples flame, | O the joy Then you feel, Who shall steal Or destroy? |
| Over those Hills of fir, Flooding her Morning snows. | Have not I Known how good, Field and wood, Stream and sky?— |
| Thou shall see, Break and sing Days of Spring, Dawning free. | Longed to free Soul in flight, Night by night, Tree to tree? |
| Northward, crow, Croak and fly,— Strive, or die Striving so! | Northward, crow, Croak and fly You and I,— Striving, go. |
| Darker hearts, We, than some Who shall come When Spring starts. | Still through fall Singing, keep Croaking deep Strong and hale! |
| Well I see, You and I By and by Shall get free. | Flying straight, Soon we go Where the snow Tarry late. |
| Only now, Beat away As we may Best know how! | Yet the Spring Is—how sweet! Hark that beat; Goldenwing! |
| Never soar We, nor float; But one note, And no more. | Good for all Faint of heart, What a start In his call! |
| Northward, crow, Croak and fly! Would that I Too might go! | Northward, crow, Croak and fly, Through the sky Thunder No! |

New York.

BLISS CARMAN.

GOLDEN GRAINS.

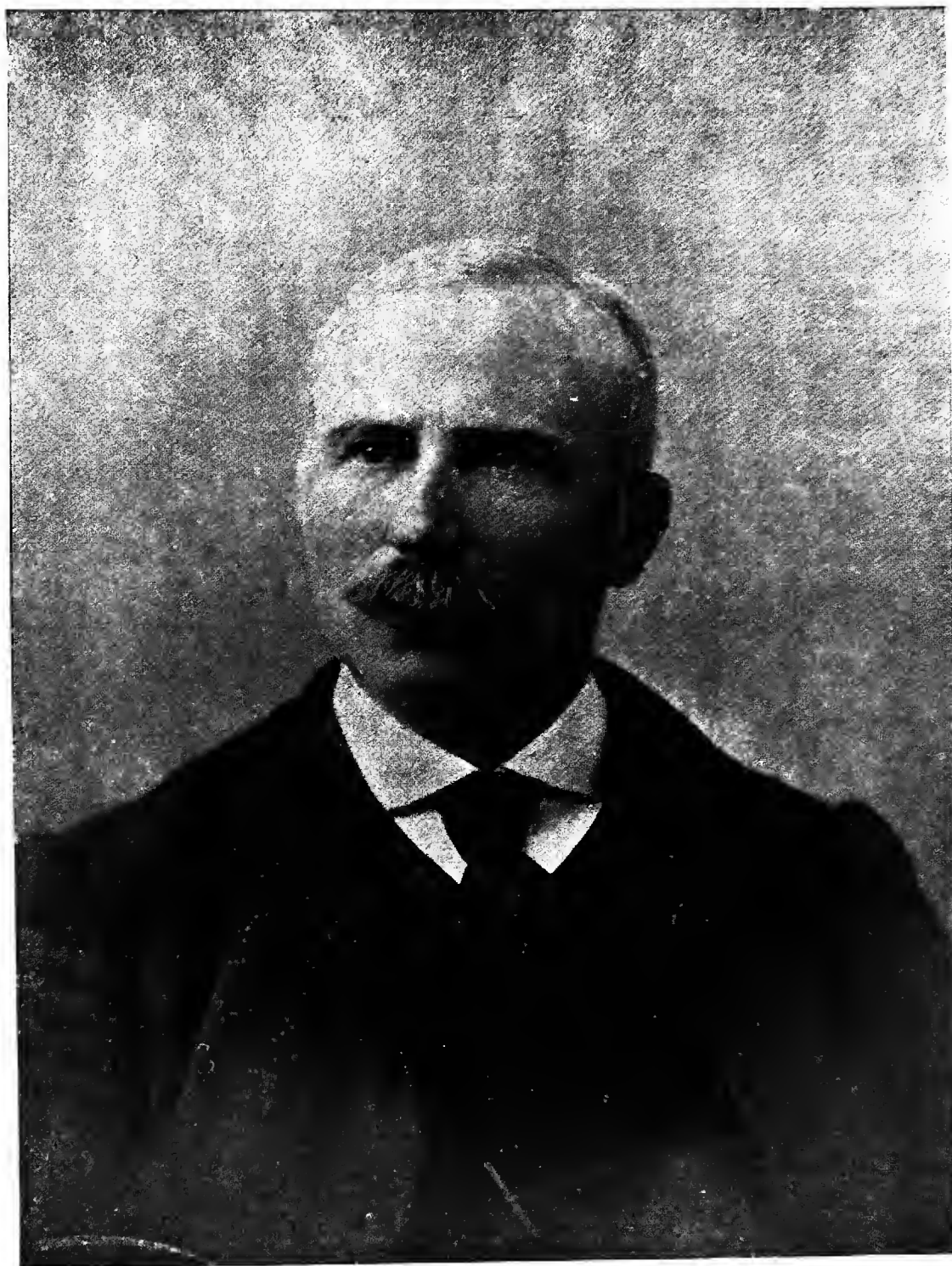
Faith is the sun of life.
Dreams are true while they last.
There is much pain that is quite noiseless.
On God and God-like men we build our trust.
Often in a wooden house a golden room we find.
Homeward and heavenward we haste on our way.
Dead fish swim with the stream, living ones against it.
A millstone and the human heart are driven ever round.
More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of.
Sweet April! Many a thought is wedded unto thee as hearts are wed.
Our greatest glory is not in never falling, but in rising every time we fall.
Every duty, even the least duty, involves the whole principle of obedience.
If the living may not speak to the dead, the dead are always speaking to the living.
An indiscreet person is like an unsealed letter, which everyone may read, but which is seldom worth reading.
The commonest life may be full of perfection. The duties of home are a discipline for the ministries of heaven.
Love, the last best gift of heaven;
Love, gentle, holy, pure
An old philosopher says: "The firefly only shines when on the wing; so it is with the mind; when once we rest we darken."
Life is a road that we travel but once, so that we must be sure to do all we can as we go, because we never pass that way again.
The secret of success in life is to keep busy. The busy ones may now and then make mistakes, but it is better to risk these than to be idle and inactive.



OLD INDIAN AND SQUAWS ON THE BLACKFOOT RESERVE, ALBERTA.
(Wm. Notman & Son, photo.)



MOUNTED POLICE, CALGARY, ALBERTA.
(Wm. Notman & Son, photo.)



J. LORN MACDOUGALL, Esq., AUDITOR GENERAL OF CANADA.
(Topley, photo.)



In these days when Canadian politicians are so earnestly discussing the question of the use of the French language in the legislatures and schools of certain portions of the Dominion, it may not be amiss that an English journal should take some notice and give its readers some account of the periodical literary publications in French in the Province of Quebec, and with this view we propose to give some account of the contents of the number of *Le Canada Français* for March, 1890, a review published under the direction of a committee of professors of Laval University, and devoted to religion, philosophy, history, the fine arts, science and literature. The articles in that number are:

1. Ten Years in Canada—1840 to 1850. An interesting account of the proceedings in the Parliament of Canada (formed by the union of Upper and Lower Canada) under the administrations of Lord Sydenham, Sir Charles Bagot, and Lord Metcalfe, including the fight for the establishment of responsible government and for the re-establishment of the official use of the French language.

2. A Review of "Annibal," a Canadian novel by Napoleon Legendre.

3. The Menhirs of Carnac, a poem, by Louise d'Isola.

4. La Science tuera la Guerre. Science will put an end to War. By Mgr. M. E. Methot. Expressing the writer's earnest hope, and his reasons for entertaining it, that the terrible means of destruction which science has placed at the disposal of man will have the effect of preventing war, the result of which must be so tremendously fatal as to make it impossible; and with this view the writer holds that every such scientific improvement hastening this result is to be encouraged as a step towards the preservation of peace.

5. *Tite Poulette*, a Louisiana novel of the time of the old Creoles. By Geo. W. Cable. Translated from the English by Dr. Louis Fréchette, our Canadian laureate. Very well translated and very interesting, more especially in view of the present strained relations in America between the European and African, or white and coloured races, as well as from the pathos of the story itself.

6. The possessed of the Muses. By Adolphe Poisson. A poem on the troubles of a young muse-bitten clerk, between poetical and arithmetical numbers, and Dr. and Cr., and his dreams about them.

7. Travels in Greece. By Charles de Martigny. (*To be continued.*) A very interesting and instructive account of a visit to Athens, and description of the Acropolis and other famous edifices there; with historical and critical notes respecting them.

8. To Matthew Arnold. A Poem, by Dr. Fréchette. Read by him at the entertainment given to the English poet at Montreal, on the 20th February, 1885. An excellent and eloquent tribute by the Canadian Laureate to his English compeer, praising him for the work he has done, and expressing the hope, that following the example of Chateaubriand and Moore, he will make the natural beauty of Canada and the romantic legends of her history subjects of his muse.

9. Just de Bretennières—A Martyr of the 19th Century. By the Abbé Aug. Gosselin. A detailed and thrilling account of the martyrdom of Bishop Berneux, and MM. Just de Bretennières, Pourthié and Petit, and of Mgr. Daveluy and MM. Aumaitre and Huin, in the Corea, in the spring of 1866, after undergoing long imprisonment and sufferings and the most cruel and savage tortures at the time of their execution, sufferings paralleled only by those inflicted by Indians on the early martyrs in Canada, and borne as those were with Christian fortitude. Their martyrdom followed by a general persecution of the Corean Christians. The writer declaring that the history of the great persecutions of the early Christians from Nero to Diocletian contains no brighter pages, and that the Church proves by the more than human heroism of her children, her divine origin and immortal youth. The effect in Europe of this Corean story is described as being at first mournful, but afterwards triumphant in the victory of the martyrs, whose blood is the seed from which new Christians will be produced.

10. The Affair at St. Denis, in the Rebellion of 1837. By Alphonse de Lusignan, whose grandfather was killed there. The incidents of the fight are told in a vivid manner from the rebel point of view, and with a little exultation, which may be pardoned now, for the article is written on the fiftieth anniversary of the events narrated, but without boasting or exaggeration, and with an honorable expression of regret for what the writer truly calls, the "absolutely useless and unjustifiable murder" of Weir.

11. Scientific Gossip. By J. C. K. Laflamme. A most amusing and suggestive article, treating of the discoveries in electricity and their uses and their discoverers, and more especially, Mr. Edison and his triumphant reception at Paris, including the salute fired in his honour at the close of the great exhibition and transmitted to him by phonograph, which Mr. Laflamme tells us the great inventor could not hear, being unfortunately stone deaf. A dissertation on microbes, and the theories respecting them; on influenza and its supposed causes; and a curious cure for rheumatism, proposed by Mr. Terc, a German physician, and consisting of 39,000 wasp stings. A calculation of

the number of movements in a second which are required for the execution of an Allegro by Mendelssohn; and a memorandum of the deaths of some distinguished scientists, including Mr. Chevreul, at the age of 103, Mr. du Bois-Raymond, a celebrated Prussian physiologist, Mr. P. Voile, the pioneer in thermo-dynamics, Mr. Pecinotti, the real inventor of our dynamo, Mr. Horn, who led the way to almost a revolution in the construction of steam engines, and Mr. P. Perry, the Jesuit, who died of fever in Guiana, after accomplishing the scientific mission entrusted to him by the English Government, of observing the now last total eclipse of the sun; an astronomer equally modest and distinguished, whose loss will be seriously felt in England.

12. The Little Wood Merchant—A Winter Scene at Montreal. By J. Edmond Roy. A pretty little story of humble life in a Canadian city.

13. Foreign Affairs. By Dr. Louis Fréchette. A succinct review of late events in foreign countries. Deaths among members of the royal families, with some comments upon distinguished personages whom death has lately removed since the decease of the late King of Portugal. The late Empress of Brazil. The dowager Empress Augusta, widow of William the First, Emperor of Germany, and grandmother of the reigning Emperor, dying at the age of 89, whose beauty and virtues were such that Frenchmen have not refused to testify their respectful veneration for the widow of the man who did them so much mischief. She was the daughter of Charles Frederic, the Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar and Marie Polovna, daughter of the Czar Paul the First. The writer prays that the earth may lie lightly on the generous protectress of the unfortunate prisoners of Gravelotte, Wissemburg and Metz. The next personage mentioned is the famous African tyrant, the King of Dahomey, one of the remarkable characteristics of whose kingdom is that the queen is the commander-in-chief of the army, with the peculiarity not less singular, that the principal corps of this army is composed of women. These ebony Amazons, being three thousand in number, and apparently subject to the same code as the Roman vestal virgins, any breach of their vow of chastity being punishable by being buried alive. These female warriors are ferociously valiant, and in point of cruelty excel their sovereign. The fifth on the list of royal deaths is that of the Duke of Aosta on the 18th of February at Turin, where he was born in 1845. Many particulars of his life and character are given, in the course of which mention is made of the Duke of Montpensier (one of the contestants with Amedée, son of Victor Emmanuel, for the throne of Spain) who died in February last at San Lucas, in his sixty-sixth year. He was the brother-in-law of Queen Isabella, and father-in-law of the Comte de Paris, a pretender to the crown of France. The list, as the writer says, came near including the little King of Spain, Alphonso XIII. All this, our poet Laureate says, reminds him of the famous verses of Malherbe on the fell destroyer death:

"Le pauvre en sa cabane où le chaume le couvre,
Est sujet à ses lois;
Et la garde qui veille aux barrières du Louvre
N'en défend pas vos rois."

Or as our old English poet has it:

"There is no armour against fate,
Death lays his icy hand on kings;
Sceptre and crown must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade."

The Laureate then congratulates the world that the little King of Spain's mother has talent, energy and intelligence, which command universal admiration, and inquires whether her example and that of the fifty-two years' reign of our own Gracious Sovereign do not encourage a reasonable hope that if virtue should become the fashion among princes, it might lead to a revolution which would deliver Europe from the scourge of war and the law of the strongest, with a gentle hit at the case of England and Portugal in Africa and *British fairplay*. The article then deals with the foolish attempt of the Duke of Orleans in France, and the rejection of the notion of M. Cazenove Pradines for the repeal of the law banishing pretenders to the Throne of France, and says he would like to know the opinion on this point of the Duke d'Aumale, a wise man, a savant, a member of the Académie Française, and, above all, a great patriot. He then remarks that if royalty is at a discount in France, there is one royalty which never fails to receive the continually renewed sympathy of the nations, that of the Supreme Head of the Church throned at the Vatican. One proof of which is the amount for the now last year of the humble offering of the poor—St. Peter's pence—\$600,000, sent as follows:—From Austria, \$80,000; France, \$70,000; Spain, \$40,000; Germany, \$30,000; Ireland, \$26,000; Belgium, \$21,000; England, \$19,000; Switzerland, \$11,000; Poland, \$17,000; North America, \$87,000; South America, \$62,000; Africa, \$19,000; Asia, \$20,000; Roumania, \$20,000; Italy, \$51,000; Portugal, \$30,000; Oceania, Russia and Scandinavian countries, \$20,000—it would seem, he says, that this sovereignty is to be left alone to close the portals of Time when all others shall have passed away.

14-15. Then follow two short notices,—one of Judge Routhier's conferences and discourses, and the other of Aztec poems in French, by Auguste Gérin, containing, among others, highly praised by Dr. Fréchette, who gives part of one of them, the story of the loves of two great South American mountains—Volcanos-Istacchuat and Popocatepetl—very primitive and romantic. In the beginning of the world almost *Ante mare et tellus*.

We have thus endeavoured to give our readers a fair idea of a fair specimen of French-Canadian periodical litera-

ture. Those of them who can read French will do well to get the number, and will find in it knowledge useful and entertaining; and to those who do not read French, we say, learn to do so by all means. We can assure them that they will thereby enable themselves to enjoy a rich, intellectual feast. In the Review they will find nothing which ought to offend them, and if they should now and then find their English corns gently trod upon, it will do them no harm to see themselves as others see them, and that there is no harm in knowing and using two languages.

G. W. W.

THE BRITANNIC EMPIRE.

DEVELOPMENT AND DESTINY OF ITS VARIOUS STATES.—CANADA (*concluded.*)

IV.

Twenty-five years ago Col. John Hamilton Gray, a New Brunswick delegate to the Quebec conference which created the basis of our federal system, concluded an address at a Montreal banquet in the following stirring words:

"I now call upon you, Canadians, by your own name, here in the presence of your own hills, which rose to their majestic height ere yet your race began—here in the presence of your own St. Lawrence, hallowed by the memory of Cartier and spanned by the stupendous work which shows that in the onward march of progress and improvement you are not behind—by the memory of the past, by the spirit of the present, by the hopes of the future. I call upon you to rally round a proposition which will tend to perpetuate the glory of your name and promote the glory and happiness of your people." After the lapse of a quarter of a century the proposal then placed before the Canadian people and stamped with their approval, has developed into a national system, which has now reached a stage in its progress when a greater step requires to be taken, and the words which were so applicable to the position of the country then become suitable to the wider and grander federation which we hope to attain in the future. Imperial Federation is not merely an abstract principle; it is the embodiment of the spirit of the age, acting upon a free and intelligent people, and as such will have to be faced and discussed by the opponents of the principle and thoroughly sifted in all its details by those who wish to see it take a concrete form. Leaving out of consideration for the time-being its effects in other countries, I wish to review a few of the advantages which would accrue to Canada itself from the adoption of such a basis for its future national development. In the first place, Imperial Federation is, in detail, whatever the constituent parts of the Empire choose to make it, the only part of the proposal which is fixed in its nature being that contained in the words "permanent unity of the Empire." Two views of the question at once present themselves to our consideration, each antagonistic to the other. The one is that presented with so much force by Hon. Honoré Mercier at Montreal in these words: "To seek to expose us to the vicissitudes of peace and war against the great powers of the world, to the rigorous exigencies of military service as practised in Europe; to disperse our sons from the frozen regions of the North Pole to the burning sands of the desert of Sahara, an odious régime which will condemn us to the forced export of blood and money and wrest from our arms our sons, the hope of our country, to perish in foreign wars."

Such a presentation is about as correct as the inference that conscription is, or could be, practised either in England or the colonies. The other and, let me say, the truthful view of the policy may be found in the prophetic words of the Hon. Edward Blake during an address before a great Liberal gathering at Teeswater in 1878:

"My opinion is that the day must come when we shall cease to be 'dependents,' as I hope, by exchanging dependence for association, by rising from the present position of colonists to that of partners in the freedom, the fortunes and the responsibilities of the Empire." * * * * * "I invite my fellow-countrymen to prepare their minds for the assumption of that full measure of freedom and responsibility which belongs to us, as fellow-subjects of those Britons who inhabit the United Kingdom."

Such words cannot be withdrawn by subsequent expressions, and stand as the clearest possible presentation of the case for closer union with Great Britain at the present time.

Is Imperial Federation possible? Such a question is frequently asked, and the answer must always be that whatever the people of this country and the Empire desire in the direction of political relations must be attainable. To say that the British people, who founded and developed so vast a power, will shrink from the comparatively easy step of consolidating it, is to imply that as a people they are inferior in energy, pluck and determination to the men who created a united Germany; who built up an Italian kingdom, or fought the greatest war of the century for the preservation of American unity. Canadians who have remembered the many obstacles which stood in the way of Dominion unity, will not hesitate to face the difficulties which may lie in the pathway of Imperial consolidation.

The question, as it affects Canada, naturally divides itself into three parts—defensive, commercial and political—prefaced by the admitted proposition that each step in the direction of complete union must be taken as required by circumstances, and that the ultimate aim can only be attained by a gradual development in a definite direction.

To Canadians it must be obvious that the existing system of Imperial defence is not satisfactory. The Behring sea seizures; the long drawn out Atlantic fishery disputes; the danger to our commerce in case of a great war, over the declaration or termination of which we should have no control; even the French shore question of to-day in Newfoundland, all prove that our present position in that respect is not and cannot be a permanent one. The difficulties of the situation are aggravated by the fact that we hardly know where to apportion the blame. We all know that Great Britain does the very utmost that can be done in a diplomatic way to facilitate negotiations and satisfactory arrangements with our troublesome and aggressive neighbour to the south; and we cannot but feel, if we consider the matter for a moment from a British point of view, that to go to war with the United States for any of the causes which have so far arisen; to expend millions of money and the lives of thousands of men, as well as to lose countless millions of dollars more by stoppage of trade, would be an enormous responsibility to assume. And for what? For the sake of a colony where the leaders of one great party are advocating closer union with the States and discrimination against British trade, while at the same time attempting to create dissatisfaction against the Mother Country for not acting with sufficient vigour in defense of our interests.

Again, it must be remembered that we contribute not one cent towards that protection, and have therefore no just claim to disagree with the mode in which Great Britain may exercise her responsibilities. The British taxpayer, with greater burdens in most cases than we have, has to bear the brunt of protecting our great country and extensive commerce. The solution is obvious. Not in separation, which would entail greater burdens upon our people than they could bear, but in a closer union with the Mother Country—a union in which we could demand as a right the full measure of a protection which we can only ask for to-day as a privilege.

The British Empire is emphatically an oceanic power, and with a united group of fleets, supported by a system of joint contribution, would be so strong upon the seas of the world as to control not only the commercial highways of the nations, but prevent war by the pure impossibility of successful attack by foreign countries upon what would then form an invulnerable chain of naval powers.

The only sources of possible attack would be upon the Indian and American frontiers. I am thoroughly convinced that, were such a federation formed, and the union of Canada with the Empire settled upon a stable basis, American aggression, alternate coercion and conciliation, would cease, and war be rendered impossible.

Moreover, the American people would respect us much more than they do to-day, when they regard Canadians as merely hanging on to the apron

strings of a European power, afraid to let go, and equally afraid to stand up and assume an attitude of friendly and equal partnership. As Mr. Chamberlain so well said in Toronto, when referring to Britain's obligations and the burdens of Empire:

"Relief must be found in drawing together the great component parts of the Empire, and not by casting away the outposts or cutting off the bulwarks. * * * * It may well be said that the confederation of Canada may be the lamp to light the way to a confederation of the British Empire."

To a Canadian no question presents itself with so much personal interest as that of extension of trade relations, and the spectacle of an empire which controls nearly one-half of the commerce of the world must bring before a thinking mind the possibility and immense advantage of developing the connection between its different states in such a way as to encourage a greater interchange of products and assimilation of interests.

Great Britain has everything that we require in manufactures, machinery, money and men to people our vast extent of undeveloped territory, while Canada can provide unlimited quantities of coal, wheat, cattle, timber, cheese, butter, furs, hides and many other products. To show the great possibilities which exist in regard to our trade with Great Britain, I give below a table compiled a few years ago by Mr. Arch. McGoun, of Montreal, the figures being for 1885:

| Product. | United Kingdom import from Canada. | Total U. K. import. |
|--------------------------------|---------------------------------------|------------------------|
| Horned cattle. | \$ 5,752,000 | \$ 46,660,000 |
| Butter. | 1,212,000 | 58,860,000 |
| Cheese. | 8,176,000 | 24,450,000 |
| Furs. | 1,426,000 | 5,020,000 |
| Grain. | 4,719,000 | 338,105,000 |
| Produce of the Forest. | 8,757,000 | 80,120,000 |
| Produce of the Fisheries. | 1,326,000 | 11,506,000 |
| | \$31,368,000 | \$564,721,000 |

Thus we find that the Mother Country actually imports \$530,000,000 worth of products from other countries which we can produce to the greatest advantage. Is there any necessity to adduce further proof of the benefits which would accrue to Canada if such an enormous market could be encouraged to take our produce, and as a consequence increase our output and develop the natural resources? Such a policy is voiced in the suggestion that a small duty should be levied upon foreign imports into all the different sections of the Empire, over and above any ordinary tariff which may be in existence—such a duty to vary as required by circumstances, but to be in all cases a preferential one as regards our fellow-subjects. If the proceeds of this Imperial tariff were to be devoted to the maintenance of the naval force of the Empire, a sum would be raised large enough for all the purposes of protection and power without perceptibly adding to the burdens of the people.

Such a system could work nothing but good for Canada, and if once the policy were placed clearly before the people, its benefits would be so obvious as to sweep the country from end to end. An impetus would be given to the cultivation of wheat, barley, oats and all the various grains which Great Britain so largely demands; an enormous increase in the number of cattle, hogs, etc., which are now raised in quantities small in comparison to those produced by the United States; American farmers would flock over to our North-West in order to get the advantage of the discrimination; our mines would be developed, not only by capital which would come from the other side, but by that which investors in England would put into new enterprises of every kind; American manufacturers would start establishments for the same reason, while a constant access of new population from the Mother Country would result from the increased knowledge of our resources and prospects which would naturally ensue.

But, it is said that England will never consent to put such a duty upon foreign imports. This will have to be dealt with later; but let me say here that large bodies of earnest, intelligent and influential men are pushing the question nearer to the front every day, and that the time is not far off when the Imperial Parliament will have to consider

the matter and meet the difficulties fairly and squarely. Canada's duty appears to be plain. Let its Parliament pass a strong resolution, offering to discriminate in favour of British goods in return for a similar preference given to our farm and forest products. Let the new Australasian dominion pass a similar resolution when its parliament is created, and the legislatures of South Africa take the same course, and a mighty lever will be given to the advocates of the proposal in England, sufficient, perhaps, to turn the scale in its favour.

Leaving the commercial question for the present, we have to glance at the political issues involved in such a policy. Mr. Mercier voices the sentiments of perhaps a small number of his nationality who neither know nor care what the meaning of the words "Imperial unity," may be, but there are others in all the provinces who, while less extravagant in their statements, are, nevertheless, almost as far astray from the real issue. To bring about the solution of the question nothing can be done by force or fraud; everything will depend upon consultation between representatives from the various parts of the Empire, which are constitutionally governed; all proposals will have to be submitted to the different parliaments for sanction, and thence to the people for approval, and the strong probability is that the means to this end will be found in the holding of Imperial conferences every few years at the heart of the Empire. Such a deliberative and consultative body, meeting as may be required, must develop in the course of time into a permanent council of the realm. When this occurs Imperial Federation will be an accomplished fact, without undue friction, without detracting from the liberties or local rights of the colonies, and without unduly interfering with the sovereignty of Britain.

While this policy, as a whole, should commend itself to every thinking Briton, I cannot but believe that it will also in Canada ultimately obtain the approval of the great majority of our French fellow-citizens. Loyal to the same flag and country; the same political principles and liberty; receiving similar benefits from its adoption, the French-Canadian who has from time to time fought side by side with his English-speaking comrades, cannot but feel that the heroic deeds and famous events of early Canadian history belong to both equally, and that as they have fought together in the past, struggled together with the difficulties of settlement and the upbuilding of a united nation, so in the future they will join hands in pursuing this great policy to its highest ultimate development, making this Dominion of ours the peer of great nations, as well as a powerful factor for peace and prosperity in the grandest and freest empire in the world.

"Then let us be firm and united;
One country, one flag for us all.
United, our strength will be freedom;
Divided, we each of us fall."

TORONTO.

J. CASTELL HOPKINS.

THE ISLES OF SHOALS. OFF PORTSMOUTH, N.H.

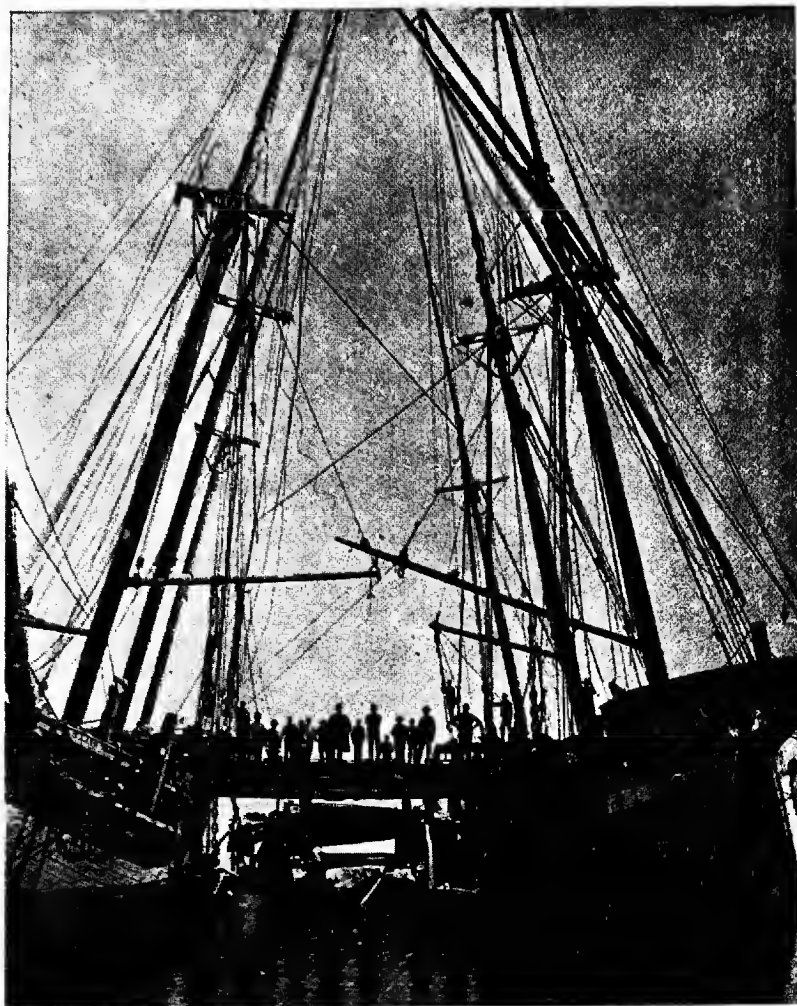
MISS UNDERHILL'S CHAIR.

Grey, sterile rocks that cleave the ocean's mist,
Free o'er your hammocks sweeps the brine-fraught wind
And swirls in airy eddies that would find
Th' historic seat of stone that one day missed
And lost for aye its occupant, while hissed
And coiled the snaky waves, and cruel twined
Their folds about a woman's form, that shined
That day in Paradise—whose pale lips kissed
The Throne where all is Rest and stilled the breath
Of tempest wind; and where the dashing wave
Leaps not nor rears its crested head of death—
But where the pure and pearly ripples lave
Th' enchanted shore we reach but thro' the grave,
When dies the clash of arms and sinks the breath!

K. C. TAPLEY (Casey Tapley)

Enjoy the blessings of this day, if God sends them, and the evils of it bear patiently and sweetly; for this day is only ours. We are dead to yesterday, and we are not yet born to the morrow.

Mars to his brother shuts his heart,
And science acts a miser's part,
But Nature with a liberal hand
Flings wide her stores o'er sea and land,



RAISING THE SUNKEN STEAMER ARMSTRONG,
AT BROCKVILLE, ONT.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

SUBURBAN SERVICE

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A FRENCH MISSION IN TIBET.

At the last meeting of the Paris Geographical Society, Abbé Desgodins read a paper upon his mission in Tibet, from which country he has returned, after a residence of 34 years, in order to publish a grand dictionary of French-English-Tibet Latin, upon which he and his fellow missionaries have been at work during the whole of that period. After describing the countries which he had travelled through on the western frontier of Tibet, Abbé Desgodins went on to speak of Tibet itself, the plateau of which are vast solitudes, for although there is an abundance of such animals as yaks, horses, and sheep, the population is very sparse. But although the few inhabitants who are to be met with encamped beneath black tents lead a very hard life, they are the finest type of men in Tibet, nearly the whole of which, according to Abbé Desgodins, is covered by these plateaux. From them, Abbé Desgodins and his caravan travelled in a north-west direction, and went down to the banks of the Yar-Ktu-Tsang-Po, which is the principal river of Tibet, and Abbé Desgodins mentioned incidentally in his lecture that it is a mistake to suppose that the Dalai Lama enjoys supremacy over the Northern Buddhists. Far from being their pope, as is generally supposed in Europe, he is merely the chief of the sect of yellow lamas, the others not recognizing his spiritual authority. Abbé Desgodins described at some length the province of Eu and its capital, Lhasa, which is also the capital of the whole kingdom, having a civil population of 15,000, consisting of Chinese, natives of Nepal, Kashmir, and Mongolians, while the ecclesiastical population consists of 22,000 monks, distributed over several large and small monasteries. The Tibetan central Government is to all intents and purposes Chinese, being subject to three Chinese ambassadors, assisted by seven civilian mandarins and an army of occupation numbering 4,000 men, stationed throughout the whole country from China to the frontiers of Nepal. Abbé Desgodins completed his lecture by a description of the eastern province of the Khan, the hydrographic and geological system of which differs entirely from the Himalayan system.

HUMOUROUS.

"George," she said, after she had promised to be his wife, "please don't announce our engagement until next week." "Why not, darling?" he asked, tenderly. "Because I'm going to the theatre with Henry on Friday night."

A LITTLE HOME CHAT.—Papa: How are you progressing in your language lessons, Ethel? Ethel: Oh, I have learned to say "Thank you" and "If you please" in French. Tommy: That's more than you ever learned in English.

WHEN Mrs. Duhlbrane read that "Dr. Holmes is now writing 'Over the Tea-Cups,'" she wiped her glasses and said: "Why in the world doesn't the servant remove the tea-cups and other dishes and let the doctor have free use of the table?"

A SWEET little pair of twins—a boy and a girl—were about to be punished recently for some wrong, and presented themselves to their mother. The boy, who had been trained in gentlemanly conduct, spoiled the whole matter by saying, "Ladies first."

UNIQUE IN HISTORY.—"Maria, it makes me awfully nervous to see you put pins in your mouth!" said Mr. Mumble, as he looked over to where his wife was sewing. But she could not answer without danger of choking. There was no last word. Mumble had broken the record.

AT THE LIBRARY.—Lady: I'm getting tired of modern fiction; can you recommend me a good exciting standard work? Librarian: Have you read "The Last Days of Pompeii"? Lady: No, I believe not. Can you tell me what he died of? Librarian: Eruption, I believe.

EDUCATIONAL ITEM.—Uncle Mose: How are you coming on at school, 'Rastus? 'Rastus: Mighty poorly. De teacher most pounded de life outen me. Uncle Mose: Whuffer? 'Rastus: He asked me how many teef a man had, and I tole him "a hull mouf full," and then he climbed right on top ob me.

MRS. NEWCOME: Mary, tell the cook to hurry up with those eggs. She has had time

to cook them, surely. Mary: Please, ma'am, cook says she don't know when they've been in three minutes. Mrs. Newcome: Why, haven't you a clock in the kitchen? Mary: Yes, ma'am; but cook says as it's fifteen minutes too slow.

SHE WAS ENGAGED ON THE SPOT.—"Are you careful in the kitchen—and with the dishes?" "I am, ma'am. It was thro' my care I lost my last place." "That was strange." "It was, ma'am, but you see my master was in the china delf business, and he said if all servants were as careful as I was his trade would be ruined. So he sent me off."

Grand Trunk R'y OLD RAILS FOR SALE

TENDERS are invited for about 1,000 tons each of OLD IRON and STEEL RAILS, delivery of which will be made on cars at any point on the Company's line as may be agreed upon. If delivery is required in the United States the purchaser will have to pay United States Customs duties.

Delivery will be made during the next three or four months, at times to suit the convenience of the purchaser and of the Company.

Terms, cash on delivery.
Parties tendering to name price per ton of 4,240 lbs. Tenders endorsed "Tender for Old Rails," and addressed to the undersigned, will be received on or before WEDNESDAY, May 7th.

J. HICKSON,

General Manager.

Montreal, April 28th, 1890.

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Registered—A delightfully refreshing preparation for the hair. Should be used daily. Keeps the scalp healthy, prevents dandruff, promotes the growth. A perfect hair dressing for the family, 50c per bottle.

HENRY R. GRAY, Chemist,
122 St. Lawrence Main Street.



HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS.

All even numbered sections, excepting 8 and 26, are open for homestead and pre-emption entry

ENTRY.

Entry may be made personally at the local land office in which the land to be taken is situate, or if the homesteader desires, he may, on application to the Minister of the Interior, Ottawa, or the Commissioner of Dominion Lands, Winnipeg, receive authority for some one near the local office to make the entry for him.

DUTIES.

Under the present law homestead duties may be performed in three ways:

1. Three years' cultivation and residence, during which period the settler may not be absent for more than six months in any one year without forfeiting the entry.

2. Residence for three years within two miles of the homestead quarter section and afterwards next prior to application for patent, residing for 3 months in a habitable house erected upon it. Ten acres must be broken the first year after entry, 15 acres additional in the second, and 15 in the third year; 10 acres to be in crop the second year, and 25 acres the third year.

3. A settler may reside anywhere for the first two years, in the first year breaking 5 acres, in the second cropping said 5 acres and breaking additional 5 acres, also building a habitable house. The entry is forfeited if residence is not commenced at the expiration of two years from date of entry. Thereafter the settler must reside upon and cultivate his homestead for at least six months in each year for three years.

APPLICATION FOR PATENT

may be made before the local agent, any homestead inspector, or the intelligence officer at Medicine Hat or Qu'Appelle Station.

Six months' notice must be given in writing to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands by a settler of his intention prior to making application for patent.

Intelligence offices are situate at Winnipeg, Qu'Appelle Station and Medicine Hat. Newly arrived immigrants will receive, at any of these offices, information as to the lands that are open for entry, and from the officers in charge, free of expense, advice and assistance in securing lands to suit them.

A SECOND HOMESTEAD

may be taken by any one who has received a homestead patent or a certificate of recommendation, countersigned by the Commissioner of Dominion Lands, upon application for patent made by him prior to the second day of June, 1887.

All communications having reference to lands under control of the Dominion Government, lying between the eastern boundary of Manitoba and the Pacific Coast, should be addressed to the Secretary of the Department of the Interior, Ottawa, or to H. H. Smith, Commissioner of Dominion Lands, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

A. M. BURGESS,

Deputy Minister of the Interior.

Department of the Interior,
Ottawa, Sept. 4, 1889

THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

A CANADIAN PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

(TRADE MARK)

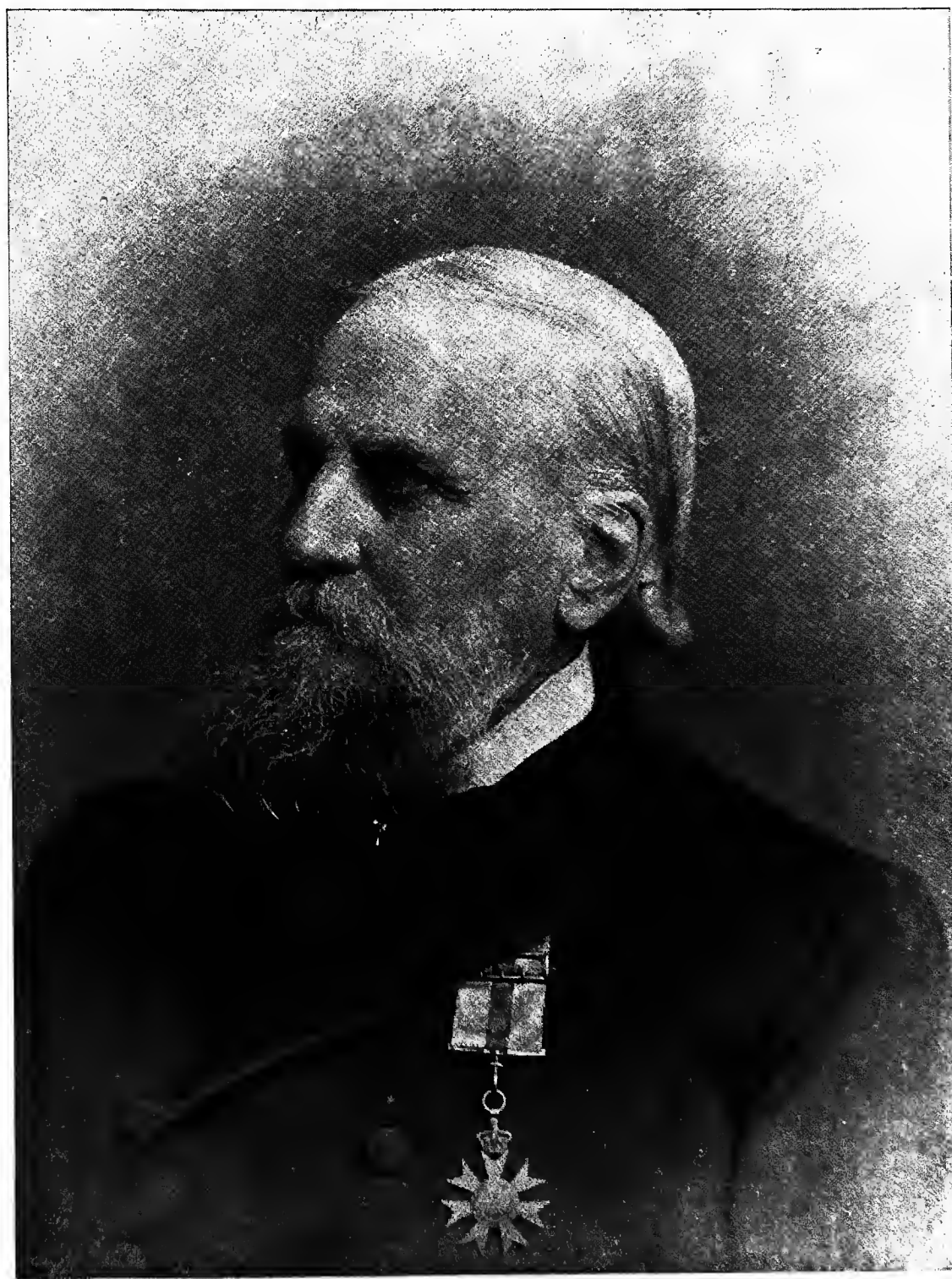
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(REGISTERED.)

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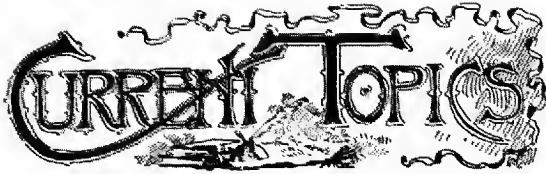
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10th MAY, 1890.



The destruction by fire of the Asile Saint-Jean de Dieu, generally known as the Longue Pointe Asylum, with the accompanying loss of life, is one of the saddest calamities of which this city and province have had experience. As yet the number of victims is uncertain, but it is believed that more than fifty have perished—all females. There were some 1600 insane inmates, the majority being women. It is to be deplored that some of the Sisters, in their efforts to save the more head-strong patients of the women's wards, sacrificed their own lives. Universal sympathy has been felt for the superioress, Sister Thérèse (who was ill and confined to bed when the disaster occurred), and with her devoted company. The fire (of which the origin is still unknown) was first noticed shortly before noon on the 6th inst., and by four o'clock the whole vast block was in ruins. The firemen did their duty nobly and well, but in vain; and the ladies of the institution made almost superhuman efforts to save life and property. The entire insurance amounts to about \$300,000. The asylum was founded in 1873 and on the 16th of July, 1875, was formally opened. The Sisters of Providence spent \$1,132,232 in the work, \$700,000 being for construction. There were besides the central edifice, six storeys high, four smaller buildings, which were connected by wings, the total frontage being 630 feet. We hope to give a view and full description in our next number.

The *Western World* for February gives the first instalment of a number of answers received by Mr. Thomas Bennett, Government Immigration Agent, to inquiries respecting the experiences of settlers. These letters constitute the most acceptable of all evidence as to the fitness of the country for immigration. The more casual visitor may be deceived by appearances or he may depend too much on hearsay. But the man who has passed successfully through years of trial, who has neither been improvident in good nor discouraged by bad years, but has toiled steadily on to the sure goal of ultimate competence, is a witness whose testimony—every word of it—is valuable. Some of the farmers who tell the story of their careers in some of these letters brought \$200, some \$100, some still less, but they all came resolved to succeed, if success were possible. One, who with his sons is today worth \$25,000, had not enough to pay for his yoke of oxen. But he knew that there was treasure in the soil and he laboured diligently till he found it. This farmer says that he could write volumes of the advantages of Manitoba for new settlers.

Another pronounces it just the country for a poor man to get a start in. A third, an English tradesman, cannot imagine any other country where he could have got on so well, and another, who has lived both in Manitoba and the Territories, only regrets that he did not move westward sooner.

The Halifax Board of Trade held a special meeting in order to hear the Newfoundland delegates. Sir James Winter, who is at the head of the delegation to England, fully explained the situation in the Island and the injustice of the new *modus vivendi*. His colleagues spoke with equal earnestness against the French claims and England's virtual recognition of them. The Board of Trade expressed the utmost sympathy with the people of Newfoundland, and assured the delegates that in Canada their cause was certain to receive hearty support. Formal resolutions to that effect were framed by the executive committee, so that the delegates to England will be able to cite the Canadian sentiment in their favour. The delegates to Canada declined to touch the question of Newfoundland entering the Confederation, holding, it is said, different views on that subject. According to the latest intelligence the agitation in the Island in the new arrangement is unabated. The Government policy of allowing the French to enter Newfoundland ports for bait has also caused grave dissatisfaction in influential quarters. The Commercial Society of St. Johns has passed a series of resolutions emphatically condemning the modification of the Bait Act.

While we in Canada have been holding our centennials and bi-centennials, and looking forward to still more comprehensive vistas of retrospection, our colonial brethren in New Zealand have been holding their jubilee fêtes. Nor can we wonder at the enthusiasm with which they look back over their fifty years of provincial existence. Rarely in colonial history has a community shown in so brief a time such a record of progress and prosperity. To our esteemed contributor, "G. W. W.," we are indebted for an account of the jubilee fêtes, taken from the *New Zealand Herald*. The 29th of January was the day fixed for the inauguration, a committee, of which Mr. Devore was chairman, having made all the arrangements with energy, judgment and taste. Auckland wore its gala costume, and the entire population, and visitors from near and far—a multitude of holiday-makers such as had never been seen in that city before—entered fully into the spirit of the occasion. Additional lustre was given to the festivities by the presence of His Excellency the Earl of Onslow, Governor of New Zealand; Admiral Lord Charles Scott, in command of the Australian squadron; His Excellency the Earl of Carrington, Governor of New South Wales; Sir John Thurston, Governor of Fiji and High Commissioner of the Western Pacific, and several other personages of distinction. The naval squadron was represented by H.M.S. Orlando (flagship), H.M.S. Opal and H.M.S. Lizard. The weather on the opening day and during the whole week of the celebration was delightful, and everything passed off most satisfactorily. Races, regattas, excursions, reviews, athletic displays, banquets, with speeches both in English and Maori, were among the features of the celebration.

Elsewhere we reproduce a portion of a patriotic poem by Mr. Alex. M. Ferguson, on New Zealand's Jubilee. "G. W. W.," who kindly sends it to us, obtained it from a relative, the widow of Major

Green, whose father was well known to some of our older readers. There are bonds of this nature, more than perhaps many dream of, between New Zealand and the other South Pacific colonies and the Dominion of Canada. Some years ago Dr. Hocken, of Dunedin, passing through this city on his way round the world, made inquiries at his hotel concerning any surviving friends of the late Judge Chapman. Few recalled the name, for it was at that time nearly fifty (it is now getting on to sixty) years since Mr. Chapman had said adieu to Canada. His memory had not vanished, however, and with a little research it was discovered that he had played a prominent part on the popular side in the controversies of the pre-Union period. His name and speeches and doings, are they not written in the pages of Christie and Garneau? His son is now a prominent barrister in Dunedin. We hope the time is not distant when the relations between our far southern fellow-citizens of the Empire and ourselves will not be confined to such scattered instances, but will be close and constant and profitable to both them and us.

INDUSTRIAL ART IN THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC.

If all that has been written on the subject of technical education during the last fifty years were collected and printed in book form, it would constitute a library of many thousand volumes. In the main, this mass of literature would admit of a twofold classification. On the one hand, there would be works of a theoretical character, setting forth the value of manual training as an aid to the cultivation of the intellect; on the other, we should have the record of results attained. The advocates of this reform in educational methods who appealed to the world by their pens were slow in making an impression on the public mind. It was not till a few daring innovators determined to submit their theories to the test of experiment that prejudice began to give way and the technical school to obtain deserved recognition. The earlier attempts were humble enough, but the teachers were earnest men who had a firm belief in their system. They knew that if it were allowed fair play, the intelligent public would be sure to acknowledge its utility. Nor were they disappointed. The extent to which it has been adopted, both in the old world and the new, and the rapidity with which it has found favour with all friends of progress, testify abundantly to its merit and guarantee still greater triumphs. Education for labour through labour—that is the watchword and principle of its champions. Skill can only be acquired by practice, and to have qualified workmen in every branch of industry, the authorities of a country or a city must give its young men opportunities of learning.

It is not necessary now and here to trace the gradual stages of this movement from its inception or to enumerate the various influences to which it was due. Suffice it to say that, although isolated efforts in this direction had been made before that date, it was not till about thirty years ago that careful training in the industrial arts began to secure the sanction of educational authorities and governments. It has been chiefly within that limit of time that the most important legislation on the subject has been passed on both sides of the Atlantic. The great exhibitions, by stimulating the different competing nationalities to higher

artistic excellence, contributed not a little to the result. The quarter of a century that intervened between the opening of the Crystal Palace in London and the Centennial celebration in the United States was a seed-time of considerable activity. Even before the world's workers gathered at Philadelphia to compare the products of their thought and skill, the first fruits of the harvest had been reaped. In the admirable "Special Report," compiled by Dr. Hodgins, in 1876, for the Ontario Educational Department, there is an interesting chapter devoted to the survey of industrial schools. That survey takes a wide range, for it comprises the farthest east and the farthest west. Building, wood-carving, weaving, lace-making, watch-making, metallurgy, blacksmithing, brass-working, stone-cutting, painting, glass-making, ornamental and model drawing, moulding and other arts and industries had then begun to be taught in the technical schools. Some of these were confined to three or four branches, others were more comprehensive, and others again were confined to systematic instruction in the higher departments of technology. These last were virtually normal schools for the training of foremen and superintendents. In some of the courses, the pupil had to master a wide range of theoretical and practical knowledge. For instance, a pupil must gain acquaintance with 85 different tools in wood-turnery; with 80 tools in model joinery; with 60 in forging, and 130 in metal turnery, and must also learn to repair his own tools. And this is merely preliminary—the first step in a three year's course.

The year 1876 is also a significant date in the history of industrial education in this province. The Council of Arts and Manufactures had, in the previous year, appointed a deputation, composed of the chairman, Mr. A. Lévêque, the Rev. O. Audet, Mr. L. J. Boivin, and the secretary, Mr. S. C. Stevenson, to visit the chief art schools of Boston and New York, and in 1876 their report was published. It was at the same time that the Montreal and other schools, some of the work of which we have the pleasure of reproducing in this number, were founded, with Messrs. Lorenz and Hébert as principal instructors, and Mr. Stevenson as director-in-chief. Not the least important of the results which followed the publication of the report was the introduction into the schools of the Council of the system, therein recommended, that of Prof. Walter Smith. Mr. Smith had his training in England, and was for some years art master at South Kensington, and the State of Massachusetts considered itself fortunate in securing his services as director of art education. His plan of teaching was adopted, not only in Massachusetts, but through the rest of New England, as well as in the Middle, Southern and Western States. In the winter of 1882 he delivered a series of lectures in this city under the auspices of the Council of Arts and Manufactures, and his presence in Canada was taken advantage of for the inauguration of industrial art classes in Ontario and the Maritime Provinces. Subsequently his system obtained a footing in Manitoba and still later in British Columbia.

During the last twelve years the schools under the supervision of the Council have very considerably enlarged their original scope. How fruitful their development has been during the intervening period was made clear to the apprehension of the public in the exhibition of last year to which reference has already been made in our columns.

Those who, like ourselves, availed themselves of the opportunity of examining the work of the pupils in every branch of industrial art must acknowledge that the movement inaugurated by the Council in the fall of 1875 has been in many ways productive of good. We cannot more worthily indicate the character of the results achieved by instruction at these schools than by quoting the language of Mr. S. E. Dawson in his presidential address at the termination of his term of office.

"There is on the table before you," said Mr. Dawson, "a complete statement of all the classes which have been carried on during the past year in the city of Montreal. You will find in it how fully the Montreal committee have carried out the views of the Council upon practical technical training. The resolution passed at our August meeting seems to me to mark a turning point in the history of the Council. In the city of Montreal practical classes had long been carried on, but by that resolution practical technical instruction was made obligatory on all schools receiving aid from the Council, and thus it has been introduced throughout the province.

"You have now on the table before you work in metal, in wood, in plaster, and in other materials, made by pupils of the Council in Huntingdon, in St. Jerome, in Farnham, in Sorel, in Sillery, as well as from Montreal. You have lithographs, wood carving, scagliola work,* plaster casts, models in clay, mural decorative designs in oil colours, plumbing work, machine work in iron, patterns for boot and shoe manufacturers, as well as mechanical, freehand and architectural drawings, all executed by pupils trained in our schools.

"I must confess to a feeling of wonder at the slight notice the work of the Council has received from the press and public of Montreal. Every now and then I see a letter in some daily paper portentously announcing as new discoveries principles upon which this Council has been working for years. I have seen communications supported by editors, otherwise well informed, advocating the introduction of technical training, while for years back these gentlemen might, by turning aside a few blocks from their daily business round, have seen in the Montreal school 570 pupils, working at such practical work as you have before you every week night during the winter. We have had in our schools throughout the province 1,346 pupils during the year just closed. We have schools in Montreal, Quebec, Levis, Sorel, New Liverpool, Huntingdon, Sherbrooke, Farnham, St. Jerome, St. Hyacinthe and Sillery. We have during this last year compelled the introduction of practical work in every one of them and yet, in the face of all this, people will write in the newspapers, and announce the matter of practical training of youth as a new discovery originating in distant lands, which they are desirous of bringing under the notice of the people of this province.

"That the work of this Board has been fruitful of good results is every day evident to those who care to inquire. I lay before you now some letters from working men, testifying to the benefit our teaching has been to them, and from professors in technical schools in England and elsewhere, who

have pronounced upon the work, concerning which so little is known in this city. It will take up too much of your time to read them now. I would suggest that they be printed.

"The Council has, as I before remarked, 1,346 pupils in the various schools throughout the province. The practical technical teaching, so long carried on in Montreal, has been this year enforced in every school; but the grant has remained the same as ten years ago, although the cost of practical classes is much greater than that of drawing classes. I think that the claims of technical education should be urged more strongly upon the Government, and that a deputation should wait on the Premier with specimens of the work done, and ask for such an increase in the grant as will enable us to extend the scope of our instruction.

"There are several novel features in our work in Montreal, this year, to which I would specially invite attention. The class for instruction in plumbing is a most important step in advance. This is under the tuition of the Master Plumbers' Association. We have fitted-up a complete plumber's shop, and during the winter 32 pupils have been instructed in practical work and in the most approved principles of sanitary science as related to plumbing. There were 78 applications, but we had room for 32 pupils only. As each pupil must have his own bench and tools, it is possible to accommodate only a limited number. Another very important new class is one for teaching pattern making for boots and shoes.

"The magnitude of the boot and shoe industry in Montreal and the large number of operatives caused a great pressure on this class. We could enroll only 35 pupils. There were numbers standing every night seeking for a vacancy."

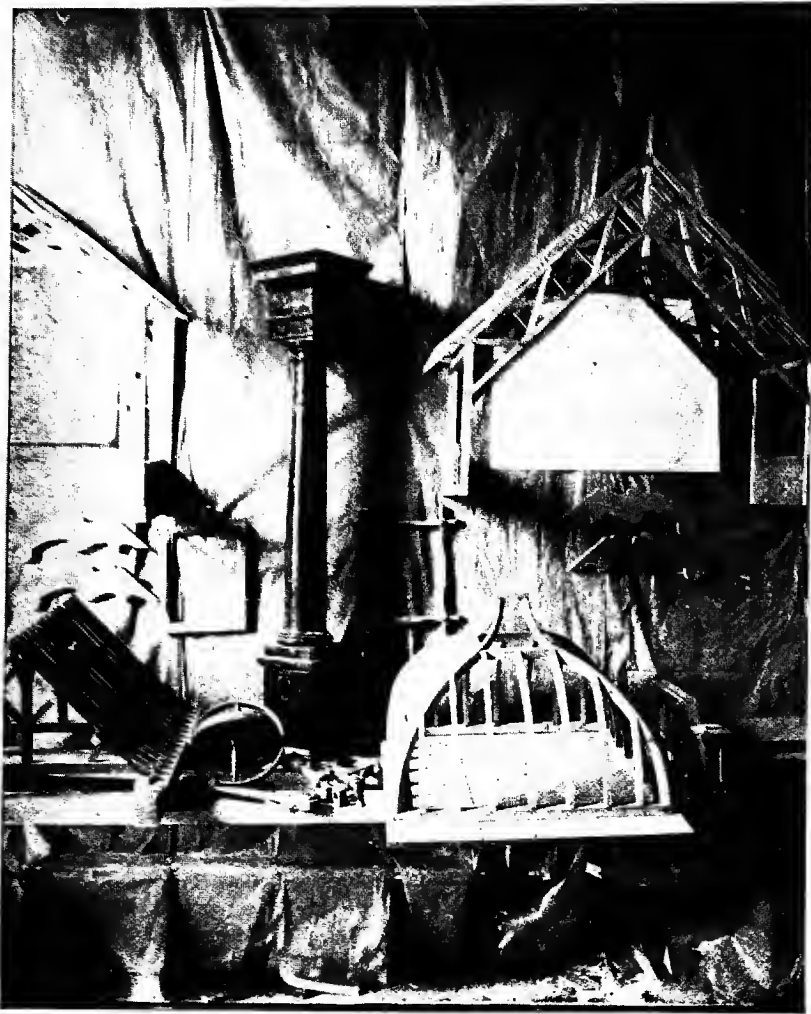
Our engravings, which confirm and illustrate Mr. Dawson's remarks, are, we believe, as creditable a showing of technical school work as any institution of the kind could be expected to produce. The aim which the Council and the teachers keep in view is that the products of the boys' skill and labour should be at once practical and exemplary. The nature, purpose and peculiarities of each exhibit are described on another page, to which we refer our readers.

In conclusion, we would say that schools of this kind are more than training institutions for artisans. They are, with their models and specimens of what is best in industrial art, both centres of information and courts of appeal on all questions coming within the range of their instruction. The benefit to a community of such a standard of taste in common things—that is, things in which all are interested—cannot easily be over estimated. "Already," says one writer on this theme, "we may observe a great change in public opinion and judgment as to what is really good. We no longer hear approval of the coarse and ugly works of art (so called) which were admired some fifty or sixty years ago." In disseminating the knowledge and taste of this new *renaissance* every pupil of the industrial school is a missionary.

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The volumes of transcripts and abstracts in the Public Record Office which have been sent from the Vatican archives and other places in Rome are now more than a hundred in number, and contain about 25,000 items from A.D. 1066 to 1700. Fetter Lane is not inaccessible, and some students of history find their way there, but it is chiefly in France and Germany that documents from the Vatican are being printed.

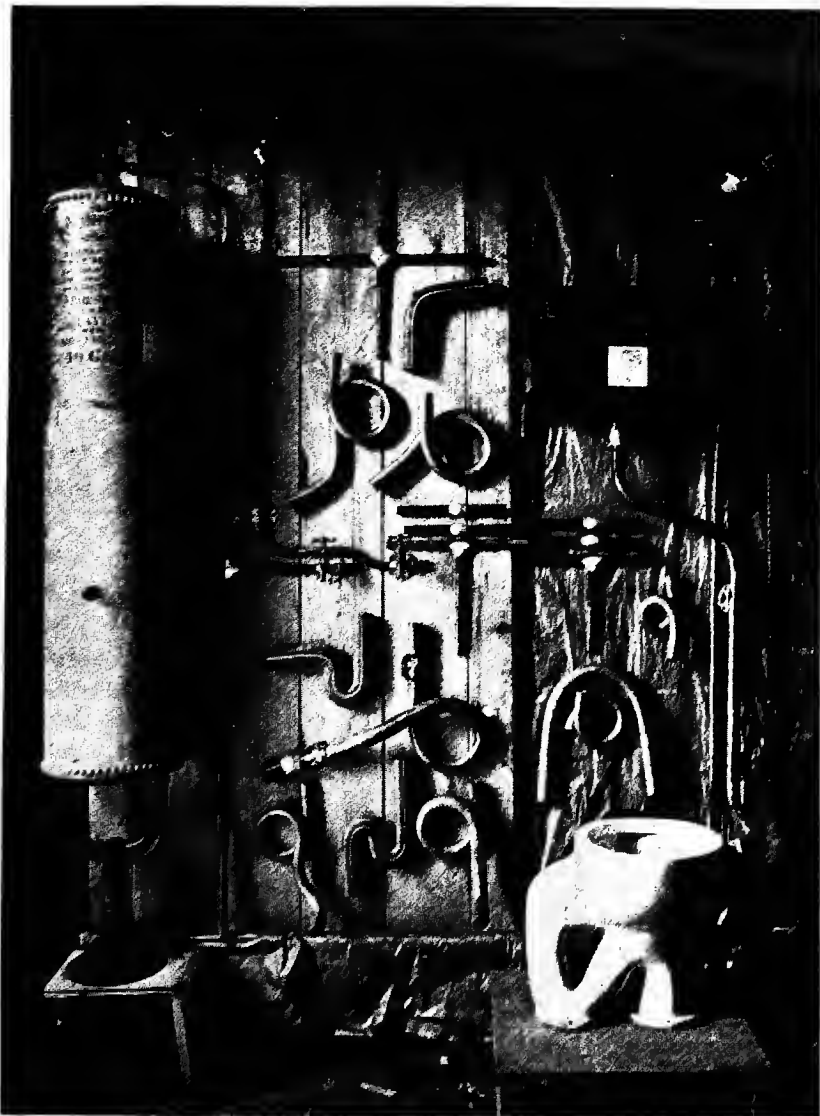
*Scagliola (from *scaglia*, a shell, a scale, a chip of stone or marble) is a composition, in imitation of marble, used for enriching columns or the inner walls of buildings. It is composed of gypsum or sulphate of lime, reduced to a fine powder and made into a paste. While still soft, this paste is studded with splinters of spar, granite, marble, bits of concrete, coloured gypsum or veins of clay. Ochres, bores, etc., are used to colour the spots and patches. It is smoothed with fine iron and afterwards receives a polish.



CARPENTERING.



STAIR BUILDING.

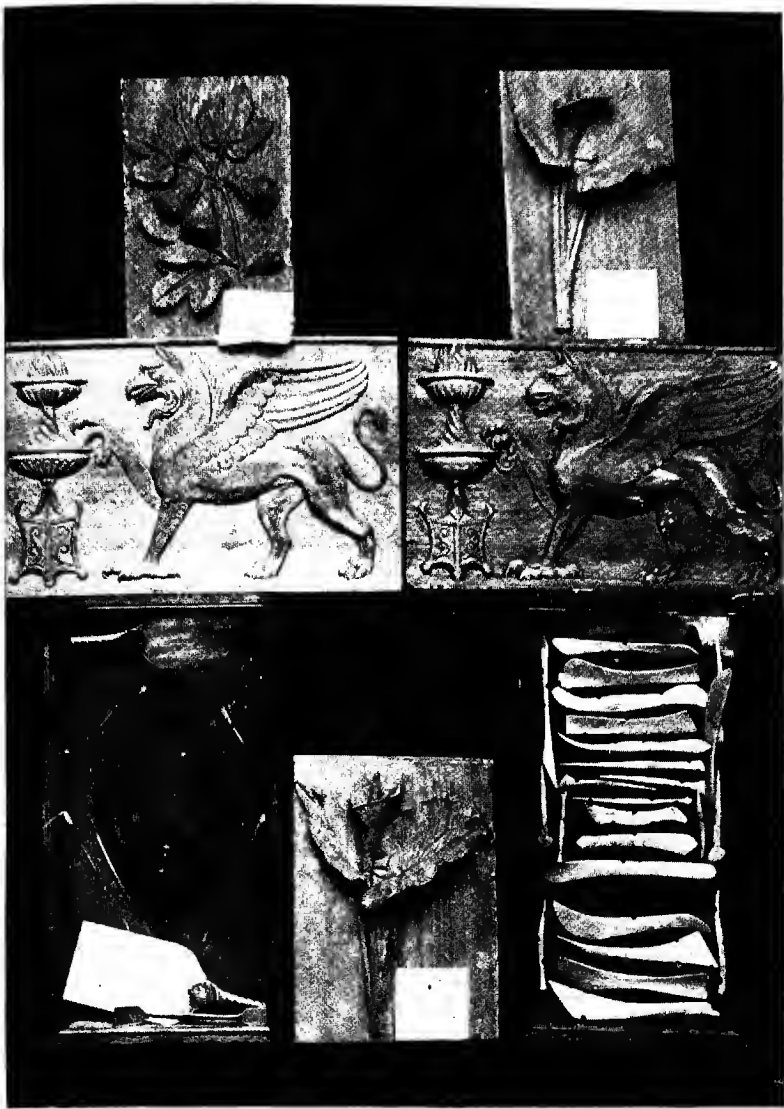


PLUMBING.



DECORATIVE PAINTING.

EXHIBIT OF WORK DONE BY THE PUPILS OF THE INDUSTRIAL SCHOOLS UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE COUNCIL OF ARTS AND MANUFACTURES OF THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC.



WOOD-CARVING.



MODELING AND SCULPTURE.



FREE HAND DRAWING.

EXHIBIT OF WORK DONE BY THE PUPILS OF THE INDUSTRIAL SCHOOLS UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE COUNCIL OF ARTS AND MANUFACTURES OF THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC.



ERRATUM: In our last issue we published the portrait of Lt.-Col. A. C. P. R. Landry, ex-M.P. for Montmagny, P.Q., by mistake, as that of Judge P. A. Landry, of New Brunswick. We propose to rectify the blunder by engraving and publishing the portrait of the real Acadian Judge as soon as possible. We give in this issue a short biography of Col. Landry of Montmagny.

LIEUT.-COL. A. C. P. R. LANDRY, J.P., M.P. FOR MONTMAGNY.—This gentleman, whose portrait appeared in our last issue, and was by inadvertence attributed to the Hon. Judge Landry, is a native of Quebec, where he was born on the 15th of January, 1846. He is a son of the late Dr. J. E. Landry, of Quebec, by the late Caroline E. Leblond. He was educated at the Quebec Seminary and Laval University, where he took the degree of B.A. He also passed a course of study at the Agricultural College of St. Anne. On the 6th of October, 1868, he married Wilhelmine, daughter of the late Etienne Couture, Esq., of St. Germain. He is a member of the Council of Agriculture of the Province of Quebec, to which position he was called after obtaining the first prize and gold medal for the best treatise on agriculture. He is also president of the Montmagny Agricultural Society, vice-president of the Union Agricole Nationale of the Province of Quebec, secretary of the Montmagny Colonization Society, member of the Entomological Society of Canada, and has been president of the Quebec Conservative Association. Mr. Landry is a Knight of the Order of Gregory the Great. He has long taken an interest in military affairs, and is Lieut.-Col. of the 61st Battalion of Montmagny and L'Islet. He has contributed some works to our native literature, including a "Traité Populaire d'Agriculture Théorique et Pratique," "Les Boissons Alcooliques et leurs Falsifications," "Où est la Disgrace?" and other contributions to current controversies. Lieut.-Col. Landry was first returned to the Quebec Assembly for Montmagny at the general elections of 1875. In 1878 he was returned to the Commons for his present seat, and has since then been twice re-elected. Col. Landry has travelled extensively in Europe, and is well known in French literary circles. He is a Knight of the Order of the Holy Sepulchre.

LIEUT.-COL. BROWN CHAMBERLIN, C.M.G. AND D.C.L., QUEEN'S PRINTER AND CONTROLLER OF STATIONERY FOR CANADA, was born at Frelighsburg, in the Eastern Townships of the Province of Quebec, on the 26th March, 1827. Was educated in the Grammar School of his native place and by private tutors, and at St Paul school, Montreal; afterwards in McGill College and University, there receiving the degree of B.C.L. in 1850 and of D.C.L. in 1867. Was for several years an elective fellow, and member of the High School Board, as well as the first (and for several years) president of the Graduates Society. He also received the degree of M.A. *honoris causa* from Bishop's College, Lennoxville. He was called to the Bar of Lower Canada in 1850, and practised law at Montreal and on the Missisquoi circuit for several years. But politics and literature proving more attractive than jurisprudence, he became joint proprietor and editor (with his brother-in-law, John Lowe, Esq.) of the *Montreal Gazette* in 1853. In the stirring times of 1849-50 he became a member of the British American League and of the Union Club, numbering among its members the late Lieut.-Governor Morris and other of his college mates, together with Mr. Lowe, Mr. Montgomerie, afterward representing the Allan Line in England, Mr. P. S. Hamilton, of Halifax and others. These constantly thereafter, as occasion served, by lectures, pamphlets, articles in and communications to the newspapers, urged forward the union of the E. N. A. Provinces. In 1853 he delivered a lecture on the subject before the Mercantile Library Association, of Montreal, of which he was for a time a director. This was subsequently published as a pamphlet. Having also taken an interest in the work of the Mechanics' Institute, he was consulted by the late Chancellor Vankoughnet, then Minister of Agriculture, about the measure introduced and passed by him for the formation of Boards of Arts and Manufactures for Upper and Lower Canada respectively. Upon its organization he became secretary of that for Lower Canada, and continued in that office till 1862, when he was elected president, serving in that office for three years. While engaged in this work (in 1858) he visited Great Britain and France and reported to the Board "Upon institutions in London, Dublin, Edinburgh and Paris for the promotion of industrial education." In that and in annual reports suggestions were made which have since been acted upon and developed by his successors. Also in respect of healthy homes for mechanics and laborers. He was sent as commissioner and secretary of the Canadian commission to the London International Exhibition of 1862. In 1867 he was elected member for his native county in the first Parliament of the Dominion. He did not take a prominent part in parliamentary life, however, speaking seldom and briefly, his remarks on the assassination of McGee perhaps alone being noteworthy. He introduced a bill for the reduction of the pay of the members of the House of Commons, which was, of course, defeated and he roundly abused; and he proposed and secured the introduction of a provision in the new extradi-

tion law, ordering prisoners committed for extradition to be held over for seven days, in order to give time for a review of the case on *habeas corpus*. This was subsequently introduced into the extradition law of Great Britain passed in 1870. A sort of kidnapping of a Belgian out of Canada under the forms of judicial extradition induced his action. In the celebrated Anderson slave case, in that of the St. Albans raiders and the Lake Erie privateers he had vehemently opposed what he held to be the too great readiness of the Government to surrender persons claimed by a foreign power. All modern extradition laws and treaties embody views then urged. His one considerable effort on the stump was a speech made at Waterloo, Sheffield, in opposition to Mr. Huntington's Zollverein, which was a good deal praised at the time. Upon the formation of the 60th (Missisquoi) Battalion of volunteers he became, first major and then lieut.-colonel in command, and to fit himself for the work went through a course in the Military School at Montreal, then conducted by officers of the 60th Rifles (regulars.) In the early spring of 1870 his battalion was placed on active service to guard the Missisquoi frontier against an anticipated Fenian raid. He forsook his parliamentary duties and placed himself at the head of his corps, the district being under the command of Lt.-Col. Osborne Smith, D.D.A.G. For many weary, waiting weeks, through all the discomforts of the rains and breaking roads of spring the watch was continued, then for the time abandoned, and then a new rush to arms, the occupation of the position at Eccles Hill during the night of the 24th and the early morning of the 25th of May; at noon, an attack by the Fenians on the Canadian position, and the repulse of the first onset by a detachment of the 60th, assisted by a small band of sharpshooters raised among the farmers of the vicinity. Canadian reinforcements coming up, the Fenians made no second advance, but retreated during the night or dispersed. For this action he was rewarded by Her Majesty with the Companionship of St. Michael and St. George, receiving investiture of the decoration along with Lt.-Col. Smith, Lieut.-Col. Fletcher and Lt.-Col. McEachran at the hands of the Governor-General, Lord Lisgar, and Lady Lisgar. Upon his subsequent arrival in Ottawa the citizens presented him, through the Mayor, Mr. Rochester, with a beautiful sword—Lord Lisgar again presiding over the ceremony, in the Senate Chamber. In that year he married Agnes Dunbar Moodie, relict of the late Charles Fitzgibbon, of Toronto, and daughter of the late Sheriff Moodie, of Belleville, and of Susanna Moodie, nee Strickland, author of "Roughing It in the Bush," etc., etc., and niece and namesake of Agnes Strickland, author of the "Queen's of England," etc., etc., and of another Canadian author, Mrs. Traill, of Lakefield, Ont. In conjunction with the last named, Mrs. Chamberlin has published several illustrated volumes respecting the wild flowers of Canada. In 1870 also he retired from politics, from the House of Commons and from journalism, and has since devoted himself to the quiet, unobtrusive duties of a civil servant. He was then appointed Queen's Printer, and, on the formation of the new Department of Printing and Stationery he was made its permanent head and Deputy Minister.

DR. BURGESS, SUPERINTENDENT OF THE NEW PROTESTANT INSANE HOSPITAL, MONTREAL.—This gentleman, whose portrait will be found on another page, is already known to several Montrealers. He comes to Montreal with an excellent record. At the Hamilton asylum, where he succeeded Dr. Wallace, he inaugurated some important reforms, which won the approval of all expert alienists who visited the institution. Before leaving Hamilton he received an address from the members of the asylum staff, which did justice to his talents as a specialist and his exemplary qualities as a man. In presenting the address, Mr. Frederick Clarke spoke of Dr. Burgess's successful career in his profession, his excellent character, his courtesy and affability. In his reply Dr. Burgess said that he always tried to do his duty, and that he was proud, in the discharge of it, to have won the good will and esteem of his colleagues and fellow-workers. The *Hamilton Times*, referring to Dr. Burgess's departure from that city, said that he left many friends behind him to whom his departure would be a source of regret; but they all congratulated him on his appointment and wished him success in his new sphere of professional labour.

ZION CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, TORONTO.—This church, of which we present a view, together with a portrait of the minister, is the modern development of one of the oldest and most respected of the religious organizations of the Dominion. Founded in 1834, the "fellowship of seventeen persons" soon became a large and powerful congregation and, eventually, the mother of many other churches. The first pastor was the Rev. W. Mercefield, who was succeeded after a brief pastorate by the Rev. John Roaf, of Wolverhampton, England. Mr. Roaf was a very commanding figure in the religious and political life of his time. After seventeen years of arduous labour he resigned his charge and was succeeded by the Rev. T. S. Ellerby (1856-76), the Rev. J. G. Manly (1866-79), the Rev. Dr. Jackson (1871-77), and the Rev. H. D. Powis (1878-86.) An interregnum of some three years followed, till in May, 1889, the Rev. George Henry Sandwell, late minister of Christ Church, Southsea, England, accepted the vacant charge, and entered upon his duties with every sign of renewed life and prosperity on the part of the congregation. The present edifice is the third that has been erected by the community. The first, which was destroyed by fire, and the second, a large and handsome structure, now situated on the corner of Adelaide and Bay streets,

But it became necessary, in process of time, to follow the movement of the population; the old building was therefore sold, and the present commodious church and schools erected on College avenue, occupying perhaps one of the finest sites in the city. The church was opened for worship on the 13th of March, 1883.

THE SCHOOLS OF THE COUNCIL OF ARTS AND MANUFACTURES. SPECIMENS OF WORK DONE BY THE PUPILS.—In our editorial columns we give a general account of the educational enterprises of the Council of Arts and Manufactures, the methods of its technical schools, and the results which they have been able to achieve. Those methods have won the sanction, and those results the admiration of persons well qualified to judge of the character of both. The Marquis of Lorne took a deep interest in the schools during his term of office as Governor-General, nor did his desire to see them succeed abate in the least, after his return to England. In courteously acknowledging the receipt from Mr. S. C. Stevenson, Secretary of the Council and Superintendent of the Schools, of a letter giving information as to their progress, Lord Lorne expressed a few years ago his gratification at the successful development which had been attained. "It was under your body," said his Lordship, "that we hatched the National Art Society, and Montreal must always be a chief centre to give impetus to the progress of art in the Dominion—a progress very essential from a merely commercial point of view. You know how to appreciate other points of view which are not immediately connected with but must always be associated with this. It is most satisfactory to see how thoroughly practical the subjects are to which you invite study through the medium of the evening classes." The feature of these schools with which the Marquis here records his satisfaction is just that feature which it has been the aim of the Council and of the Superintendent to make most characteristic of them. That success has attended the efforts so conscientiously and perseveringly put forth to that end is proved as well by the specimens to which we are about to call attention as by the after careers, both in Canada and out of it, of those who have had the advantage of training at the classes. We have seen a letter from a former pupil, who occupies a responsible and lucrative position as machinist and steamfitter in a New York establishment—a young man who receives a salary of \$125 a month—in which he attributes the first strong impulse in his successful career to the instruction which he obtained at the Council's schools. Two of his companions were alike indebted to the same agency, and, on behalf of them as well as himself, he expressed to Mr. Stevenson his gratitude for the very real benefits that they had received as pupils. Another letter from Paris is equally enthusiastic as to the advantages which a number of students at the Ecole des Beaux Arts had gained from attendance at the evening classes. And these instances could be multiplied. For us, however, who have seen with our own eyes the work of the pupils in the various departments, these testimonies simply confirm the judgment at which we had arrived from other and indisputable evidence. We shall now proceed to give, in brief detail, some account of these specimens, engravings of which may be seen on other pages of the present number.

ARCHITECTURE.—This class, in charge of Mr. Belanger, has some good exhibits. A short time ago a distinguished Fellow of the Royal Institute of British Architects complained in one of the daily journals of the lack of provision in any of our colleges for the teaching of this great art and profession. Ontario has done a good work, as we pointed out not long since, in organizing its architects into a society. But does the public know that practical lessons in architecture have been given for years in the schools of the Council of Arts and Manufactures? If not, they can see some of the results of that institution in the excellent specimens of villas, city halls, churches, portions of façades, plans of houses, etc., of which the exhibition showed examples.

STAIR BUILDING.—We mention this especially to draw attention to the fine specimen of a spiral staircase, wrought by one of Mr. Blouin's pupils. There is a peculiar elegance in the well finished curves of this very creditable piece of work.

PRACTICAL HYGIENE.—This is by no means the least important branch of technical instruction taught in the classes of the Council's schools. The skill of the plumber is necessary, not only to our comfort, but to our healthy existence. In no domain of industrial education is attention more urgently required. Mr. Horton's class is one, therefore, in which we are all interested, and no one will deny that it has not profited by his direction. We had an opportunity of personally inspecting all the specimens in our engraving at the exhibition of last summer, and remember how surprised were some of the experts in this branch of industry at the work which the pupils had turned out. It is to be hoped that more pupils will do themselves and their teacher the justice of taking the full course, so that when they leave the school they may go forth thoroughly prepared for their duties.

MODELLING AND WOOD CARVING. This engraving shows that the higher provinces of art are not neglected. Some of the pieces of work in this collection are of really remarkable merit. We see plaster medallions, one of the decollation of the Baptist, another representing Maternal Love, another showing a nymph at the bath. The wood carving is good, especially the panels with the griffins and the freezes, with their graceful ornamentation. The flowers and fruit are marked by taste and skill. In decorative work of this kind there has been a veritable renaissance in

the present generation, which has brought some touch of the beautiful within the doors of even the humble, and we cannot over-estimate the importance of a training that informs the taste and judgment while educating the hand and the eye. The pupils in this department were in charge of Mr. Arthur Vincent.

DECORATIVE PAINTING.—Prof. F. E. Meloche has evidently been at no small pains to instil into the minds of his pupils the love of graceful and harmonious forms. There is plenty to admire in this group of specimens—the two caryatids for instance being more than pleasing, and those pencilled allegories, Study and Music, being well worthy of praise. In the miscellaneous examples of decorative work there is an ample feast for the eye—and happily this, too, is an appetite “qui croît en mangeant.”

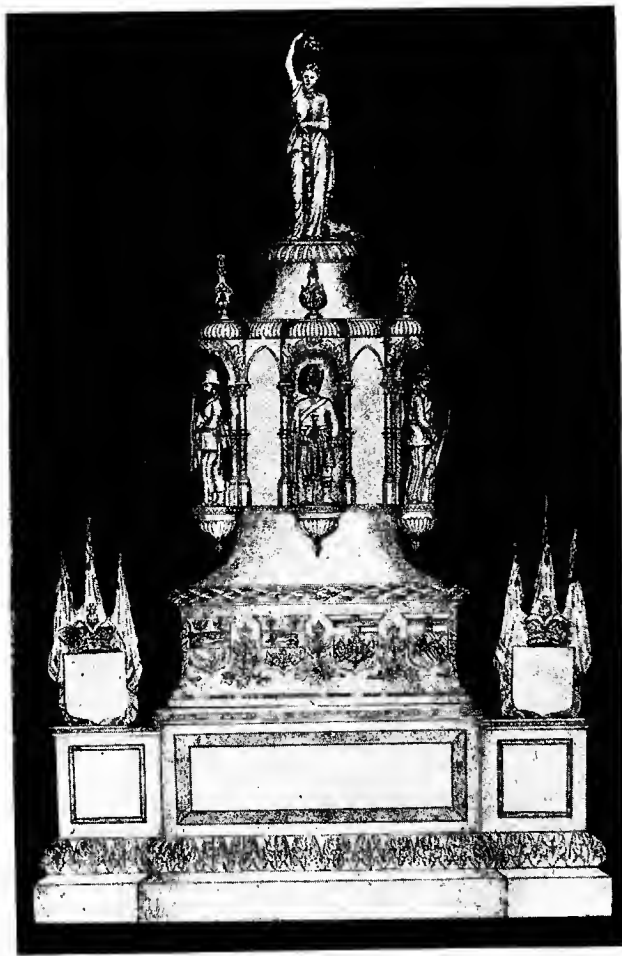
FREE HAND DRAWING.—This branch has been taught by M. Quentin, by Mr. Bregent, and more recently by Mr. J. C. Pinhey, A.R.C.A. It is the subject on which the Council has lavished most attention, for it was the essential topic of Mr. Walter Smith's course of lectures. The pupil who has acquired a fair use of the pencil has mastered the rudiments of many arts, possesses a key, so to speak, which gives him admission, if he persevere, into all Art's manifold mysteries and *métiers*—two words which are different forms of the same original. A *métier* is a *mystère* till it is learned, so that skilled labour seems to have something sacramental about it, as Art has been for ages the handmaid of Religion. We cordially approve of some remarks in Mr. Pinhey's report, in which he dwells on the necessity both of independence and obedience in the young artist who would make his gift really fruitful. It is possible to receive all wholesome instruction without stifling the idiosyncrasy which makes every artist what he is and none other.

OTHER DEPARTMENTS.—Instruction is given in last-making, in machinery, in carpentry, in metal work, in the other schools to which reference is made in our editorial columns. All these schools, scattered through the province, are centres of excellence in their respective districts, and are doing a work, of which the fruits have already begun to appear.

RAFTING ON THE OTTAWA.—These two engravings, illustrative of an important feature of the lumberman's life, represent scenes that are familiar to the dwellers on our great rivers. The raft is, indeed, if not the harbinger of spring, one of the surest evidences of its advent. It is one of the first sights that announce the disruption of winter's fetters. The timber, as our readers know, is first floated in single pieces down the various tributaries of the Grand River, and is then “rafted up” when the latter is reached. “The ‘rafting up’ process is an arduous and stirring piece of work, generally occupying several days and requiring great skill on the part of the foremen. The timber ‘sticks’ are bound together, according to size and length, into cribs, each one containing twenty-five pieces, and these cribs are again bound together, though in a manner easily to be unloosed, in ‘drams’ or ‘bands,’ as they are sometimes called, each dram containing about twenty-five cribs. These drams again bound together make up a raft, which is then in a shape for towing in sufficiently deep and broad waters. The timber is made up into cribs for the sake of shooting the slides, and into drams for the sake of running the rapids. Shooting the slides on cribs is capital sport. In its excitement and velocity it reminds one of tobogganning. Two men manage the crib, one at the stern, the other at the bow, who, with their immense oars, steer it fair for the mouth of the slide, and, catching the current, it glides down the steep incline with immense rapidity. So great, indeed, is its velocity, that it often completely submerges itself in the calm water below. . . . But for exciting amusement and soul-stirring adventure commend me to shooting the rapids on drams. This is the grandest sport on the river for the tourist and the hardest work for the ‘drivers.’ The rowing that has then to be done by these men is the toughest strain upon their muscles of any of their whole year's work. The oars, which are thirty feet long and about one hundred pounds in weight, are placed at the stern and bow, and the whole force of the crew—and at some rapids of special danger many extra hands are engaged—is divided between these two places. As the dram in its headlong descent approaches some dangerous spot, as a rock, or reef, or shoal, the pilot, who stands about the centre, gives a shout, or a motion of his hand when his voice cannot be heard, and then each man must bend to his oar and tug and strain as if his life hung on it. And, in fact, it practically may; for if, through any weakness in the rowing or any mistake of the pilot, the dram should deviate from its proper course and strike upon a shallow reef or projecting point, then almost certain destruction would overtake the whole concern. The furious, rushing torrent would soon break it up into single pieces, the bindings of withe, rope and chain would snap like thread, and the immense sticks be whirled about and down the rapids like straws. But, barring these accidents, running the rapids is the most stirring of all river sports; it is exhilarating in the highest degree, and gives, what is never to be despised in life, a new sensation. When the timber by crib and dram has passed through the rapids and slides and broad waters of the Ottawa, and been fairly launched upon the majestic bosom of the St. Lawrence at Lower Laprairie,

then it is made up for the last time into one large compact raft and towed without impediment or hindrance, except, perhaps, a storm on Lake St. Peter, into the booms at Quebec, and the toils, adventures and hardships of the raftsmen are over for another year.” This vivid description is taken from “Shanty, Forest and River Life in the Backwoods of Canada,” by the author of “Three Months Among the Moose,” that is, the late Rev. Joshua Fraser, formerly Chaplain to the 78th Highlanders. An account of this branch of the lumbering industry is also to be found in the pages of “They Too; or, Phases of life in Eastern Canada Fifty Years Ago,” a work published by and dedicated to Mr. John Lovell. The same subject is dealt with both by pen and pencil in the delightful pages of “Picturesque Canada.”

THE CARSLAKE TROPHY.—It may be remembered that Mr. George Carslake offered \$500 for competition by the various regimental rifle teams throughout Canada, to be competed for at the annual August matches of the Province of Quebec Rifle Association. Mr. Carslake contented himself with the acceptance of his generous gift, leaving to the council the task of drawing up the rules and conditions of the match. The only stipulation he made was that the teams should consist of at least ten men. The council de-



THE CARSLAKE TROPHY.

puted Lieut.-Col. Houghton, its chairman; Major Bond, chairman of the executive committee; and Major Blacklock, the secretary, to draw up the conditions. They are as follows: A special match to be placed in the programme with \$200 for individual and team prizes. Individual prizes—Open to the active militia of Canada, the staff, and officers who have retired retaining rank, being members of the P.Q.R.A. by direct contribution or through affiliated associations. Ranges, 200, 400 and 600 yards. Number of shots, 7 at each distance. Rifles, Snider, Government pattern. Position, at 200 yards, standing; at 400 and 600 yards, any position. Team prizes—For the aggregate score of at least ten previously named officers or men of any battalion or corps in the Dominion, being affiliated with the P.Q.R.A. The new D.R.A. efficiency rules will be enforced. Mr. Carslake agreed to these conditions, and the contract for making the trophy was awarded to Messrs. Hendersy & Leslie, of St. Peter street. It will weigh 160 ounces and be of sterling silver. “Young Canada” will be conspicuous surmounting the trophy, with the six branches of the service clustered around. A portion of the centre will be of ebony, with silver shields and sprigs of maple, the arms of the different provinces being engraved. The stand of flags on each side, with shield attached, will be of silver, the base also of silver, save for an ebony border around the panels, as shown in the design, the panels between the soldiers being left open. As may be seen in our engraving, this will form a handsome and appropriate trophy.

LAUNCH OF THE SCHOONER MINNEBOSA.—Our engraving depicts a scene that was witnessed by a multitude of eager spectators at Kingston on the 26th of last month. The launch of the Minnedosa took place in the forenoon,

two tugs being employed to assist her down the ways. After the withdrawal of the blocks she moved gracefully enough towards her watery destination till she was almost afloat, when an interruption occurred which was only explained after the services of a diver had been called into requisition. It was then ascertained that, through some misadventure, her stern had caught in the ways and smashed them, and it was not till after a considerable time that she was successfully floated. She then proceeded to Toledo in tow of the Walker in order to load grain for Kingston. The Minnedosa, which cost from \$60,000 to \$70,000, was built in the shipyard at Kingston of the Montreal Transportation Company. She is the largest vessel of her kind in Ontario, and is pronounced by experts in ship-building to be unsurpassed by any boat in fresh water. She is capable, it is said, of carrying 90,000 bushels of wheat at a draught of 16 feet of water. She has a length of keel of 242 feet, a length over all of 250 feet, her breadth of beam is 38 feet, and her depth of hold 17. She is built of oak, except the deck and cabin. A steel plate 18 inches by ¾ of an inch goes all round the frame at the top height from the stern at each side to the quarter timber with double butt straps. From the plate diagonal braces run down the bilge, extending a distance of 2½ feet on the floor frame.

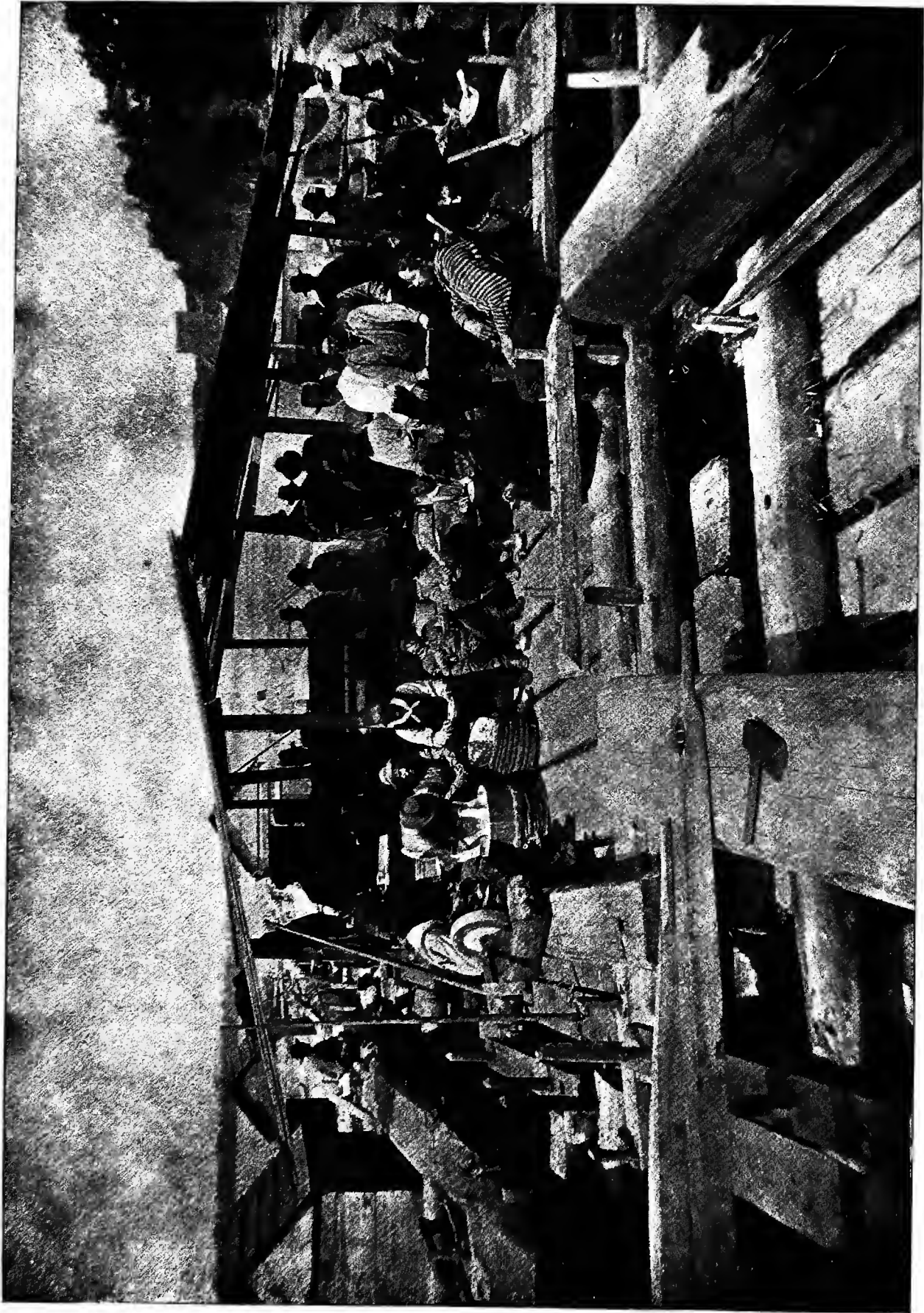
These braces cross each other on the side of the schooner three times. The steel used for the braces is 4½ inches wide by ¾ of an inch thick and is well bolted throughout. Her frame is of clear white oak. Her planking outside from the top of the bridge to the covering board is 5 inches thick, except three streaks that are 5½ inches. Her main keelson consists of 65 sticks of oak 14 inches square, and she has six assistant keelsons 14 inches square with double floor. She is a double-decker, having two shelves on each side 36 by 7 inches thick, and double deck frames all the way through. She has 140 hanging iron knees, weighing 400 lbs. each. Altogether, this four-master is a credit to her architects and to Canada.

CHIEF CROWFOOT.—In this issue we have the pleasure of presenting our readers with a good portrait of this famous and estimable chief, whose death took place on the 27th ult. He had been ill four days, and death resulted from inflammation of the lungs. Crowfoot exerted considerable influence not only in the Blackfoot tribe, to which he belonged, but among the other Indians of the North-West, and even, to some extent, among the whites. He came of a stock of acknowledged hardihood and courage, and in his youth was one of the bravest of Blackfoot braves, and one of the wisest of Blackfoot councillors. He was endowed with a natural eloquence and, when he spoke earnestly on any subject that he had at heart, he seldom failed to convince. In civilized life, had he received an education proportionate to his native gifts, he might have attained eminence as a statesman. His private virtues were well known, he was generous and charitable and did not indulge in revengeful grudges, either against Indian or white. In the troubles that preceded the breaking out of the rebellion in 1885, he acted the part of conciliator. During its continuance Crowfoot, notwithstanding the messages of the Crees, remained faithful to the Government. In solemn assembly of his nation at Blackfoot Crossing, in the presence of Lieutenant-Governor Dewdney and Father Lacombe, he gave his word that nothing might be feared on the part of the Blackfeet, that he and his would remain loyal. He kept his word.

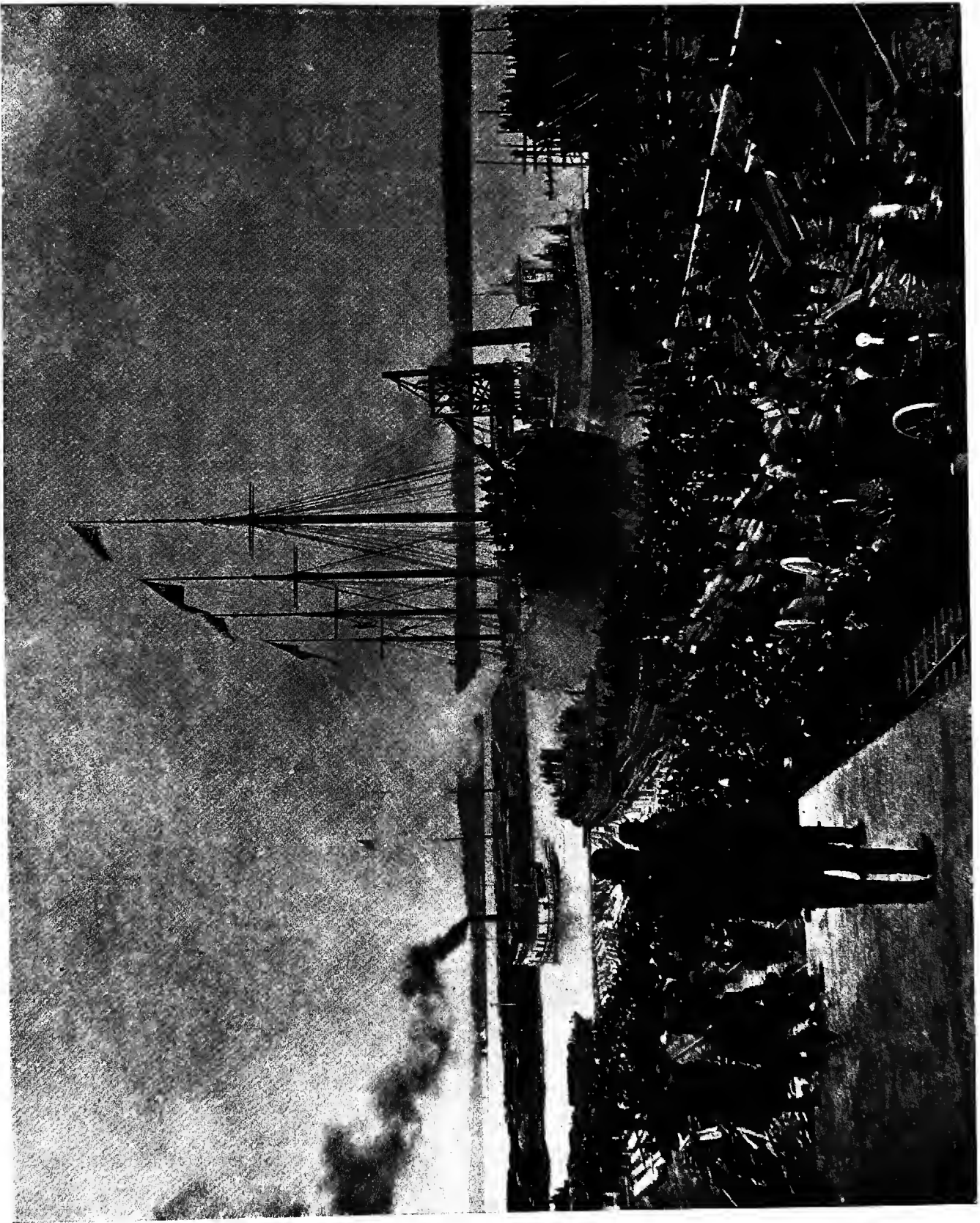
THE BUBASTIS STONE.—For an accurate and interesting account of this relic of Pharaonic architecture we beg to refer our readers to the article on the subject, kindly contributed by Sir William Dawson, which will be found in another page of this issue.

THIS MAKES US FEEL PROUD.

Quebec has always been essentially a military city, and ever since the day when the immortal Wolfe scaled its frowning heights, its history and traditions have been intimately connected with those of the British army. It is now twenty years since the last of Her Majesty's regiments marched out of the gates of the impregnable Citadel, built by the Duke of Wellington, but the Union Jack still waves from the flagstaff of the Queen's bastion, overlooking the grandest harbour in the world, the gateway of British America; and the evening gun is still fired, and last post sounded by men in the uniform of the Royal Artillery. So with the people. The best families of the city are descendants of old army officers, many Quebec boys, educated at the Military College of Kingston, are to day serving the Queen in all quarters of the globe; and in the old Anglican Cathedral, in whose chancel the tattered colours of Her Majesty's 90th Regiment still hang, the Vestry Clerk—himself a hero of the Light Brigade of Balaklava, and bearer of thirteen wounds—shows to visitors the monuments erected to the memory of sons of Quebec who fell at Serinapatnam and at Delhi. The English speaking settlements near the city were largely founded by military men. As an evidence of this the cemetery of the country parish of Valcartier, on the line of the Lake St. John Railway, contains the graves of nineteen Waterloo veterans. How many country parishes in England can surpass this record?—*London Canadian Gazette.*



COOK-HOUSE ON A RAFT, OTTAWA RIVER.
(Topley, photo.)



LAUNCH OF THE "MINNEBOSA" AT KINGSTON, SATURDAY, 26th APRIL.
(H. Henderson, photo.)

NIPS DAIMON.

Montreal is a wonderful place—unique in fact upon this continent—contrasting the ancient with the modern as no other American city can pretend to do, and showing buildings, dresses and habits two centuries old, in picturesque juxtaposition with the extreme fashions and improvements of the present day.

The grey and black robes of the nuns rub against hoops that are greatly beyond the gauge of the city sidewalks. Portly priests or humbler *frères chrétiens* dispute the pavement with red coated soldiers and merchants. Convents jostle the counting-rooms of firms of world-wide reputation.

A church that counts its years by hundreds stands at the side of a market house, much finer than any our city can show; while near them from the barracks issue in splendid array a little army of soldiers, whose march is like the moving of waters, and their drill a wonder and a school.

It is not astonishing, therefore, that every summer brings to Montreal a host of tourists to marvel and admire, in whose train follow the inevitable travelling correspondents, who fill the columns of our newspapers with little collections of thrice told facts. We "stay-at-homes" expect annually to be informed by the different journals that the towers of the French church are higher than the monument on Bunker Hill, and that the *enfants trouvés* of the *Sœurs Grises* have clean faces, but bad bumps. The nuns themselves, it seems, are not so pretty as they might be; while the smallest children in the streets talk French with fluency—a fact which I wish you to note as an evidence of their surprising precocity.

One special point no correspondent neglects. The "Haunted House" furnishes a paragraph to the whole tribe of nomadic scribblers.

Sometimes it is stated that the builder of this ghost-ridden mansion hung himself from a beam in its cellar on discovering—what any sensible man would have expected—that his architect's estimate covered less than half of the required outlay. Again we are told that he died from the effect of a cup of "cold poison" swallowed in humble imitation of the sad example of the illustrious Dinah. I remember one correspondent who struck an original path, and declared that the devil carried him off bodily, though with what purpose or for what crime this inventive writer unfortunately omitted to specify. But, however they differ regarding the exit of the troubled spirit, all agree upon its occasional return.

Haunted the house is and deserted, the very picture of desolation, standing alone upon as fine a site as fancy can conceive, having behind it the broad green belt of lofty trees that garters the foot of the mountain, and in front a wide slope, which stretches its lawn-like expanse in regular descent from the great doorway of the mansion to within a short distance from the public street.*

The hill affords summer-pasturage for hundreds of cows, which lounge among the fruit trees at its base, or dot its surface with their forms. But in winter it is put to a livelier use, for which it is admirably fitted by its length and height, and the evenness of the declination. To wit,—as a slide for toboggans.

"A what?" you ask. "In the name of euphony what is a toboggan?"

Let me tell you. I must premise that the orthography of this word belongs to the important unsettled questions of the world. Authorities differ; usage affords no guide; and its etymology is lost in the dim ages of aboriginal tradition. The way I write it comes as near the sound as can be, and pleases me accordingly. But any reader who feels dissatisfied, has perfect liberty to spell it as he thinks proper.

All I know about tobogganing was learned nine years ago. Understand that. Many changes may, nay, must have come since then. The hill may offer no longer an unbroken slope. The practice itself may have grown unfashionable. But in my time everybody tobogganed, and the slide was the glory of the town.

Toboggans—to resume them—are Indian sleighs, perfect-

ly flat, without runners, supporting themselves above the lightest snow on the same principle as the snowshoe, by offering a large surface to its resistance. They are about eight feet long, and sufficiently broad to leave a margin of a few inches on each side of the sitter. They curve upwards in front like the runner of a sleigh, light poles tied along the sides support the occupants while going over "the jumps," which are holes worn by the constant ploughing of the curved fronts in their rapid rush down the steep incline.

Indian sleighs are often very neatly painted, and almost always christened by appropriate names, such as the "Dart," the "Snow Wreath" and the "Bird on the Wing." Their bottoms by long usage grow wonderfully smooth. When the snow is a little beaten, or has a light crust, through which our New England sleds would crash in a moment, the toboggans glide along as easily as a ship passing through the water, and as swiftly as an arrow just loosened from the bow.

I spent a winter in Montreal during the height of the furore, and visited the ground many times in company with as pleasant a set of gentlemen as I have ever been privileged to know.

One of these, whom I shall call Roy—Eugene Roy—for this most excellent reason that it does not sound at all like the real name, was almost always the leader of our party to the hill. He was a young man, quite dark enough to justify the suspicion that he had Indian blood in his veins,—a strange, quiet fellow, who had very little to say to any one, who steered magnificently, and appeared to love sliding as he loved nothing else in the world.

No wonder. He owned the fastest sleigh on the field. It was a narrow toboggan, painted blue, carrying its name,

We all spoke of it lightly, however, when distance had dissolved the spell; and at the suppers, which occasionally followed our return from tobogganing, the spectral occupant of the desolate mansion was a frequent toast with the lads of the hill.

One excepted, Eugene Roy, never emptied glass to that health, never smiled at the jokes, nor joined in the boasts that allusion to his ghostship had a tendency to call forth; nay, when pressed by our banter regarding his reserve, he always answered that there were things he thought it ill to jest about, and that, perhaps, we would not find the devil so black as he had been painted, a supposition involving a corollary not very complimentary to the company.

One evening some person inquired if he "dare race his 'Indian Chief' with any other toboggan in Canada?"

We all felt interested on this point, as there had been talk of bringing up a famous sleigh from Quebec and matching it against his for a medal. The supper drew towards its close when the question was asked. Roy had been drinking pretty freely. He looked up from his glass quite hastily, and replied with an oath that "the winner of the race he had run one Saturday night need fear no wood that ever skimmed snow-drift."

All at the table laughed. They had never before found Eugene influenced by his liquor. I reflected; and that evening on our homeward walk renewed the subject, which we discussed rather warmly, till at last I taxed him with knowing more about the tenant of the "Haunted House" than he appeared willing to admit.

On this he turned round upon me sharply,—“Do you believe in ghosts, in bodied or disembodied spirits?”

“Pooh!” I blew the answer out like a bullet, for I considered his question a reflection upon my good sense.

He stopped suddenly and pointed towards the building, which, from its commanding situation, was visible at a great distance.

“So you have no faith in haunted houses?”

“Haunted they may be,” I laughed, “by rats or owls; at the farthest by nothing more formidable than a skulking mountain fox.”

He caught my arm. “Suppose I told you that I, myself, am the ghost, the devil, the thing whose accursed presence heightens the horror of those lonely walls?”

His voice and the light in his eyes were unnatural. Shaking myself from his grasp, I jumped into the middle of the road, but came back ashamed enough when I heard his mocking laugh.

“Again as ever,” Eugene cried, “you are like the rest of mankind—liars and cowards all of you in matters supernatural,” he added calmly. “You scoff at ghosts. That goes without telling. ‘Brave comme un lapin,’ says the proverb, and you jumped from my side like a rabbit because I spoke a few wild words in a deeper tone. Well, be not afraid. No matter what *does* haunt that old house, I don’t. Only take this advice from a friend. Till you get stronger nerves, never stay on the hill alone after midnight, and of all evenings of the week, choose Saturday least for solitary sliding.”

Of course, after such a speech, there were no means of resisting my eager curiosity. He told me his story that night as we sat in my room together, while the flashes from the fire-light flickered about the chamber, till the shuddering darkness of the winter night overshadowed the room like a pall.

Impossible to give it in his words; needless my interrupting queries. You have it here as I remember it—plus the many imperfections of a bad narrator, and minus more of the

charms derived from his quaint expressions and peculiar manner than I am at all willing you should realize.

“One Saturday night,” he commenced, “about four weeks ago the tracks, you will perhaps remember, were in a terrible condition. There had been good sliding for a week on snow deep enough even to cover the big rocks at the foot, and all the world had gone mad about tobogganing.

With Friday came a dash of rain, followed by severe weather, till on Saturday the whole hill was a sheet of glare ice, so thick that our sticks could not break through it, and so smooth that our hands found little hold to steer. Few cared to go on it that Saturday afternoon. Those who did left early, for the sleighs shot down like arrows. To guide them was all but impossible. One boy went off with a broken arm; another, who had cut his ankle, was carried home on his toboggan.

It was toward ten o’clock in the evening when the moon got up, heartily cheered by half a dozen of us who were waiting impatient at the hill. Little cared we for ice or danger. A moonlit slide at such a pace was cheaply bought at any risk. Good steerers all of us, you may be sure, and our toboggans the best in the town. George had the ‘Hawk’s Eye’ cut down to half her original size, but with a bottom smoother than the ice itself. Mark brought a new sleigh, which he had selected out of a hundred in Lorette. Frank, too, was with us; large-hearted Frank, whose name describes his nature, as good at cricket as at steering—deservedly a favourite with girls and men; and Andrew with the ‘Arrow,’ and Arthur’s ‘Falling Star.’

We had a glorious time. The speed was greater than I



THE MCTAVISH HOUSE.
(From a memory sketch by W. B. L.)

the "Indian Chief," in wide gold letters upon the front. Its bottom was seamed with countless cracks, and worn so thin in many places as to be almost transparent. But it flashed down the hill as no other toboggan could be coaxed to do, darting out from a flight of its most formidable rivals like a hawk sweeping past a cluster of slow-winged crows.

No hand save his own steered this sleigh, for, though Eugene was free as air with whatever else he possessed, he steadily refused to lend the "Chief," even for an occasional slide, to his most intimate friend.

He and I had some rooms in the same house. We always walked home from the hill together, and, indeed, soon became as intimate as his peculiar disposition allowed.

It is not surprising that the sliders, who spent so many evenings in the vicinity of the Haunted House, came to feel in time a thorough contempt for its terrors, and passed, as regards the existence of its ghost, in rapid progression from doubt to scepticism and positive unbelief. Many a shout from strong-lunged scoffers has rung through the rafters of that unfinished building, challenging all the spirits who dwelt therein to come forth and try their wings in a race along the hill. But I noticed that the boldness of the call invariably bore a nice proportion to the number of the party, and that, when no more than two or three sliders remained near the mansion, its reputed tenants were treated with the most respectful consideration by all, for there was something so utterly lonesome about this deserted dwelling, standing with bleak-boarded windows, white in the moonlight, the tomb of the pride of its builder, that its contemplation often chilled the boldest hearts and stayed the noisiest laughter.

*In *Hochelaga Depicta* appears the following description of the McTavish House:—"On a well chosen spot, most conspicuously situated beneath the abrupt part of the Mountain, the late Simon McTavish, Esq., erected a mansion, in a style of much elegance. This gentleman had projected great improvements in the neighbourhood of the house thus intended for his residence; and, had he lived to complete them, the place would have been rendered an ornament to the island. His remains were deposited in a tomb placed at a short distance behind the house, surrounded by a shrubbery. On a rocky eminence above it, his friends have erected a monumental pillar as a tribute to his worth, and a memento of their regret. The house is a very prominent object, disclosing itself in almost every direction; the obelisk was formerly so, but is now much obscured by the growth of young trees. The inscription on the pedestal is as follows:—

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF SIMON MCTAVISH, ESQ.,
WHO DIED JULY 6TH, 1804,
AGED 54 YEARS.

This Monument is erected by his Nephews,
William and Duncan McGillivray,
To commemorate their high sense of his
manly virtues—and as a grateful tribute
For his many acts of kindness shown to them.

had ever before known. We did not slide; we flew!—dancing over 'the jumps' and flashing past the stone-heads, each steering as carefully as if there were a dozen ladies on board—for a mistake would have been no laughing matter. We tried all the runs, even the unusual one which, passing obliquely behind the college buildings, leads towards a bridge that crosses the little brook.

Near twelve o'clock, tired of our sport and bed-weary, we ranged our sleighs at the door of the "Haunted House" for our last slide.

It was Frank who proposed that we should try the track on the extreme right, which as yet we had not attempted,



THE MCTAVISH MONUMENT.

and George who suggested that we should go far back among the trees, shoot through the fence which separates the enclosed ground from the rough foot of the mountain, and thus sweep along the right hand track with all the advantage which our unusual start would give. By so doing, we would nearly double the length of our slide. The track on this side was entirely free from obstructions till you approached the bottom of the hill, where the difficulties increased—rocks being in great plenty and the trees inconveniently close together.

No one dissenting, we dragged our toboggans up the mountain, till we reached the ledge off which we purposed pushing, some of us, whose moccasins were travel-worn, finding it no easy task to scale the slippery ascent.

At the top all tarried a moment, spell-bound by the beauty of the night. Not a cloud soiled the sky. No breath of air rustled through the leafless branches above us. The moonlight seemed unnaturally bright, even for that latitude,—showing the towers of the French church on guard over the sleeping city below us, and beyond, blue in the distance, the crossed summit of Belœil. Behind us rose the Monument, girt by a high wall of stone.

We could see its shaft white among the tree trunks, marking where rests the builder of the house in, as many believe, his troubled and terrible spirit repose. But none of us thought of the monument or its tenant while we marshalled our toboggans along the edge of the incline—of nothing, in fact, but the track before us and the wild scamper over it that we were about to take.

"Now, then, the first to the hill," cried George.

"Give us to the fence, Roy, if you want an even race."

"To the house you mean," two or three called out. "At less than that for a start, the Chief will be up with us before we reach the head of the hill."

"Hadden't you better say half way down at once?" I answered. "You are a plucky lot to have a race with, I would not take an inch from the devil himself."

"Then stay and try with him," they shouted. And all passing off at once dashed over the ice down the hill—darting in and out among the trees, shooting the fence at different openings, and emerging in a body upon the clear field beyond.

They were so well matched that it seemed as if a blanket would have covered them, and swept out of sight round the house in a moment, cheering and daring each other on like the fine brave fellows they were.

I sat quietly, a hand down on each side, ready to shove forward, waiting till they had reached the bottom of the hill. My patience was not tried, their halloo coming through half a mile of that clear air as distinctly as if uttered two yards off, told me the track was clear for my run.

With this halloo came to my ears, from the steeples of the city, the sound of the bells ringing midnight; and I listened to distinguish the clear tones that bounded out of the belfry of St. Patrick's from the heavier clang of the Cathedral and the gentle music of the Seminary chimes.

Those twelve strokes, ringing above the sleepbound city,

were wonderfully subdued and blended by the distance into so soft a peal that I thought they sounded like the tongues of angels, proclaiming, with the advent of the Sabbath, a season of rest and tranquillity to men. 'Twas a devil's blast succeeded them—a summons flung among the shuddering trees to chill my heart with horror.

"*Arrête un peu, mon ami. Est-ce que c'est la mode maintenant de tobogganer tout seul?*"

The tones crisped my nerves like a musket-ball. I turned and saw behind me a tall man, dressed in a blanket coat, who carried snowshoes at his back, and dragged behind him a toboggan unpainted, but so dark with age that it looked as if it had been varnished. His coat was buttoned to the throat and tied about the waist with a silk sash, not red like mine, but of a peculiar shade, resembling clotted blood. His leggings were ornamented along the seams by a fringe of long hair; a small fur cap, adorned with the usual fox's tail, partially covered the wealth of straight black locks that fell down towards his shoulders; while his feet, at which I glanced instinctively, were protected by moccasins, beautifully worked in beads and coloured hair.

No foot is handsome in a moccasin. His, as far as I could judge, seemed small for his size—*voilà tout*.

His features, though marked, were far from disagreeable. He had the nose of an eagle, the eye of a falcon, a brown complexion, and a figure so slender as to render it almost waspish. But long arms swung from his well set shoulders, and it was plain that he possessed strength, combined with activity, in an uncommon degree. He moved in fact like a tiger—noiselessly, easily. In every motion the play of muscles seemed capable of sending him yards through the air at your throat at any moment.

"Is it the fashion now to leave a question unanswered?" he said with a sneering emphasis. The smile more than his words recalled me to myself, for pride came to the rescue of my courage—the shame of cowering thus before a stranger, odd, but not bad-looking, at all events decidedly gentlemanlike in carriage and address, who had spoken to me twice civilly enough, and remained now waiting for my replies with politeness, which must be changing very rapidly into contempt.

"I beg your pardon," I said. "I was greatly surprised by seeing any person on the mountain at so late an hour."

"Not half so much as I," he cried. "It is generally lonely enough up here long before midnight."

"Do you come, then, often after twelve o'clock?" I enquired, astonished.

"Often," he answered. "Does not my sleigh look as if it had been used? This is the best time for a slide. The tracks are not covered with shouting fools, who could hardly steer clear of a haystack if one stood in the middle of the hill." He glanced at my "Indian Chief"—the glance of a connoisseur, appreciating all its merits and discovering every defect.

"That is a pretty piece of wood you have there. Hardly heavy enough in front and too wide for a night like this, though I dare say it does very well on a light snow."

"You may say so," I interrupted with some warmth. "Drift or ice-flake matters little, for on neither have I found its equal."

He drew his sleigh toward him and placed it alongside of mine, which looked three inches broader.

"My own is narrow," he continued, speaking no longer in a defiantly sarcastic tone, but low and very sadly, till his voice thrilled through me like the wail of a winter wind, "too narrow, indeed. It hurts me and I am weary of it. I would gladly change it for your painted 'Indian Chief.' Ah! me. I have seen many chiefs painted after a different fashion. The smoke of their wigwams is with yesterday's clouds and the track of their toboggans on last year's snow. Come," he added, more cheerfully, "I will make a bargain with you. Have you heart enough to race me one slide along the hill?"

"Why not?" I answered. "I will beat you if I can with all the pleasure in the world." I felt so ashamed of my late cowardice that, if he had asked me to follow him over the mountain, I believe I would not have refused, and, besides, "*il faut quelque fois payer d'audace*."

"Then let us start," he said. "If you are the victor, you may keep your toboggan as long as wood and deerskin hold together. But if I conquer, I warn you that I shall want your sleigh and that you *must* use mine."

"A moment," I answered. "This is a strange bargain. 'Tis heads I win, tails you lose. I am to keep the swiftest in any event,—mine if it beats yours, yours if better than my own."

"You agree then?"

"I should be a fool to refuse."

"That is not my affair. *Eh bien, c'est comme*. Touch there, my friend." He stretched out his hand, which I touched at first as you would handle hot coals, but more heartily when I saw the sneer starting over his face once more. How brave we are—afraid of being even afraid.

The stranger slipped his snowshoes from his back and flung them against a tree, remarking that he would pick them up on his return.

"Are you coming up the hill again to-night?" I enquired with surprise.

"It is not night now, but morning," he answered; "the morning of the Sabbath."

"And will you slide on Sunday?" I asked.

"You should have remembered *that* ten minutes ago," he replied in his old sarcastic tone. "Think no more of it. Think of nothing but the stakes in the race before us. All other considerations are now *too late*."

We got off together, but parted company from the very outset, for he showed to the left at once and steered toward a gap in the fence directly behind where a break in the wall of the Haunted House gave access to the cellars beneath—an old doorway in fact, which pilferers had plundered of its boarding and the mountain winds of its stones, till an irregular opening had been formed large enough to admit a loaded waggon.

At first, as the stranger headed in the direction of this door, I thought he had mistaken his course, or that his toboggan had become unmanageable. But the skill with which he handled it dismissed this last supposition. His sleigh bounded from knoll to knoll, obeying a touch of his finger, scraping the trees as it flew past them, and taking advantage of every bend in the ground, till it sprang straight at a hole in the fence not much wider than itself, and shot through as the thread goes through the needle when guided by a woman's hand. I never saw such steering before or since. After what followed you may believe that I hope never to look upon its like again.

I had got abreast of the fence myself by this time, running down it towards an opening further to the right. The pace was awful. My toboggan sheered along the ice so that I could hardly keep it upon the track, and I came within an inch of missing the gap altogether. When I reached the other side the stranger was just flashing into the gloom of the opening that led downwards to the cellars of the Haunted House.

I screamed, but my voice was drowned in a peal of infernal laughter and the clapping of countless hands, which rattled from every storey of that fiend-ridden building.

Straight in front of me I stared—not a side look for a million. On my head each separate hair crawled upwards, snake like, and my breath went and came pantingly, as that of a man who struggles body to body with a mortal foe. My toboggan bounded on with redoubled speed. It seemed to share my terror. 'Twas not without an effort that, as I passed the end of the mansion, I mustered courage for a Parthian glance.

What I saw will live before my eyes till they close on this earth and its terrors forever. A vision of horror ineffable—beyond belief or bearing—compared with which all I had before imagined of ghostly, soul-subduing phantoms, became mere babble of old nurses to frighten timid children.

Out of the darkness into which my companion had plunged came forth a skeleton bearing in its skinless arms a coffin of unusual size. Its knees rattled as it strode forward, staggering under the terrible burden. Nothing of life about it save its eyes—not earthly even these. Now the browless holes beneath its bony forehead looked out of two balls of fire, the same that had glared on me a moment before as I was looking up in the stranger's face. To look at them now threatened madness.



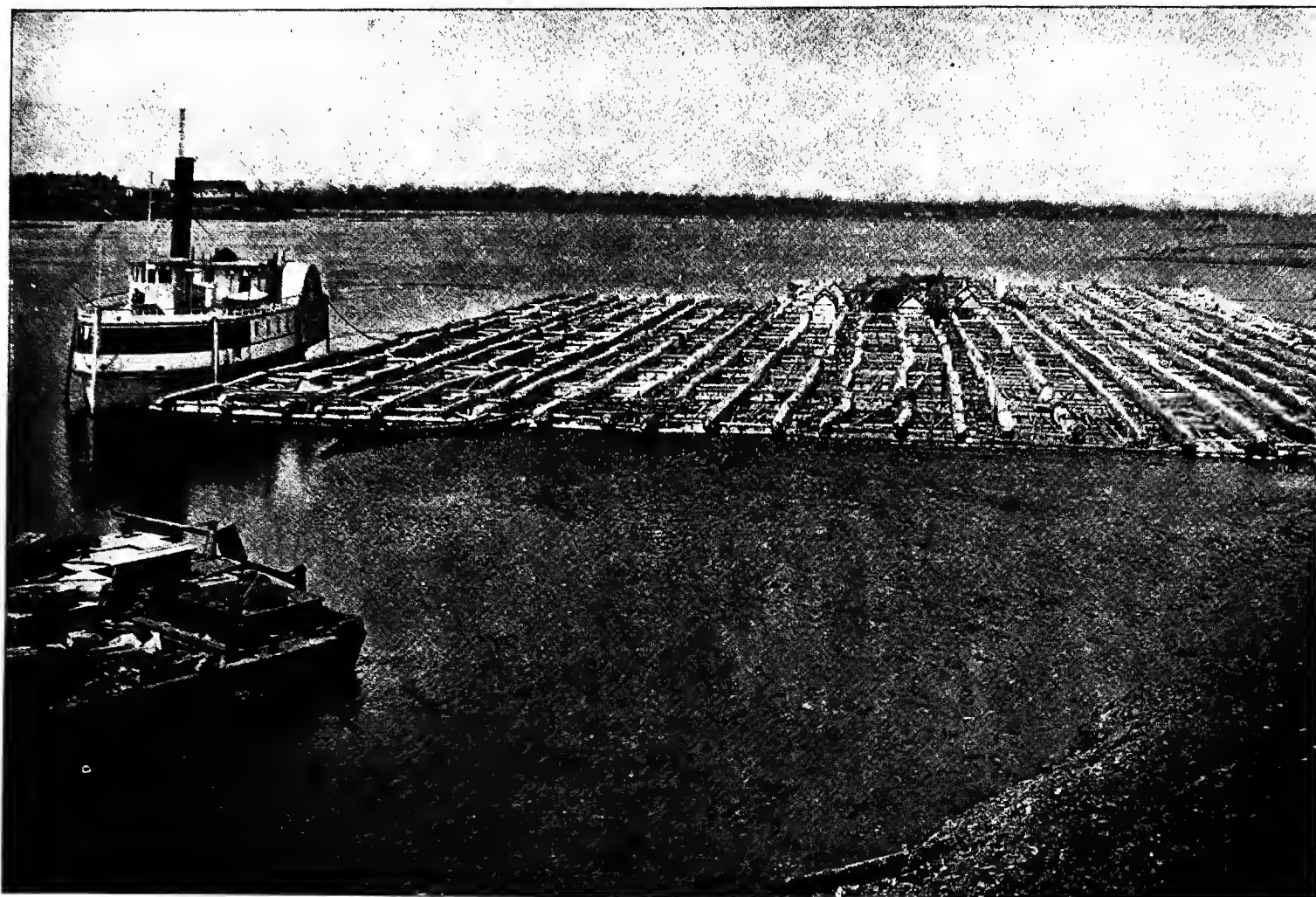
THE GHOST OF MCTAVISH HOUSE.

I felt it and shut my own, pressing my hands over them to keep out the baleful sight.

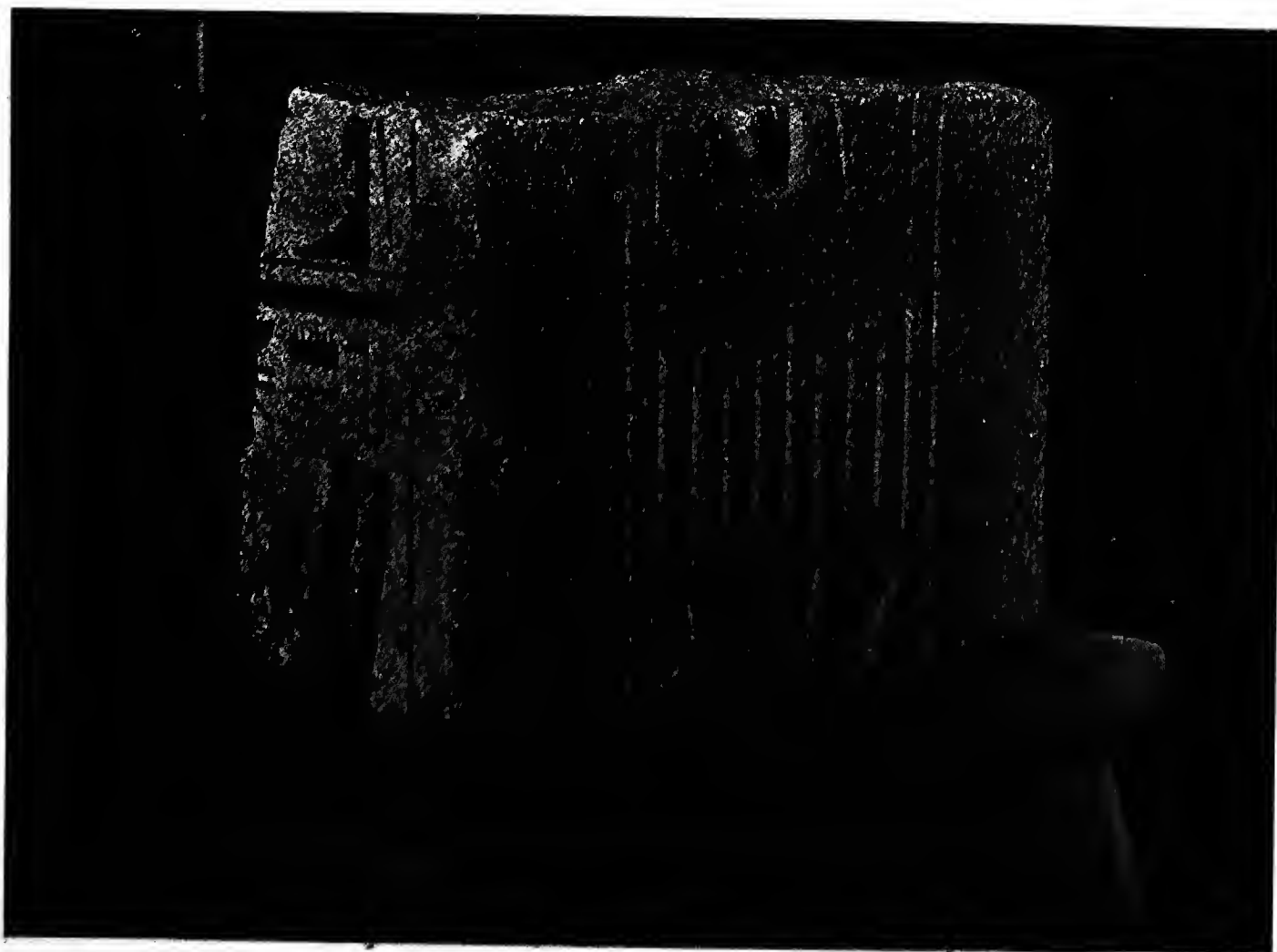
So I saw nothing more. But I heard the thud of the coffin upon the ice and the clatter of the skeleton's bones as it bounded into its sepulchral vehicle, then the grit of the frozen snow beneath the rush of that devil's toboggan!

This last sound chased irresolution. I knew what a struggle lay before me. With strength gained from despair I nerved myself to meet the danger, feeling that human skill and courage must be strained to distance my demon pursuer.

If I failed, what then? I shuddered to think of it. Now light had been flung upon the strange conditions of our race, and well I understood their meaning. No marvel that he found his toboggan too narrow. No wonder that he wearied of it and would change it for my "Indian



RAFT OF SQUARE TIMBER, OTTAWA; VALUE, \$45,000.
(W. J. Topley, photo.)



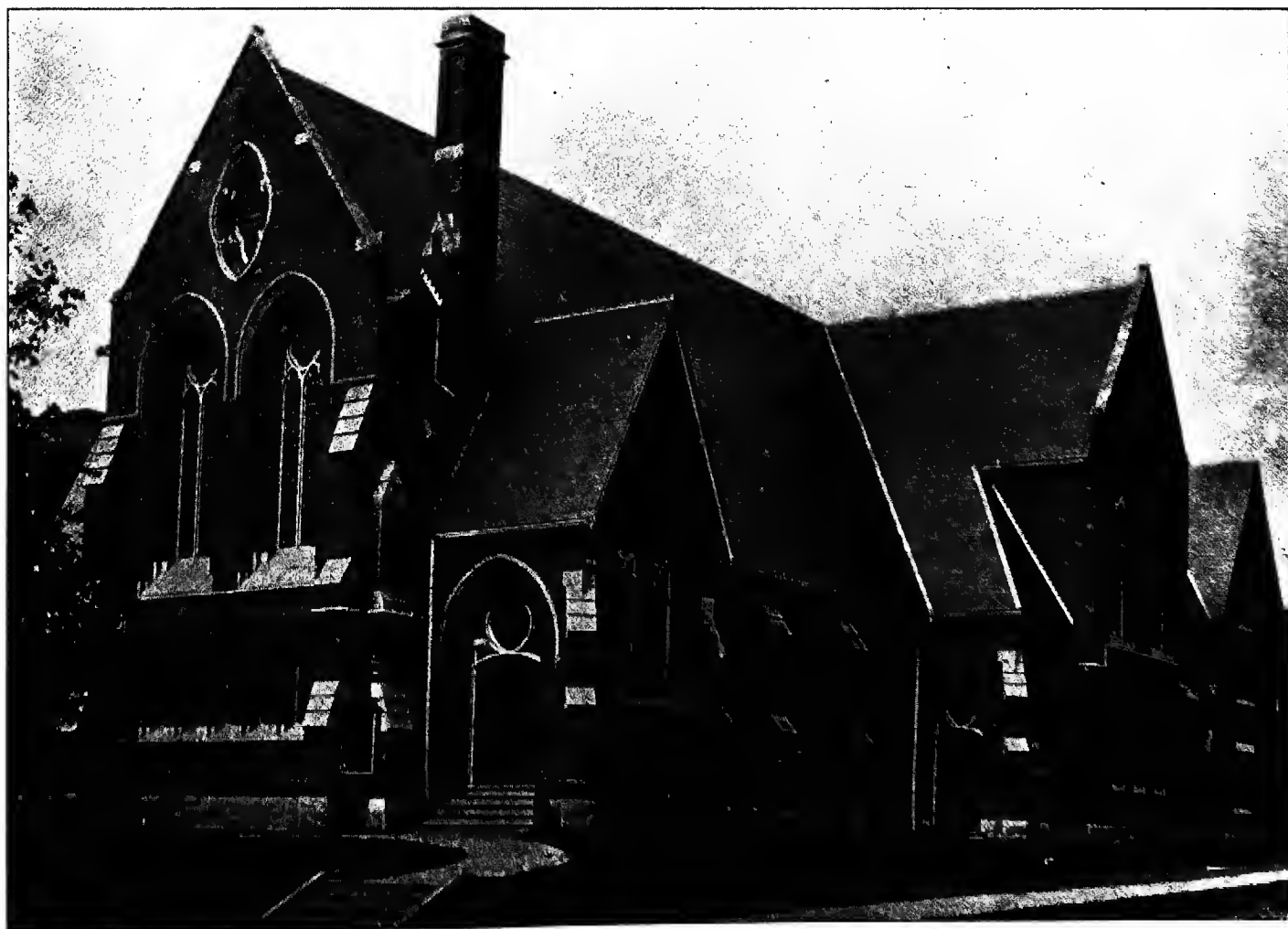
THE BUBASTIS STONE IN THE REDPATH MUSEUM, MCGILL UNIVERSITY, THE GIFT OF MR. H. R. IVES.
(Cumming & Brewis, photo.)



DR. BURGESS,
SUPT. NEW PROTESTANT INSANE HOSPITAL, MONTREAL



REV. G. H. SANDWELL,
RECTOR OF ZION CHURCH, TORONTO.



ZION CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, TORONTO.

"chief." In the coffin which thundered behind me I was to make the next skeleton. Had he not said that I *must* use it unless I conquered in this hopeless race?

Thus life and death on its issue, I bent myself to the contest, not losing an inch that all I knew of steering and the hill could give me.

I have said before that the right-hand track was singularly free from obstructions till you approach the foot of the hill. The descent was much more even than on either of the other slides, so that, at first, dexterity and practice availed but little. The utmost any one could do being to keep the sleigh headed straight toward a stump near the bottom, round which the track bent at an angle unpleasantly acute. On a line with this stump—not quite two yards to the right of it—the sharp black top of a rock peeped out above the ice-crust.

The passage between this Scylla and Charybdis was not easy to hit on such a night when a wrong touch of the finger would have sent the sleigh twenty yards from its course. But a greater danger lay beyond. Three or four yards further on, facing the centre of the passage, the trunk of a large tree, with wide-spread roots, completely barred the way in front, leaving only a narrow gap upon the left, into which the steerer had to turn so sharply and suddenly that, even at ordinary speed, this bend was considered the most difficult piece of sliding on the hill. Of course the difficulty, as well as the danger, increased proportionately with the pace. That night both reached their maximum. A toboggan striking against any obstacle with the frightful impetus with which mine was bowling down the ice would be knocked to pieces in a moment, and its rider be very fortunate if he escaped with a broken limb. But I thought little of the perils before me. It was the danger behind that engrossed my attention.

I stretched myself at full length upon the "Chief," bringing my weight to bear along its centre as evenly as possible, for the Indian sleigh never gives its best speed to the rider who sits upright. Thus, on my back looking towards the stars and listening to the grating of the ice-crust under the heavy coffin that followed me, I passed a moment of as intense agony as I think ever fell to the lot of mortal. Cold as was the night, the perspiration rolled in clammy drops down my forehead, while my teeth closed so firmly together that they ached under the pressure.

Judging as well as I could by hearing alone, I concluded that my pursuer followed, not directly in my rear, but a little on the left of my course. An instant afterwards the noise grew more distinct and my heart sank, for I felt that he was gaining on me. Then the noise changed to my right, from which I presumed that he had crossed behind me and taken an inside position, partly because the ground, being there somewhat steeper, favoured the weight of his ponderous conveyance, and partly because—if he could get alongside of my sleigh in this position—it would be easy for him to force me out of the path against the stump that guarded the left of the narrow strait toward which both were rushing.

Having now the advantage of the ground, and even, as was evident, the heels of me in an unequal race, he overhauled me very rapidly.

Nearer and nearer came the sweep of his infernal toboggan. I followed—it approached—it closed upon me. I glanced ahead—the trees were yet a hundred yards away—then around. The front of the coffin was level with the end of my toboggan. Another second. It was up with my shoulder, looking ever so black and hideous against the purity of the frozen snow. In that breath a thought came to me,—not so much a thought as an inspiration.

I carried on my watch-chain a small gold crucifix, a present from my mother the night before she died. I remembered well at that moment, what in my heedlessness I had long forgotten, that this crucifix, which had remained in our family many years, was valued as possessing more than ordinary sanctity.

It was of admirable workmanship. It had been blessed by a bishop, and, report said, worn once by the superiress of a convent, a lady of singular piety, whom, after death, for her good works the church had canonised. My mother, when confiding it to my care, made me promise that I would carry it constantly about my person—a promise kept neglectfully enough by attaching it as a charm to my chain.

One vigorous pull tore open my coat, another broke the clasp which secured the crucifix. I held it high above my head, neither expecting or daring to hope for help, but clinging to the cross with the same strong, despairing grasp which drowning men fasten upon a straw.

With that close to my right hand, I heard a clatter,* as of boards falling in on one another, while a yell of rage—disappointment and terror indescribable—swept in the direction of the "Haunted House," where it was taken up by an infernal chorus, which seemed to send its echoes into the very heart of the mountain.

Then my sleigh rubbed with a sudden shock against some obstacle, and overturning at once, hurled me many yards along the ice-crust, spun helplessly into insensibility.

When perception returned, I found myself surrounded by friends, who, in their anxious care, had placed me upon my toboggan, and were occupied in forcing some very good brandy down a throat not usually so reluctant to receive it.

*It is related with regard to the "Old Haunted House" that at one time a lot of "darkies" made it their abode, and, in order to remain undisturbed, frightened people away by rattling chains and making other expected noises. These sounds, heard after dark, were of course attributed by many weak-minded persons to supernatural causes. Mr. Albert Furness and some friends drove these curly-headed shades out of the building, and they never returned in the flesh.

My face was bleeding from a cut or two, and one of my hands had been badly bruised in my scramble over the snow. These, physically, were all the injuries I sustained from my race with the devil down that terrible hill. Mentally, however, mischief had been done not so easy of cure.

To this hour Saturday midnight finds a nervous coward, terrified by every noise, alarmed by every shadow, imagining through each open doorway the approach of a flame-eyed skeleton, and hearing in each creak upon the stair-case the footfall of the lonely slider who stables his toboggan in the cellars of the "Haunted House."

Hic finit Eugene's story, told towards its end to a listener who was buried under blankets.

"Very well?" you ask, "Now, is this true or false?"

One test of its truth I might readily have applied. Nothing easier than to go up on the hill on Saturday evening and stay there alone till twelve o'clock.

This idea did not occur to me that night. But the thought and purpose to execute it forthwith came next morning. Unfortunately it happened throughout the rest of the season that I had some pressing engagement every Saturday evening which either prevented me from going on the hill at all, or brought me off it with the crowd long before midnight. But be comforted. It is not unlikely that the hill and the house remain still intact. Should you happen to be in Montreal next winter try the experiment for yourself. I can promise you a magnificent slide. If the spectre catches you, "tant pis pour vous."

"Once a Week, May 4th, 1862." C. E. BOCKUS.

NEW ZEALAND'S JUBILEE.

I. (1840.)

Children of England! far from the Motherland,

Raise we her banner yet over another land!

Long o'er our heads may it proudly wave!

Long 'neath its folds may the loyal and brave

A guardian phalanx stand!

Oft has it led o'er the hard-fought field

Damp with the dews of death;

Charged through the drift when the foeman reeled

Under the cannon's breath;

Or, laid at rest, when the people rejoice,

In the cathedral's gloom,

Stirred by the swelling organ's voice,

It has wept o'er the hero's tomb.

But now, on the wings of a sun-kissed breeze,

Here on this Austral shore,

Wave, brave flag, o'er slumberous seas

That know not the battle's roar,

And brood o'er the land like the spirit of Peace

For ever and ever more!

II. (1890.)

Once more the crimson-blossom showers

Have fallen around the Island Bay,

As wreathed with smiles and crowned with flowers

The year has softly died away.

And there was England's banner set

Fifty golden years ago,

And, while it floats in triumph yet

And loyal bosoms beat below,

In this glad hour shall we forget

The grateful tribute that we owe

To those stout-hearted pioneers,

Who raised it yonder on the hill,

Upheld it thro' the troubled years,

And kept it England's still.

III. (HURRAH FOR NEW ZEALAND!)

Behold the work of fifty years!

Proud of her children, Freedom cries,

Behold! a second England rears

Her stately form to softer skies!

Tho' set in vaster seas, caressed

By freer winds, and strangely nursed

Close to the planet's fiery breast,

She bears the impress of the first

Daughter of England, you may trace

The mother in her fair young face.

Nor in the outward form alone,

But, with each parent grace imbued,

Be her high lineage ever known

By closer still similitude.

Heir to the ancient memories

That fire the eye and thrill the soul,

Be hers the higher hope that sees

And strives for a diviner goal,

When Wisdom, from her sovereign seat

Shall sway the world by gracious words;

And earth shall ring, as at her feet

The gathered nations cast their swords,

When kindlier influences mould

The spirit of each growing year,

Till happier eyes than ours behold

The perfect morning drawing near.

To that bright goal, O favoured Land!

Heaven be thy conduct day by day

And light thy feet, and lead thee by the hand

Still forward on the upward, arduous way,

Till, in the record of the coming age,

Thine, too, shall be the emblazoned page,

Where noble thoughts and deed of high emprise

Win thee the name and fame which never dies.

ALEX. M. FERGUSON.



"The Life of Mrs. Carlyle," by Mrs. Alexander Ireland, will appear next fall. It is looked forward to with much interest.

The "Life of the Earl of Derby, K.G.," by Mr. T. E. Kebbel, is one of the most interesting biographical works recently issued from the English press. It is one of the "Statesmen" series.

A valuable addition to English folklore is "Yorkshire Legends, as Told by Her Ancient Chronicles, Her Poets and Journalists," by the Rev. Thos. Parkinson, F.R. Hist. S.

One of the latest issues of Mr. Walter Scott's "Carnegie" series is a selection from the prose works of Thomas Davis. It contains a biographical and critical introduction by Mr. T. W. Rolleston.

"CROWDED OUT."—A review of the delightful sketches of "Seranus" has been "crowded out" of the present issue, but will appear in our next number, with notices of some other interesting publications.

A work of an unusual kind and one which economists and statesmen ought to appreciate, if it be at all worthy of its name, is the "Industrial History of England," by Mr. H. de B. Gibbons, late scholar of Wadham College, Oxford.

A series of twenty articles on certain phases of the social question to be published in *Lloyd's Weekly Newspaper*, has been led off by Mr. Gladstone, who discusses labour both retrospectively and prospectively. His views are, on the whole, hopeful.

"Oyster Culture," by the Marquis of Lorne, with illustrations by the Princess Louise, is one of the leading contributions to the last number of *Good Words*. It describes very pleasantly and instructively a visit to the oyster nurseries of Arcachon.

Amongst the distinguished Canadian *literati* invited to the McLachlan testimonial banquet given at the Walker House, Toronto, was Thomas O'Hagan, M.A., Ph.D., of this city. Dr. O'Hagan is a warm friend and admirer of the veteran Scottish Canadian poet.—*Ottawa Citizen*.

The latest of the series of "Great Writers," edited by Prof. Eric S. Robertson, is the "Life of Jane Austen," by Prof. Goldwin Smith. Though not so interesting as Dr. Smith's "Cowper" in the "Men of Letters" series, it has his characteristic merits, and is both readable and instructive.

In these days of rife and somewhat dangerous socialism, it is worth while to examine the theories of some good old writers as to the possibilities of social development. Mr. Walter Scott has brought out an edition of More's "Utopia," with an introduction by Mr. Maurice Adams. It can be had for a trifle.

L'Abbé Batiffol, of Paris has just discovered in a manuscript in the National Library the Greek original of the apocryphal "Ascensio Isaia," which was only known from the Ethiopic version edited by Professor Dilmann. The Abbé proposes to publish this Greek text in one of the *fasciculi* of his "Studia Patristica," the first of which contains the prayers of Asenith.

Mr. John Dawson has invented a new industrial term—"authorcraft." He is also determined that, if generally adopted, it will not be without significance. He complains that the author's trade is the only occupation that is practised without systematic training, and he suggests that authors should admit apprentices to their workshops. Already there is a curriculum of journalism in at least one American college. Why not a course in authorship! Mr. Dawson is, indeed, far from thinking that his craft can be taught to everyone. But the mechanism of literary work could, he believes, be learned so that a young writer might be put on his guard against certain faults of construction, style and taste.

MR. H. M. STANLEY.

Rumours are afloat that on his return to England Mr. Stanley will become a British subject, resuming the nationality he relinquished some thirty-five years ago when he landed as an unknown and friendless boy in New York. The Queen, says a London gossip, is anxious to confer high honours upon him in token of her approval of his conduct of the Emin Relief Expedition, and it is very probable that before long he will once more return to Africa as Governor, not of the Congo State, but of the territories of the British East Africa Company. He will be accorded two receptions in England—one by the Emin Pasha Relief Committee, when the Prince of Wales will take the chair; the other by the Royal Geographical Society. The latter meeting will be held in the Albert Hall, and the demand for tickets is said to be unprecedented.

AN INTERESTING ANTIQUARIAN SPECIMEN.

No scientific enterprise of our time has been productive of more interesting results than that known as the Egypt Exploration Fund, the headquarters of which are in England, but which has agencies elsewhere, and of which our fellow-citizen, Mr. H. R. Ives, has been appointed honorary secretary for Canada. Among its recent operations has been the unearthing of the remains of the once celebrated city and temple of Bubastis, the Pi-beseth of the Bible, now represented by some shapeless mounds in the vicinity of the important railway junction of Zagazig in Lower Egypt. Through the liberality of Mr. Ives, and the kind offices of the society in England, a portion of one of the granite slabs which lined the great festival hall of Bast, the goddess worshipped at this place, has been secured for the Peter Redpath Museum, and is represented in our illustration from a photograph. It forms an interesting example of Egyptian work of the palmy days of the Pharaoh who held the Hebrews in bondage, and of the art and religion of old Egypt.

The goddess Bast, or Pasht, was one of the most popular deities of Egypt from the earliest times till the advent of Christianity, and the city which occupied the important and central position now held by Zagazig contained her most famous temple, whence the city itself was known as Pi-Bast, the place or abode of Bast, a name which appears slightly modified in the Greek Bubastis and the Hebrew Pi-Beseth, and which remains in the name Tel Basta, or Mound of Bast, still given to the ruins.

Bast is sometimes regarded as an Egyptian Venus, but perhaps more properly she was a form of the Mother Goddess, the patroness of family affection, known to the Greeks and Romans as Artemis or Diana. She is represented in her temples by a female figure with the head of a cat, and such figures are very common in Egypt, sculptured on walls or represented in statues or statuettes of stone and bronze. Herodotus tells us that the temple of the goddess at Bubastis was one of the most beautiful and magnificent in the ancient world, and that crowds of devotees thronged from all parts of Egypt to its annual festivals, which were characterized by the utmost joy and hilarity, and probably by no little licence, especially in the later times.

The cat was the sacred animal of Bast, and thus the Egyptians not only regarded tabby with that affection which she still enjoys as a member of the domestic circle, but with a certain religious veneration as the emblem of the cat-headed goddess; and when the favourite cat died she was embalmed with as much care as if she had been a child, and deposited in the tombs provided for such sacred animals. Great numbers of these mummied cats exist in Egypt, and it is said that from one repository a shipload has been sent to England to be used as manure, regardless of the feelings of their long defunct owners.

The stone secured by Mr. Ives, though it weighs about a ton and is about three feet wide by two and a half high and one and a half thick, is only a fragment of one of the great blocks which lined the halls of the Egyptian temple. It is of red granite, and seems to have belonged to the side of a door or the corner of a projection. It is sculptured on two sides, on one of which it shows merely ornaments and portions of emblematic figures.* On the other it has the headdress below and feet above of two rows of figures of divinities, with a portion of the shield or "cartouche" of Rameses II., which would appear to assign it to the period of the Hebrew bondage, at which time it is known that considerable additions were made to the temple, which was near to the city of Rameses in Goshen and to the part of Egypt chiefly inhabited by the Israelites. We may thus suppose, if we care to indulge in conjecture, that the Hebrew slaves were actually employed in quarrying this stone or in

transporting it to its place, or possibly even in carving the deeply cut figures which cover it. Work on fortresses or "store cities," rather than on temples, is that specially referred to in the Bible narrative of the Egyptian bondage; but if the Hebrews were employed on the numerous temple buildings which we know were erected by their oppressor, this must have been an additional grievance and humiliation, as obliging them to work for idolatries which they detested. Whether or not we imagine such historical connections, the stone is a good example of the massive style of the old Egyptian architecture and of the excellent work of these ancient builders, and the public of Montreal is much indebted to Mr. Ives for his kind agency in securing such a specimen for this city.

The stone has been placed on a suitable pedestal in the hall of the museum, where it will be open to the inspection of all who desire to see it; and it is hoped that it may tend to induce a large number of our citizens to subscribe to this fund, which has done so much not only to illustrate Egyptian history but that of the earlier books of the Bible. Subscribers are entitled to the publications of the society, which already include volumes on the sites of Pithom, Zoan, Tahpanes, and other places mentioned in the Hebrew Scriptures, as well as on the old Greek settlement at Naukratis. Interesting specimens from several of these places are already in the Peter Redpath Museum.

NORWAY HOUSE.

In view of the memories and reflections awakened in the minds of many of our readers by our recent engraving of this historic post, the following article will, we are sure, be read with interest:

Norway House! How many of your readers will have to think a moment before they can remember where it is, and yet it is one of the historic spots of Canada. Though but a Hudson's Bay post, it was the Chicago of the greater Canada, the immense domain now rapidly being peopled, and lying west of the Great Lakes—Manitoba and the North-West Territories. This was the distributing point for Red River district, Swan River district, English River district, Cumberland district, Saskatchewan River district, Athabasca River district, Norway House district, Lac la Pluie district. Here the brigades of boats met once a year and camped on the green in the foreground of the picture, each brigade vying with the other in its pomp and glory. The dance went on day and night until the word was given, when the boats were turned northward towards Hudson Bay, and the shores of the beautiful Nelson river echoed back the chansons of the light-hearted crews as they sailed across Playgreen Lake and entered on the long journey to meet the boat from England at York Factory.

Here were held the councils of the great company, and never again in the great North-West, with all its great future before it, will there be a more gallant, honourable or talented congregation of men than assembled year after year at the call of the Governor to meet him in council at Norway House.

Returning from York Factory, the cargoes were made up, and with song and adieu the light-hearted voyageurs left—some for the far McKenzie, some for the east by English River, some south to Fort Garry, some to the Swan River, touching the Prairies of the West—all eager for the return next year.

The chief factor in charge at present is Horace Belanger, J. P. for Kewadin, and a half brother of the late Letellier de St. Just. Mr. Belanger is the beau ideal of a Canadian Frenchman, whole-souled and loveable—a heart in him as big as his body, a perfect host, and always the door on the latch to a stranger, as is the custom of the gentlemen of "the company," but at the same time a keen trader, and always placing the company first. In the garden is a sundial, placed there by Sir John Franklin, and sacredly kept by the company. It seems that Sir John wintered at the "Pas" on the Saskatchewan; there he made a dial and marked it. Then he sent to England and had two more made there with his initials on, and the latitude and longitude also engraved on the lead. These he sent to Cumberland House and Norway House, respectively, and there they remain.

The garden at Norway House is of English pattern—rows of currant bushes on each side of the walks, the border of the walks shives and ribbon grass—and to see the immense quantities of ripe currants, the shives in flower, the lettuce, beets, carrots and other garden produce, as I saw them last July, one would never think you were out of the world and in a country called "Arctic." I know of no finer outing in America than a trip on Capt. Robinson's or Capt. Johnassen's boats around Lake Winnipeg, visiting the grand rapids of the Saskatchewan, the most beautiful rapids in America; the lovely Berens River, in itself a dream of beauty; or the Thousand Islands and the beauty of the great and lesser Playgreen Lakes; the noble Nelson, the drain of the country from the Missouri and Mississippi to the Hudson Bay, and the old historical fort, Norway House, once the seat of government of one of the world's

"honourable" companies, and the gateway through which came the finest settlers the North-West ever will receive—the Selkirk settlers. In time to come, in the no longer lone land, to be able to trace your descent to those pioneers will be as great a patent of nobility as it is in England to trace to one who came over with the Conqueror. By the beautiful river the old fort stands, a slowly disappearing monument of an age but just passing, in the attic of whose main building is stored a ton or so of valuable historical papers at the mercy of a stray match, and no one to collect and preserve the records. Will the Norway House of the present pass away as have the brigades passed—into history, or rather into oblivion—or will some society gather what can be gathered of the past, and let the coming generations know the poetry, the romance, the grandeur and the courage of the pioneers of the greater Canada—the pavers of the way for the busy thousands flocking to replace the Redman and the buffalo?

R. LA TOUCHE TUPPER.

ALBANI IN ITALIAN OPERA.

A fresh triumph awaited the great Canadian cantatrice in the cradle of her genius on Monday and Wednesday evenings. When it was announced that she was to appear in Italian opera at the Academy of Music, our musical world naturally looked forward with eager expectancy to a treat so rare, and all the seats available were quickly disposed of. The opera of her debut in this new rôle to a Montreal audience was Verdi's "La Traviata," which, though not a favourite with some lovers of music, has the merit of being familiar to many, besides being, in its passion and peculiar melody, well adapted to the great singer. No expense had been spared by the Academy management to have the environment in unison with the renown of the company and its central attraction. Since the advent to Montreal of Madame Ristori, some twenty-three years ago, no such success had been achieved on our stage. The orchestra showed thorough mastery of its duties and everything went smoothly—Signor Sapio maintaining his reputation for leadership. The Canadian lady was in excellent voice, and her interpretation of the part of *Violetta* was admirable. Without particularizing, we may say that even the most critical of the audience were wrought to enthusiasm as they listened to her notes in the numbers of the famous opera. The "Home, Sweet Home," with which Madame Albani gratified her compatriots after its conclusion, was such as to excuse, if anything can excuse, the flattering imposition of an encore. To English music-lovers Donizetti's "Lucia di Lammermoor" is generally welcome, as much for the subject and its origin as for the wild sweetness of the music. As *Lucia*, Madame Albani eclipsed her revelation of Monday. The enthusiasm was still more intense, the only disappointed ones being those who had failed to secure tickets in time and had to go away unsatisfied.

MARY STUART'S CONTRACT OF MARRIAGE.

Among the noteworthy contents of the library of an English book-collector, recently sold in London, was the manuscript of Mary Stuart's contract of marriage with François II. signed by Aubespine, Bourdin (Secretary of State), and another. It contains nine pages folio and is summarized as follows:—

"Contract de mariage de François II., fils de Henri II., et de Catherine de Medicis, avec Marie Stuart, fille de Jacques V., roi d'Ecosse, et de Marie de Lorraine, Paris, 19 Avril, 1558. Marie Stuart est assistée de son aïeule Antoinette de Bourbon, duchesse douairière de Guise, de l'archevêque de Glasgow, de l'évêque des Orcades, de George comte de Rothes, de Gilbert comte de Casselles, du sire de Fleming, de Lord Seyton, etc. Le préambule résume l'histoire d'Ecosse sous la régence de Marie de Lorraine; la guerre de la France contre l'Angleterre de 1547 à 1550 y est rappelée. Marie de Lorraine, reconnaissante des services rendues à l'Ecosse par Henri II., ratifie le contrat de mariage passé à Edinbourg, le 7 juillet, 1548, le douaire de Marie Stuart sera de 60,000l. et assigné pour moitié sur la Touraine et le Poitou. Et a été accordé que en cas que ladite royaume d'Ecosse survive mon dit seigneur, elle pourra demeurer en France ou retourner en son royaume avec ses serviteurs et officiers à son choix et option, et se marier comme elle verra bon estre par l'avis de ses estats et si emportera ses deniers, vaisselle, bagues, joyaux, habillemens, meubles, précieux. Si elle a un fils, il sera à la fois roi de France et d'Ecosse: s'il lui naît une fille, elle sera reine d'Ecosse et ne pourra prendre mari qu'avec le consentement du roi de France: les témoins étaient Charles, duc d'Orléans (Charles IX.), Marguerite duchesse de Berry, puis de Savoie, le roi de Navarre, le card. de Lorraine, etc."

A HARE CAUGHT BY A LIMPET.

A correspondent of the *Standard* states that a limpet once captured a hare. This feat was accomplished at a part of the northern coast of Scotland on a dry warm day in summer. The limpet's shell was a little removed from the face of the lower portion of the rock, when a hare approached, and, observing the moist flesh of the mollusc, endeavoured to moisten its tongue by contact with the watery-looking morsel. Instantly the limpet closed on to the rock, pinning the hare fast by its tongue. A man at a short distance observed the whole incident, and, running forward, seized the hare, killed it, and took it home to his family.

*In so far as can be made out from their remains, these figures seem to have been a sitting divinity and a hand-plough, meaning "beloved of Ra," the sun-god, on the upper part, and below a reed and a bee, the emblems of Upper and Lower Egypt. Between them is a band of vertical bars, a favourite ornament with the Egyptians.

HUMOUROUS.

A HINT TO WEDDING TOURISTS.—Young Wife (on her honeymoon): When we get to the hotel we must be careful not to let the folks see that we are newly-married, mustn't we, Hermann? Husband: Quite right, lovey—here carry my stick and umbrella.

"SUSIE," said Willie to his sister, "what are 'Blackfeet Indians?'" "What are what?" "Blackfeet Indians." "I don't know, I'm sure," said Susie, "what the expression can mean, unless those wicked traders have been selling the poor Indians some of the hosiery that is warranted not to fade."

"BEFORE we take up the collection this morning," remarked the good pastor, as he looked mildly over the congregation "I wish to say that we have in the church treasury two quarts of nickels that appear to have been punched through and afterward plugged with lead. These coins, I am informed, will not buy stamps, groceries or fuel, and conductors on street cars refuse to take them. The choir will please sing Oh, Land of Rest, for Thee I sigh."

OLD MRS. SMILEY: Next time I get took down sick, my dear, I wish ye wouldn't have that there young sprig of a doctor come to attend me. I don't go much on young doctors, no how." Mr. Smiley: Well, Maria, who would you like to have me call? Mrs. Smiley: I've kinder took a notion to the doctor around the corner. I dunno much about him, but I see he's got a sign out "Veterinary surgeon," and I think he must be a man of experience."



THE LATE INDIAN CHIEF, "CROWFOOT."

RECAMIER SARSAPARILLA.



The safety of human life depends upon a proper observance of all natural laws, and the use in cases of sickness of only such medicines as are known to be of greatest value. In this unusual Spring season, after a Winter remarkable for the sickness which prevailed, a Blood Purifier and Tonic is needed to expel from the life current every trace of impure matter, and to stimulate, strengthen and build up the system and prepare it for the warmer weather of Summer. To accomplish this

Recamier Sarsaparilla

should be freely used, as a Blood Purifier of the highest value. It acts with quick yet pleasant potency upon the Stomach, Liver, Kidneys and Bowels. Is cleansing, soothing and invigorating, reconstructs the wasted tissues, restoring to the entire system perfect health. By its use Catarrh can be cured by the expulsion of the scrofulous taint from which the disease arises, neutralizing the acidity of the blood. To sufferers from Rheumatism there is nothing like it in the world. It will effect a cure where cure is possible.

Recamier Sarsaparilla

overcomes "that tired feeling," and gives a serene and satisfactory feeling of physical improvement which is comforting. It is an excellent promoter of strength, and a general health rejuvenator after Scarlet Fever, Pneumonia, Diphtheria and other diseases that are prostrating. Do not lose sight of the fact that the vitiated blood, contaminated either through heredity or by careless neglect of proper precaution, gives early notice of danger by the unmistakable "danger signals" which soon begin to make their appearance. It is indicated in many ways; among them are inflamed and purulent eyelids, disgusting eruptions on the scalp and other parts of the body, irregular appetite, irregular bowels. It affects all parts of the body. The sufferers from any of the many diseases, disorders, or enfeebled secretions enumerated above may rest assured that in this preparation they have the best remedy that science affords.

Recamier Sarsaparilla

is a Spring Medicine, pre-eminently superior to all others. A medicine pure and simple, not a beverage.

Success beyond all comparison has attended its presentation wherever it has been introduced, placing it above and beyond all others of like description in the world.

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CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

SUBURBAN SERVICE

BETWEEN

Montreal and Vaudreuil.

Commencing May 1st, 1890.

Trains will LEAVE Montreal, Windsor Street Station, as follows:—

FOR VAUDREUIL and ST. ANNE'S—9.20 a.m., *12.30 p.m., *6.15 p.m. and 8.45 p.m., daily, except Saturdays and Sundays.

ON SATURDAYS.

9.20 a.m., *1.30 p.m., *6.15 p.m., 8.45 p.m. and *11.20 p.m.

Trains will ARRIVE Windsor Street Station:—

7.45 a.m., *8.50 a.m., *2.25 p.m. and 7.55 p.m., daily, except Saturdays and Sundays.

ON SATURDAYS.

7.45 a.m., *8.50 a.m., *6.03 p.m., 7.55 p.m. and *11.05 p.m.

Commencing May 12th,

WINCHESTER LOCAL

will leave Windsor Street Station at 5.15 p.m. on week days, stopping at all intermediate stations to Winchester.

Returning, commencing May 13th, arrive Windsor Street Station at 9.45 a.m.

Commutation and season tickets issued at very low rates.

Time tables and further information may be obtained at

TICKET OFFICES:

No. 266 St. James Street, Montreal, And at Stations.

Trains marked (*) stop at intermediate stations, other trains stop at Montreal Junc., St. Anne's and Vaudreuil only.



HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS.

All even numbered sections, excepting 8 and 26, are open for homestead and pre-emption entry.

ENTRY.

Entry may be made personally at the local land office in which the land to be taken is situate, or if the homesteader desires, he may, on application to the Minister of the Interior, Ottawa, or the Commissioner of Dominion Lands, Winnipeg, receive authority for some one near the local office to make the entry for him.

DUTIES.

Under the present law homestead duties may be performed in three ways:

1. Three years' cultivation and residence, during which period the settler may not be absent for more than six months in any one year without forfeiting the entry.

2. Residence for three years within two miles of the homestead quarter section and afterwards next prior to application for patent, residing for 3 months in a habitable house erected upon it. Ten acres must be broken the first year after entry, 15 acres additional in the second, and 15 in the third year; 10 acres to be in crop the second year, and 25 acres the third year.

3. A settler may reside anywhere for the first two years, in the first year breaking 5 acres, in the second cropping said 5 acres and breaking additional 10 acres, also building a habitable house. The entry is forfeited if residence is not commenced at the expiration of two years from date of entry. Thereafter the settler must reside upon and cultivate his homestead for at least six months in each year for three years.

APPLICATION FOR PATENT

may be made before the local agent, any homestead inspector, or the intelligence officer at Medicine Hat or Qu'Appelle Station.

Six months' notice must be given in writing to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands by a settler of his intention prior to making application for patent.

Intelligence officers are situate at Winnipeg, Qu'Appelle Station and Medicine Hat. Newly arrived immigrants will receive, at any of these offices, information as to the lands that are open for entry, and from the officers in charge, free of expense, advice and assistance in securing lands to suit them.

A SECOND HOMESTEAD

may be taken by any one who has received a homestead patent or a certificate of recommendation, countersigned by the Commissioner of Dominion Lands, upon application for patent made by him prior to the second day of June, 1887.

All communications having reference to lands under control of the Dominion Government, lying between the eastern boundary of Manitoba and the Pacific Coast, should be addressed to the Secretary of the Department of the Interior, Ottawa, or to H. H. Smith, Commissioner of Dominion Lands, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

A. M. BURGESS,

Deputy Minister of the Interior.

Department of the Interior,
Ottawa, Sept. 2, 1889.

THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

A CANADIAN PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

(TRADE MARK)

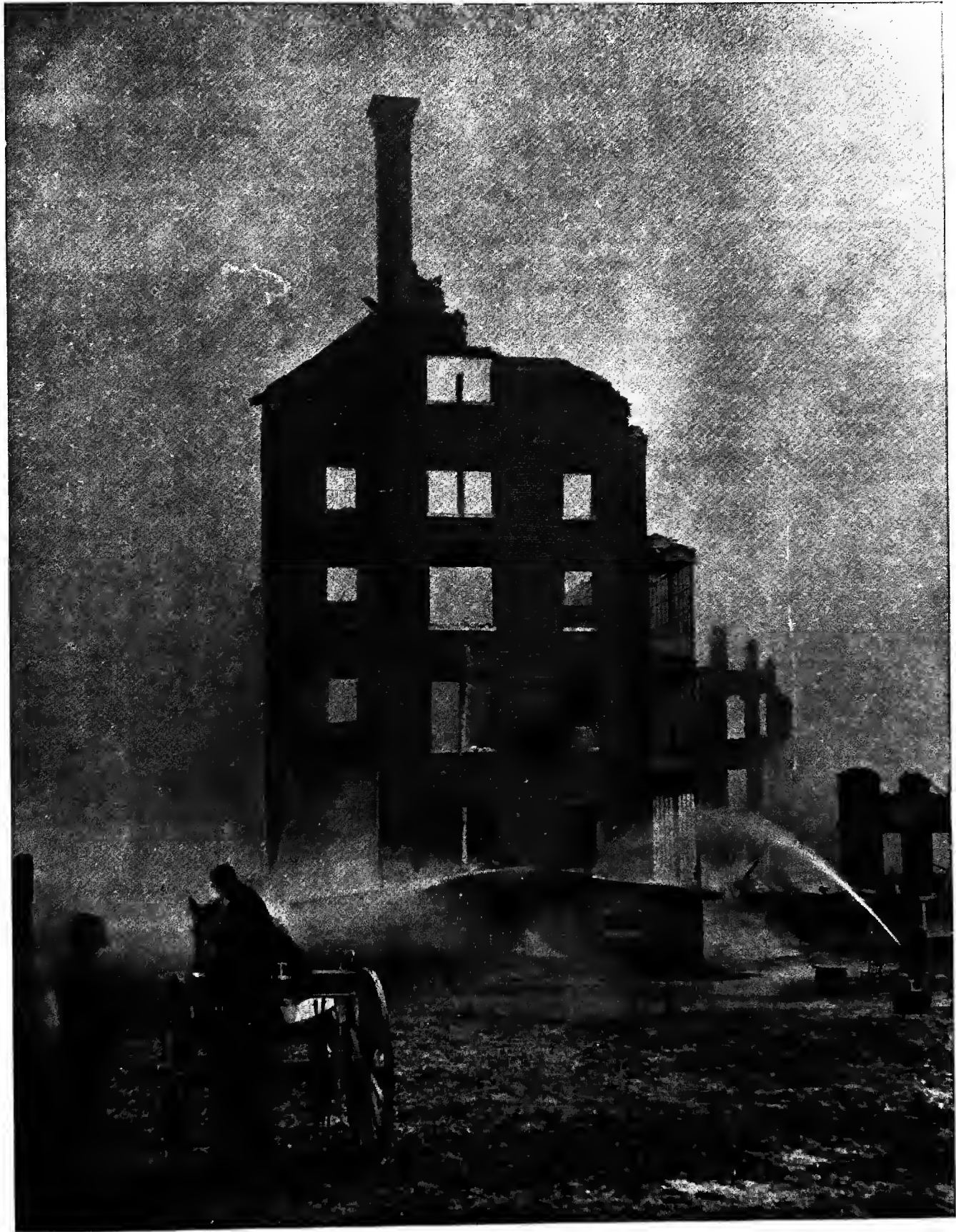
ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF PARLIAMENT OF CANADA, IN THE YEAR 1886, BY GEORGE E. DEBARATS, AT THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE.

(REGISTERED.)

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MONTREAL AND TORONTO, 17th MAY, 1890.

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THE LONGUE POINTE ASYLUM FIRE. SCENE AT THE REAR OF THE BUILDING DURING THE FIRE,
SHOWING THE GALLERIES WITH IRON GRATINGS.

(The views of the fire in this number are from photographs by Cumming & Brewis.)

The Dominion Illustrated.

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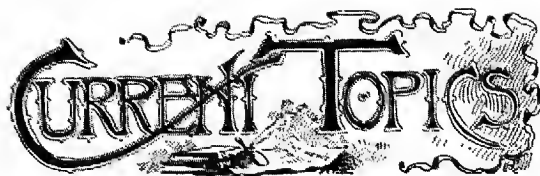
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17th MAY, 1890.



The last annual report of the Harbour Commissioners of Montreal contains some valuable information as to the progress of harbour improvement and other matters of public interest. The year 1889 is memorable for the assumption by the Department of Public Works of the control and management of the Ship Channel works. The proceedings in connection with that important change were fully reported and illustrated in this journal. An account of the progress made during the year is contained in the published report of the Department. The engineering branch has been engaged principally on the construction of the new wharves at Hochelaga and Maisonneuve. The operations are so far advanced that it is expected that some 1,300 feet frontage will be available during the coming summer. By the fall, the Harbour Master thinks, the St. Lawrence Sugar Refinery Company will be able to discharge vessels opposite their Refinery. The wharves in the harbour underwent important repairs, and part of the roadway opposite the C.P.R. and G.T.R. offices has been planked—a work which it is proposed to extend. The number of sea-going vessels that arrived in port last season was 695, of an aggregate tonnage of 823,265, of which 49,538 tons passed into the canal. This is an increase of 40 vessels and 40,692 tons compared with the previous year. Of these vessels 526 (767,654 tons) were of iron; 169 (55,511 tons) of wood. The inland vessels arriving numbered 5,847, aggregating 1,069,709 tons—an increase of 347 vessels and 209,695 tons. The total of vessels of all classes was 6,542, with a tonnage of 1,892,876—an increase in tonnage of 247,387. The nationalities of the sea-going vessels were as follows:—British, 641 (tonnage, 766,322); Norwegian, 26; German, 16; French, 8; Spanish, 2; and Russian, 2. Owing to the death of Andrew Robertson, Esq., whose portrait was published last year in this journal, it was necessary to appoint a new member in his place. Richard White, Esq., was nominated to the vacancy, the appointment giving general satisfaction. The Board, as at present constituted, consists of Henry Bulmer, Esq., chairman; His Worship, Jacques Grenier, Mayor; the Hon. Edward Murphy, Hugh McLennan, Victor Hudon, Charles H. Gould, J. O. Villeneuve, Andrew Allan and Richard White, Esquires, Commissioners; Mr. Alexander Robertson, Secretary; John Kennedy, M. Inst. C.E., Chief Engineer; Captain Thomas Howard, Harbour Master; Capt. Louis St. Louis, Deputy Harbour Master; John Ferns, Wharfinger and Paymaster.

As usually happens when a great disaster takes a community by surprise, the daily press abounds in excellent advice as to the necessity of more effectual precaution against fire. The danger lies, to a considerable extent, in the failure of critics and theorists to apply the lesson to themselves. After every such catastrophe there is intense anxiety to discover the source of the mischief and to show how it might have been avoided. That task accomplished more or less satisfactorily, the agitation gradually subsides, and other topics occupy the public mind. In far too many instances, no appreciable reform in appliances or methods follows the discussion, and, after a certain interval, we are horrified by another calamity, due, perhaps, to the very same causes that produced the last. Every city in Canada has had repeated warning of the jeopardy to which life and property are constantly exposed from defective construction with inflammable materials and inadequate provision for the extinction of fire and the saving of life. A contemporary proposes that this department of civic administration should be entrusted to a body of experts—experts in architecture, in sanitation and in the prevention and extinction of fires. A thoroughly qualified and authorized council of that kind would be invaluable to a city.

The illustrations of the work done by the pupils of the schools of the Council of Arts and Manufactures, which we published in last week's issue, have attracted considerable attention. It was a revelation to many by no means unintelligent or unenlightened citizens of Montreal to learn that these schools had produced such striking results. In the address delivered last year by Mr. S. E. Dawson, as president of the Council, from which we have already quoted, surprise was expressed that so little was known of an enterprise which had been successfully conducted for so many years. A year ago, at the time of the exhibition in the old St. Gabriel Church, we ventured to say that the fault for this ignorance did not lie altogether with the public. The comments which we have heard and read since the character of the pupils' handicraft was made known by our engravings, has not led us to other conclusions. In these days those who hide their light under a bushel must resign themselves to the fate which, on the best authority, is reserved for such martyrs to their own modesty. Now that the Council has learned the saner way, we trust that others will follow the good example.

How far governments should undertake the rôle of Mæcenas is a question that is not now discussed for the first time. From China to Peru, and from remote ages to the present day, instances might be cited of the benefits conferred on learning and culture by timely help from "the powers that be." On the other hand that genius in shackles to the foot of the throne, however the pain or the shame of its thralldom may be soothed, can yield at best but the song of the captive, has been long since admitted. Even the Augustan age, so often held up to admiration for its rich Horatian and Virgilian harvest, has been found by some inquirers to be an argument for freedom with poverty rather than for constraint with competence or even wealth—though, probably, as things were, sudden silence was the sole alternative to that prolonged music which still delights us. Certainly for literature the age of patronage is past, any survivals of it in England being, like Col. Lowther's protégé, the poet Close, too contemptible for vigor-

ous contempt. There is, however, no reason in the world why the State should not encourage works of native production especially works which worthily set forth the resources of the country and are calculated to add to its prestige, its population and its general development. Works of this nature, whatever form they take, are contributions to the public service, and, as such, are entitled to assistance.

The Romans, being a practical people, encouraged the growth of population and the settlement of their waste lands. It was possibly to promote this last end that Virgil was induced to write his *Georgics*—a poem which still adds dignity to the farmer's toil. A law endowed the father of three children with certain important privileges and some substantial advantages. The Hon. Colonel Rhodes had, therefore, some precedent for his gift of a hundred acres to the sturdy parent of a dozen children. Did the good Commissioner know to what extent the patriotic exercise of that long and mongrel named bump would necessitate the granting away of the Crown Lands of the province? Certainly the patriarchal aptitude for having sons and daughters is evinced in a surprising manner by the published list of claimants. No less than 547 fathers and mothers (widows) of twelve children have applied for the reward of well-doing. An analysis of the list reveals a fair proportion of English, Irish and Scotch names amid the French majority.

A writer in the *North-West Magazine*, published at St. Paul, Minnesota, contrasts the farm buildings in the Dakotas with those of Manitoba to the advantage of the latter. He also gives the Canadian side the credit of a better class of settlers, many of whom brought enough money with them to make good improvements on their claims. The Province, he adds, is entering on a new career of prosperity, largely due to the extension of the railways. The progress during the past year is said to have been more substantial than that of the five years preceding. The visitor was greatly impressed with the extent of the fertile land in the Province—an "immense prairie region, where soil and climate are singularly favourable to the production of wheat."

We have already referred more than once to the efforts that have been made to improve the breed of our Canadian horses. In connection with those efforts, the *Haras National*, established at Outremont by a company, of which the Hon. Louis Beaubien is president, has attracted especial attention. Mr. Beaubien was aided in his undertaking by the Comte de Mandat Grancy, a French nobleman, as accomplished as he is practical, who has done much to raise the standard of horses in France. The Haras (a word which means a stud, and with this significance was Latinized into *Haracina* in the Middle Ages), is a well known and successful institution in Europe. Not long since we quoted a strong recommendation of the system from the High Commissioner's Report, from which it appears that it is growing in favour in England as well as across the Channel. It is more interesting to us, however, to know that it has made good its footing on our own soil. Last Saturday (May 16) the *Haras National* was formally opened in the presence of a distinguished company of invited guests, the Governor-General and suite having come from Ottawa expressly to take part in the inauguration. A parade of horses indicated satisfactorily what the Haras aimed at achieving—same really fine animals being on the ground. At

the lunch suitable speeches were made by His Excellency, the president of the *Haras*, Mr. Desjardins, M.P., the Hon. Mr. Chapleau, the Hon. Mr. Taillon, Senator Cochrane, and Mr. Ed. Cochrane, M.P. for East Northumberland.

PARTY GOVERNMENT.

During the last ten years a great deal has been said and written against the party system. In Great Britain men of character and experience like Lord Selborne have gravely asked whether the slavery of party government is not becoming intolerable. In the United States Messrs. Parkman, Seymour, Hall, and many others have inveighed against a machinery which dooms some of the best elements in the country to practical inactivity and helplessness in public affairs. In Canada Dr. Goldwin Smith has wielded his vigorous pen in denouncing a political device by which the morality both of politicians and of the public is so sadly lowered. These are only a few examples of the protests that have been uttered against the abuses of popular rule through party organization. The list could easily be multiplied, but the argument of one is the argument of all. When, however, we ask what remedies are proposed for the evils decried or what system should be substituted for that which is so defective, we receive but vague answers. It is also noteworthy that of the writers who have dealt with this question only a few have had any practical experience of political life. Those whose criticism was based on such experience condemned some misuse of the system or suggested some reform. Among these we find one English writer commending the caucus, which (after its trial) another English writer condemns, while American writers counsel the adoption of responsible government, or place their hope on the Australian (that is, the Canadian) plan of voting, which again, after test, some of them pronounce worthless. If there was any prize for which Canadian statesmen struggled valiantly, and which they prided themselves on securing as the essential of free popular rule, it was ministerial responsibility. Yet a journal of this province, the chief organ of an influential group, remonstrates against the despotism into which this boon of boons has degenerated as intolerable both to the people and their deputies.

In all this vague unrest and discontent we fail to find any reasonable solution of the problem. All admit that popular government has been disappointing. It is, in some respects, a tyranny as bad as that of crown or oligarchy. It necessarily gives the preëminence to demagogues, and even those who would serve their country honestly and faithfully must to a certain extent be demagogues if they would succeed. Then, once installed in office, a ministry is all powerful, so long as it can depend on a majority. One of the writers mentioned says that the only excuse for party is that it is the only scheme by which government under our elective system is possible. And then he adds that "a substitute for it will have to be found; and found the substitute must be. Society cannot rest forever on the irrational and immoral." To this it might be replied that society rested for many ages, and in portions of the world rests still, on systems more irrational and more immoral than that of party. Nor does the reformer suggest how the substitute is to be discovered.

Mr. Gladstone, in his remarkable elucidation of the practical working of the British Constitution,

written for the benefit of his "Kin beyond Sea," seems quite satisfied with the imperfect instrument by which popular sovereignty is asserted in England. Among his many reforms the abolition of party finds no place. More than one American writer has openly defended party as an agency in the political education of a people. It is a check on the influence of the illiterate voter, while by bringing the more public spirited elements of the nation into contact with each other it ensures a thorough agitation of public questions. And certainly there is no free country that is not more or less indebted to party organization for the blessings that it enjoys. This is brought out especially in the history of England and her colonies. This much we may surely admit without denying that the system is subject to grave abuses.

The practical question for us is whether it can be freed from those abuses without injury to parliamentary institutions.

Dum vitant stulti vitia, in contraria currunt.

While in England, the United States and Canada, we hear these indictments of party methods, in France, on the other hand, it is the absence of any organization deserving the name of party that is the ground of complaint. A number of isolated and conflicting groups, each devoted to the aims of a clique or a district, and hardly any two combining for a time save for the destruction of a common foe—that is not an edifying or a hopeful spectacle. If party is bad, particularism is worse. If we survey the other constitutionally governed States of Europe, we find the same lack of adhesion in the supporters or opponents of governments to a great extent prevailing. But in France we have the most glaring example of the results of party disruption. Twenty-five ministerial crises in less than as many years—that is the practical consequence, with the waste of energy and money, the constant apprehension of change, the necessary appeals to petty factions and the lack of any broad, stable or well sustained policy. Such is the picture drawn by a recent French writer of the condition to which the substitution of groups for parties has brought parliamentary administration in France. We are thereby warned against the Charybdis that may await us if we steer too far from the Scylla, which, to some of our pilots, is the only danger to be avoided. Perhaps it would be well to bear in mind that in Canada "responsible government" has been a comparatively short time in operation in conjunction with the federal régime, a combination which differentiates our constitution from both that of the Mother Country and that of our neighbours. It is too soon, surely, to despair. With patience, with conscientious and earnest effort to make the most of our advantages, may we not hope by degrees to attain as high a perfection as a system so generally excellent and so adaptable to various circumstances is capable of reaching?

THE PALMER.

O solemn clime to which my spirit looks,
No more will I the path to thee defer,—
Worn here with search—a too sad wanderer,—
The dance-tune spent, surpassed the sacred books,
And spurned that city's walls where I did plan
A thousand lives, unwitting I was pent:
As though my thousand lives could be content
With any vista in the bounds of man!
Eternal clime, our exile is from thee!
Flood o'er thy portals like the tender Morn!—
Receive! receive! and let us new be born:
We are thy substance—spirit of thy degree—
Mist of thy bliss—fire, love, infinity!
And only by some mischance from thee torn.

1818.

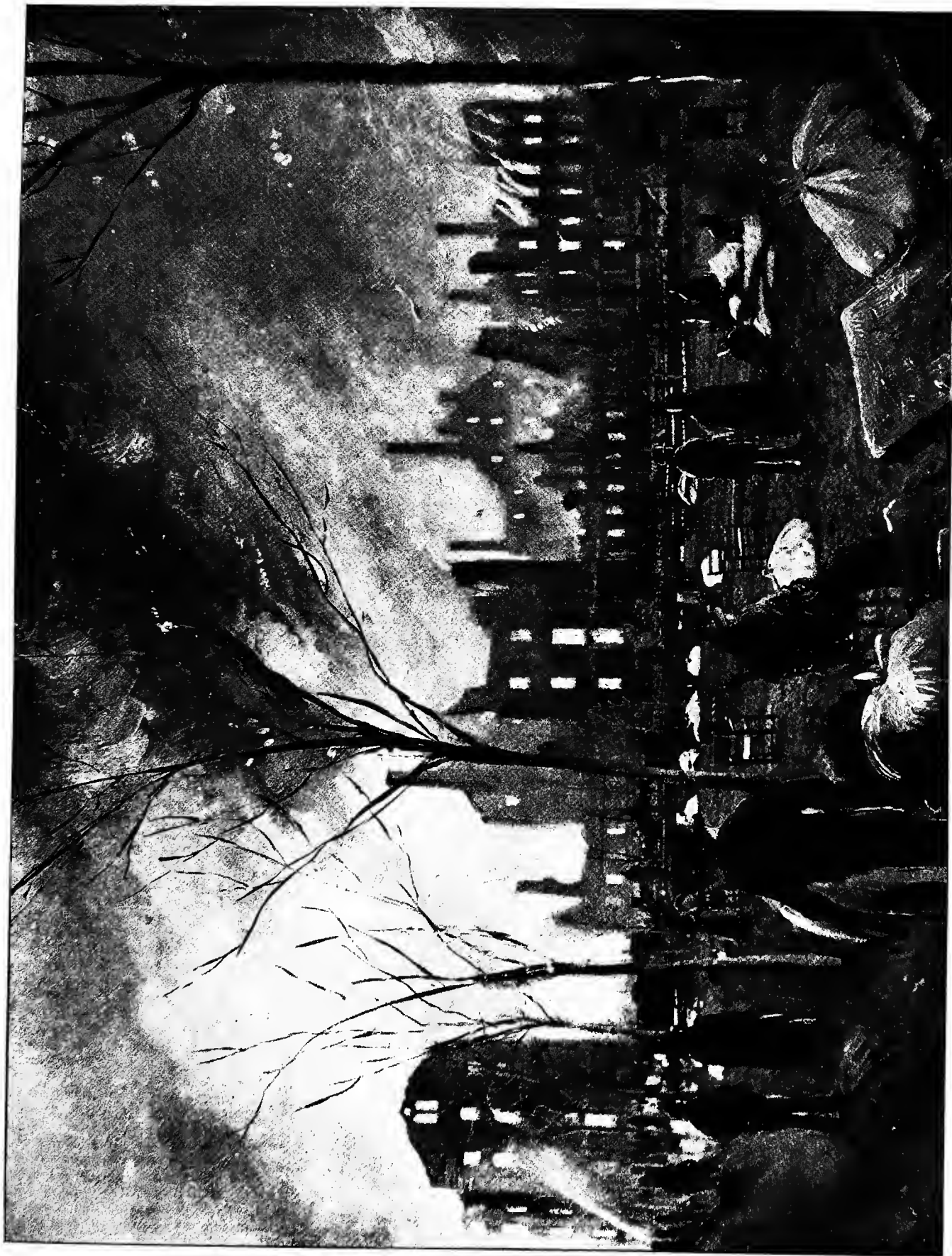
BLISS CARMAN.

Mr. Douglas Sladen writes as follows of the late and new literary editors of the *Independent*: "The following paragraph from the *Toronto Empire* will interest the numerous Americans resident in Japan: 'It is understood in St. John, N.B., that Bliss Carman has been appointed editor of the *New York Independent* in succession to Mr. Bowen. Mr. Carman is a Fredericton man who, though still young, has acquired some reputation in the literary world. The *Century Magazine* has published many poems from his pen. He is a first cousin of Professor C. G. D. Roberts, the poet. The editorship of the *Independent* is one of the finest prizes open to literary journalists.' The paragraph must be in a degree incorrect, because Dr. Bowen—poor John Eliot Bowen was a Columbia University doctor, though a Yale A.M.—was not editor of the *Independent* but literary editor. Indeed his father, Henry C. Bowen, proprietor of the journal, retains the editorship-in-chief himself and has several associates. But that he has succeeded Dr. Bowen as literary editor is highly likely, because Bliss Carman is a man of exceptional gifts. None of the younger Canadian poets impressed me more highly, and he has made quite a mark in the literary world with his 'Death in April'—an elegy on Matthew Arnold, which in spite of its great length, nearly 300 lines, was published in the columns of the *Atlantic Monthly*. His poetry is very pregnant,—full of suggestiveness and subtle depths. It has quite a Coleridge quality—the weird picturesque—'The Rape of the Red Swan' especially, and he is very happy and musical in his dimeters. His fault lies in valuing the intelligence of the average reader too highly. Except for the scholar he is sometimes not sufficiently explicit. It is fortunate that the *Independent* has secured such a good substitute for Dr. Bowen. Its enormous circulation, about half a million weekly, its history, its position in the Republican party, combine to give it an unique position among American weeklies, and Dr. Bowen was not an easy man to replace. A literary man of rare promise himself, as witness his translations of Carmen Sylva's poems in their own metres, and his own original poems in the *Century* and *Harper's*, he is an admirable judge of the literary work of others, and a most punctual and conscientious editor. He was a faithful and warm-hearted friend, and there are many much more prominent men that American literature could have spared much better than John Eliot Bowen. His successor, though a Canadian by birth and earlier education, is a Harvard graduate. Bliss Carman was born at Fredericton, N.B., and like Roberts, the Canadian Laureate, is a lineal descendant of Bliss, one of the leaders of the Loyalists, who founded St. John, N.B.,—the Fathers of Canada. He is one of the best birch bark canoeists in America.—*Japan Gazette*, March 28.

HIMALAYAN BEARS.

In localities where oak forests abound, says Gen. Macintyre, perhaps the pleasantest if not the best time for shooting these bears is in the month of December, when they are fed on acorns, which are then ripe. They generally commence feeding about sunset, when they climb up the oak trees and gorge themselves with acorns all night, often not betaking themselves to their lairs—which are generally either caves or thickets near their feeding ground—until some time after sunrise. Their whereabouts is easily discovered from the broken branches showing distinctly against the dark foliage of the trees, the back of the leaf of the Himalayan oak being white. At the commencement of the acorn season their attention is so much engaged with their feast that usually they are easily approached. But on suddenly finding themselves "treed," their astonishment is ludicrous to behold. A bear, he adds, when up a tree, even if only slightly wounded, never attempts to clamber down. It invariably flops straight on to the ground from any height whatsoever. I once saw a bear I had shot at roll over and over like a ball down an almost perpendicular declivity for several hundred feet, and seemingly without much inconvenience from its tumble, as it was nowhere to be found at the bottom.

An odd peculiarity of bears is that when two or more of them are found together, and one of them happens to get wounded, the wounded one will sometimes manifest its resentment by savagely attacking one of its companions. A good story in this connection is told of another sportsman. He had stalked a large she bear feeding in some open ground, with a half-grown cub at its side. From the bear's position he could not get a shot at a vital place, and so, instead of waiting as he ought to have done, he fired and hit the animal behind. He might just as well have hit her with a lady's riding whip. The animal on being struck turned round to see what was the matter, and perceiving nothing but her cub feeding quietly by her side came to the conclusion apparently that the cub had bitten her. Consequently, she at once rushed at the cub to punish it for its presumption, and the two rolled over and over and disappeared in the jungle. The sportsman was too much amused at the incident to get another shot. Another remarkable peculiarity of bears noted by Gen. Macintyre is that when a bear attacks a man it almost invariably goes for the face, whereas a tiger or leopard usually seizes a limb first. Hence it is that in the Himalayas native villagers are not unfrequently to be seen with their faces fearfully disfigured by bears' claws. This they are liable to when protecting their crops from destruction by the bears.—*Chamberlain's Journal*.



THE LONGUE POINTE ASYLUM FIRE.—FRONT OF THE BUILDING DURING THE FIRE.



SCENE ON THE ASYLUM GROUNDS AFTER THE FIRE.

OUR ENGRAVINGS

THE LONGUE POINTE ASYLUM FIRE.—As our readers are aware, this catastrophe, attended with such serious loss of property and melancholy sacrifice of human life, took place on Tuesday, the 6th inst. It is still a mystery by what agency the fire was caused. The most reasonable conclusion is that one of the insane inmates was the author of it. The first indication that the work of destruction was in process was the presence of dense smoke in the top of the central building not long before noon. But by that time the destroyer had gained such headway that it was practically impossible to save the block of buildings. Help being solicited from Montreal, Chief Benoit, having obtained the Mayor's permission, lost no time in reaching the spot. He quickly saw that the great fabric was doomed, and the efforts of the firemen were devoted to the rescue of human life. The task had been begun, on the first discovery of the fire, but, as might be expected, it was no easy one. The Sisters worked heroically and the male attendants did all in their power. Smoke filled the passages, blinding the rescuers and rescued, and the whole was a scene of wild confusion. Lunatics who had hitherto been regarded as harmless became almost violent, dancing around in fiendish glee; others wept and refused to move; some were carried forcibly out only at once to find their way back to their old quarters. But there were others whom the crisis of danger rendered sane, and these gave effective help to the Sisters and attendants in guiding the unfortunate beings out into the open air, where they stood in the drizzling rain and watched the burning building rapidly becoming a mass of flame with the vacant gaze of lunacy. The sight that met the eyes of both sane and insane was a terrible one. There were still people in the burning central and adjoining sections of the building. Some of them could be seen as they stood clasping the iron bars of the windows in their hands and rending the air with demoniacal shouts and cries. Laughing, cursing, entreating and praying; singing coarse ribald songs, gazing vacantly at the excited multitude below them; making vain endeavours to wrest the heavy iron bars from the windows; careless and indifferent, eager and hopeful, they furnished a strange and vivid spectacle. Ladders were raised, but the iron bars which kept them inside kept their rescuers outside. Efforts were made to wrest the bars from their places, but it was slow work. Still it was done and the firemen were successful in rescuing several inmates. In some instances they had to fight for their own lives, the maniacs, who in this section of the building were all violent, seizing hold of them and endeavouring to retain them. Finally the flames spread with alarming rapidity and the heat became so great that the firemen were driven from the building. Some members of the brigades present displayed a heroism that could not be surpassed. Among those were Chief Benoit, Fireman Lambert, and Mr. Lavallée, Deputy City Surveyor. But the most melancholy instance of fruitless self-devotion was the attempted rescue of lay Sister Gravel by her own sister, Miss Louise Gravel, and Sisters Denise Gilbert, Lumina Bouthellier and Victoria McNichols. The sick woman was being carried down stairs by her sympathetic companions when the whole party were overpowered by the smoke and perished by the way. The rescued inmates were temporarily disposed of in the best manner possible under the circumstances—in the Asile de St. Benoit de Joseph, the Deaf and Dumb Institution on St. Denis street, the Fullum street Mother House of the Sisters of Providence, and the out buildings of the Asylum. Meanwhile offers of assistance had come from the Ottawa and Quebec Governments and from the Governors of the Protestant Insane Hospital. The Hon. Mr. Mercier gave orders to have the Exhibition Grounds fitted up for the reception of a large number of the lunatics, and Mr. S. C. Stevenson lost no time in carrying out his instructions. Much sympathy was expressed for Sister Thérèse, the Superioress of the Institution, who was ill in bed when the disaster occurred. Her strength of will and deep interest in the welfare of the poor beings entrusted to her care enabled her to conquer her feebleness for a time, only to suffer a relapse when the excitement had somewhat subsided. She had administered the affairs of the Asylum for more than fifteen years and this was the first occasion in which any calamity had befallen it. The Hospital of St. Jean de Dieu was founded in 1873. The Government, being desirous of closing the St. Jean d'Iberville Asylum and of relieving the Beauport Asylum, which was too crowded, came to an understanding with the Sisters of Providence with the view of establishing an asylum for idiots and for the insane. The contract for this purpose was passed on the 4th of October, 1873. The erection of the edifice was commenced the following year, and on the 16th of July, 1875, this asylum received its first patients. It was built in the centre of a farm 200 acres in superficies. The out-houses, barns, stables, etc., are placed at a suitable distance from and in rear of the establishment. Behind these dependencies again is a garden of fifteen acres. There are three other farms belonging to the Sisters of Providence in the vicinity of the asylum—one of one hundred and fifty acres and the two others of two hundred acres each, giving for the service of the establishment a total area of land of seven hundred and fifty acres,

nearly all under cultivation. The asylum proper consisted of five main buildings connected by wings. The centre building measured inside 137x56 feet apart from the kitchen, furnaces and laundry, which were placed at the back of the establishment. Two other buildings measured 112x40 feet, and the remaining two, which were placed one at each end, 118x36 feet inside. Each of the four wings belonging to these buildings is 91x33 feet. These buildings had six storeys ready for occupation. The four wings had five storeys completed with the same object. All these buildings were of brick with stone foundation or basement. The roofs were covered with galvanized iron. At the back of the principal building, about the centre, was the laundry with a dormitory for thirty beds on the last storey. This spacious building, like the others above mentioned, was of brick with stone foundation. In the basement were a number of refectories, dormitories, dining-rooms and thirty-two bed-rooms. On the ground floor were situated a number of parlours, bed-rooms, linen-rooms, Lady Superior's rooms, doctor's room and dispensary. On the first storey, in addition to the bed-rooms, were the chaplain's rooms, infirmary for the sisters, dining-room for the sick, strangers' room and music room. The second storey was occupied by keepers' rooms, bed-rooms, chapel, laundry, sacristies, private and dining-rooms. The third storey contained a large number of cells, a lay sisters' room, keepers' room and dormitories. The attic also contained a large number of cells, two reservoirs, sisters' dormitories and keepers' rooms. One end of the building, that is to say the part lying in the eastern end of the centre main building, was devoted to the men, and the corresponding buildings in the western end to the female patients. As mentioned in our



SISTER THÉRÈSE.

last issue, the Sisters of Providence spent in founding and organizing this institution \$1,132,232, of which sum, \$700,000, was for the erection of the buildings. The staff was composed as follows:—Sisters, 72; lay sisters, 91; total, 163; of whom three were in the office, two in the parlour, and the others in the wards, kitchen and working departments, watching over the patients; lay keepers (female), 14; keepers, 28; night guardians (male), 4; night guardians (female), 2. Besides these two female keepers, four sisters and lay sisters on an average keep watch each night. In addition to these there were employed on the farm and in superintending the patients' labour, 8; in the industrial departments and supervising the patients working there, nineteen men, viz.: one shoemaker, one blacksmith, two joiners, two engineers, one baker, one gardener, one tailor, three cooks, one professor of music and singing, five stokers, one yardman; two physicians; two chaplains; total, 242. The Lady Superior had the control, as well as the general direction, of the establishment. In the women's hospital, supervision was exercised by a nun, assisted by two lay sisters or by one lay sister and one keeper, chosen by the Sisters. In the men's hospital, the superintendence was also given to a nun, who was assisted by two keepers. There were two physicians attached to the establishment—one for the women and one for the men. The Sisterhood of Providence, who owned the building, and under whose management the institution has always been, is thought to be the largest of the many large Canadian religious communities, although only established fifty years ago. Its founder was Madame Gamin, widow of a wealthy Montreal merchant, who endowed the new Sisterhood handsomely. The Mother House of the Order was for many years the convent connected with St. James's Church on St. Denis, near St. Catherine street. Later the headquarters of the Order were removed to the large new convent and asylum on Fullum street. The Deaf and Dumb Institution on St. Denis street

is the other large city house of the Sisters of Providence. The Orphelinat St. Alexis (St. Denis street), the Hospice St. Joseph and the Jardin de l'Enfance (both on Mignonne street), also belong to this Order.

SISTER THÉRÈSE, SUPERIORESS OF THE ASILE ST. JEAN DE DIEU, LONGUE POINTE.—This lady, a member of the well known Tétu family, of Quebec, is connected with some of the best stocks in this province. She is a woman of remarkable administrative power, and surprising perseverance and fortitude, overcoming obstacles which to many men would be insuperable, in obedience to the dictates of duty. The manner in which, for many years, she has discharged the task of organizing and managing the Asylum, no detail in the business of which has escaped her personal supervision, has won the admiration even of those who disapprove of the contract system of dealing with the insane. Sister Thérèse has two principal assistants in her work—Sisters Charles and Madeline, the former a sister of Dr. Goulet, of Joliette; the latter, a sister of Dr. Desjardins, of St. Janvier. With the exception of medical attendance, the Sisters have charge of the entire administration of the Asylum, even the dispensing of the necessary medicines being done by trained Sisters. The report of the Royal Commission of 1886 spoke highly of this department. Sister Thérèse contemplates re-building with as little delay as possible.

HON. JUDGE LANDRY.—We copy from the Chignecto Post, of Sackville, N.B., the following notice of Judge Landry, to accompany the true portrait of that gentleman, which we publish in this issue:—Hon. P. A. Landry, M.P. for Kent, has accepted the County Judgeship of Kent and Westmoreland, vacated by the death of Hon. Bliss Botsford, and on Saturday resigned his seat in the Commons. Mr. Landry's public career has been a notable one. He has pursued with singular fidelity the leading principle that has guided him in his political course, namely to secure for the French Acadian people a recognition of full political right, and a participation in all the functions of the government, legislative, administrative and judicial, to which their numbers entitled them. He has been in political life twenty years, having entered in 1870 in his twenty-fourth year. It will not be too much to say that during that whole period he has allowed no personal ambition or private ends, to interfere with the political elevation of his people; a work which he has followed with the devotion of a religious. His father, the late Amand Landry, M.P.P., championed the cause of the French Acadians with incorruptible honesty and fidelity for many years, and he was the first one of the race that secured a seat in the Assembly. His son was the first to become an executive councillor and to obtain a portfolio. He commanded sufficient influence also to give them representation for the first time in the Legislative Council of the Province. He has also secured for them now for the first time a seat on the judicial bench. The French people of old Acadia owe much to the abilities, courage and fidelity of Hon. Mr. Landry, and to the confidence these qualities have inspired in the people at large. Mr. Landry has secured these large and important results for his people by methods that were altogether commendable and worthy. While a section of politicians had grown up in the Province of Quebec determined to make themselves masters, by flaunting the flag of defiance in the face of the dominant race in Canada and by reckless appeals to race feelings and prejudice, Mr. Landry has pursued a diametrically opposite course, and while on the one side he has inculcated moderation and temperance on the part of his people, he has appealed to the sense of justice and fair play of the Anglo-Saxon race, and appealed with such eloquence and pertinacity that every concession that he solicited has now been granted. As long as leaders of the French people pursue the wise and temperate policy that Mr. Landry followed with so much success, so long will a generous confidence be inspired in both races and a mutual good will generated that will render any injustice between them impossible. We congratulate the Government in making so judicious an appointment, and trust Judge Landry will long enjoy his new honours.

THE REV. LOUIS H. JORDAN, B.D., LATE PASTOR OF ERSKINE CHURCH.—In the following sketch mention has been made of the circumstances that led to the erection of Erskine church. The Rev. Mr. (now Dr.) Gibson continued to be associated with the late Rev. Dr. Taylor in the pastorate of the church for nearly eight years after the opening of the new edifice. On the 6th of April, 1874, he resigned to accept an invitation to Chicago, whence some years later he moved to London. His successor, the Rev. James S. Black, remained in co-operation with Dr. Taylor till his death in 1876, and after that date the duties of the pastorate entirely devolved upon him. In April, 1884, Mrs. Black's health requiring a change to a warmer climate, he removed to Colorado Springs. On his departure the congregation invited the Rev. L. H. Jordan to take his place. Mr. Jordan is, unlike his predecessors, of Canadian birth. He was born in Halifax, N.S., on the 7th of May, 1855, and has, therefore, just entered on his 35th year. After receiving his preliminary education in his native city, he studied theology at the University of Edinburgh. After spending some time in European travel, he returned to Halifax, and, being invited to assume pastoral charge of St. Andrew's Church, his character and services gave universal satisfaction. Coming to Montreal in 1884 as the Rev. Mr. Black's successor, he soon won the confidence and affection of his people, who not long since learned with regret of his determination to accept another sphere of labour.

ERSKINE CHURCH, MONTREAL. This fine edifice, situated on the corner of Peel and St. Catherine streets, is the

centre of religious life to one of the most important and flourishing of the Presbyterian congregations of Montreal. Its early history is associated with the memory of the late Rev. William Taylor, D.D., for nearly half a century a highly esteemed citizen of Montreal, and for his piety, learning and lofty principles held in honour by members of all denominations. Dr. Taylor was licensed to preach in 1827, and in 1831 was ordained as a minister of the Secession Church. Two years later he came to Montreal, and soon after his arrival the congregation with which his name was so long identified was formed through his instrumentality. Until 1866 the congregation worshipped in the old church on the corner of Lagachetière and Chenneville streets. In 1864, the Rev. John M. Gibson (now pastor of St. John's Wood Presbyterian Church, London, England), who had been appointed Dr. Taylor's colleague and prospective successor, began to urge on his people the advisability of erecting a church more in harmony with the requirements of the congregation. His efforts were successful, and on the 29th of April, 1866, Erskine Church (the name of which is a memorial of the congregation's pre-union record) was opened for public worship. It is one of the handsomest, as well as one of the most commodious, churches in the city. Constructed of rough limestone, faced with dressed stone from the same quarry, it presents a happy blending of colour and finish, which harmonizes well with its tasteful Gothic outlines. The congregation is prosperous and generous, and learned long since to vie with the pastor in zealous attention to the interests of the church.

SAW-LOGS GATHERED IN BOOMS AT HULL, OPPOSITE OTTAWA.—This is a sight with which every resident in, every visitor to, the Capital of the Dominion must be familiar. Fitly, indeed, has the beaver been selected as the symbol of Canadian industrial activity, for the habits of that "primeval engineer and lumberman" typify one of the most important enterprises of our capitalists and occupations of our labourers. Our Canadian civilization has, to cite one of our writers, advanced in the wake of the lumbering trade. Of this great business there are two chief branches—one, conducted in the bush, the securing of the timber; the other, on the water, the transport of it to its destination. It is to one of the phases of the latter branch that our engraving has reference. This phase begins with the first warm days of spring, when the lumbermen set about getting the logs down the roll-ways into the rivers, and thence directing their course to mill or market. This is sometimes perilous work, as, should any obstacle cause a jam, it is a delicate and dangerous task to clear the water way for the advance of the floating mass. For this purpose the men are armed with picks and cant-hooks, by which the logs can be extricated, grasped and turned over as necessity arises. The effective use of these "driving tools" requires considerable practice; but the skill that some of the river drivers acquire by experience is surprising to the uninitiated. Dams have been constructed for the utilization at will of water of limited quantity to float the logs and urge them forward, and are furnished with gates and sluiceways. Artificial channels, called slides, to evade falls and rapids, have also been built on the most important of our rivers. The cribs, described in our last issue, shoot these slides—a process which calls for the exercise of courage, caution and the tact that comes of long use. Where there is no slide, the crib has to be taken asunder and the separate pieces sent down the rapids to be gathered in booms below. Our engraving shows a large area of these boom-guarded logs, which in due time will be transformed into many shapes for many uses, to be distributed near and far for the comfort and convenience of millions.

MOISTURE IN THE HOUSE.

A pitcher filled with cold water and placed in a room in summer will "sweat"—at least, that is what it is commonly called. The pitcher does not sweat, because it is not porous and cannot sweat; but the cold water inside of it chills the outer surface, and, as soon as the outer surface of the pitcher becomes cooler than the atmosphere in the room, the moisture of the air will be precipitated upon the pitcher in drops.

The simple illustration should teach all housewives to avoid suddenly opening rooms in a house when the outside atmosphere is warmer than the temperature of the rooms and full of moisture. In all such cases the wall paper, furniture, etc., being cooler than the outside air, will speedily have the moisture of the atmosphere precipitated upon them, and it will require days to restore the house to the dry condition that is essential to health.

There are no arbitrary freaks in the laws which govern the atmosphere surrounding us, and there is nothing very abstruse in mastering them. Warm, damp air will ever precipitate its moisture in houses and elsewhere whenever it comes in contact with anything chilled by a cooler atmosphere, and that is the whole story. The only thing to be added is that, when people have thus ignorantly or negligently allowed their houses to become damp, they should light fires and dry them as promptly as possible.—*Philadelphia Times.*

"Erline," of Jersey City, is informed by "J. R.," of Detroit, that the phrase "My eye and Betty Martin" is a corruption of a Latin sentence. The prayer recited in some churches on St. Martin's Day (November 11) begins "O mihi, beate Martine," and this was transformed by the populace into the expression as given above. "J. R." copies from the Times Telescope of London, 1816.

MONTREAL TO QUEBEC BY STEAMER.

(We are privileged by being permitted to give an advanced chapter of the new book soon to be issued by the author of "Historical Notes on Quebec.")

I.

Leaving far behind in the dusk of the evening the innumerable gas and electric lights of the magnificent city of the Royal Mount—known as Ville Marie in the primitive, rude times of her worthy founder, Chomedey de Maisonneuve, I filled in the time, after enjoying a substantial meal, listening to snatches of soft music and popular French songs which a long-bearded, dignified M.P.P. warbled *con amore*—"En roulant, ma boule roulant; en roulant, ma boule!" "Un Canadien errant, loin de ses foyers," etc. A bright-eyed Milesian damsel, led to the piano by her *cavalière servante*, closed, much to her satisfaction, the musical portion of the evening with Tom Moore's exquisite boat song, though "St. Anne" and its "rapids were not near," *et vogue la galère!*

Presently the pilot pulled his regulation bell and the steamer took a sheer in shore, landed a few noisy deck passengers and some freight at the thriving town of Sorel, which crowns the *embouchure* of the historic Richelieu, for many decades the highway of the marauding Iroquois—descending like a ravenous wolf from his mountain fastness near New York. Sorel, under early English rule a noted U. E. Loyalist settlement, has for more than a half century ceased to be the headquarters of King George III.'s staunch adherents, the United Empire Loyalists of 1783, who, on the proclamation of independence, gave up, at Boston, New York and Philadelphia, fortunes, friends and position rather than go back on their allegiance to their King. For years—visited in 1787 by George III.'s son, the Duke of Clarence, afterwards William IV.—it went under the name of Fort William Henry, and was once much sought after as a fashionable summer resort by the high officials of Montreal. Its modern name has been dropped long since. The French name bequeathed to it by Captain de Saurel, an officer of Col. Salieres' dashing regiment, who, in 1664, completed the fort then in process of construction on the Richelieu, was resuscitated.

The mere mention of the Richelieu, so long the homeward course of the Iroquois canoes, returning with their gory trophies to the picturesque banks of the Hudson, recalls visions of blood, alarm and ambush—of which happily no trace, save in history, now remains. Any school-boy will tell you the gruesome story of the pet fox who, on the 19th of August, 1819, at Sorel, bit the Duke of Richmond, then Governor-General of the Province, and the sad end by hydrophobia of the great Scotch duke a few days later at a village, since called Richmond, in Ontario. There are yet in Champlain's city those who can recollect the body of the dead Governor lying in state at the Chateau Saint Louis, in Quebec, previous to being removed to its last resting place on the 14th September, 1819, under the chancel of the English Cathedral. Sorel to me, in the days of youthful hopes, meant a week of marvellous duck and snipe shooting in September on the reedy shores of its green isles,—hampers of game, to the bagging of which a trusty guide, Maxime Manjeau, and other local *chasseurs*, had something to say.

Our next stoppage—but we were in the arms of Morpheus at the time—was at the drowsy town of Three Rivers, founded in 1634 by Lavolette, and for half a century and more an important fur-trading post, and a fort and mission of the Jesuits. We saw it not—not even in our dreams—though its stirring chronicles had recently been so lovingly unrolled for us by a gifted author—Benjamin Sulte, the historian.

Whole fleets of Huron and Algonquin canoes, in 1640-60, used to bring here each spring the products of their winter hunts—hundreds of packages of beaver, martin, mink, deer skins—and bartered them at the fort for powder, knives, shot, blankets, beads, brandy, etc.

How fortunate the modern town has been to have given birth to such an able writer and devoted son as Sulte! Will Three Rivers ever erect Mr. Sulte a statue? With what vividness, with what singular industry, has not the Trifluvian annalist written the history of Three Rivers from its precarious beginnings! How easy at present to reconstruct in one's mind the grim old fort—its sieges with all their alarms!

One recognizes at once the spots where the ferocious Iroquois concealed themselves to butcher their foes, the Hurons and Algonquins, allies of the French, occasionally scalping in cold blood some of King Louis' subjects. With the aid of Sulte's *Chronique Trifluvienne*, one can follow step by step the perilous career of our early missionaries—Buteux, LeMaistre, Lallemand, La Noüe, Jogues. You feel inclined to accompany the hardy trooper Caron in his wintry search, discovering at the Ile Platte, near Three Rivers, on the 2nd of February, 1645, the missing Jesuit, La Noüe, "recumbent on a snow-drift, kneeling on the river bank, with arms crossed on his breast, frozen stiff with eyes wide open gazing heavenward, his cap and snowshoes lying near him," victim, the good man, of his humane efforts in trying to find relief for his less hardy companions. Overtaken by a snow storm and buried in the blinding drift the poor missionary had lost his way. No wonder that Caron should have knelt down and said a prayer after loading the dead hero on his sledge, and departed sorrowfully for Three Rivers, having marked the spot with a cross on the bark of a tree. That night the faithful of Three Rivers prayed to one more saint. They were men, the missionaries

and explorers of 1645. What dauntless *voyageurs*, what expert woodsmen must have existed in those early days among the Trifluvians? Hertel, Marguerie, Nicolet, Godefroy and Normandville, and those astute, indomitable, sanguinary savages—Piescaret and Ahatsistari. What a pity their striking forms in war paint and costume have not been preserved to us by the painter's brush as well as by the historian's pen? Here was the site of the fort, there stood the convent; on that steep bank where our steamer was moored was *le Platon*. Governor Pierre Boucher dwelled close by with his patriarchal family.

Then again, what thrilling episodes Mr. Sulte relates of Indian cruelty, Indian stratagem, tiger-like instincts! Here goes one of his striking pen-photographs:—"An Algonquin girl, captured about the 1st of April (1646) by the Agniers (Mohawks) and brought home with them, succeeded, after about ten days captivity, in making her escape by slipping off during the night the thongs which held her and walking over the prostrate forms of her guardians plunged in sleep. The desire for revenge burnt so fiercely in her breast that she could not refrain from seizing an axe and braining one of the sleepers. She was at once pursued, but took refuge in a hollow tree, where no one thought of seeking her. On viewing her pursuers depart, she directed her flight in an opposite direction. Her footsteps were, however, traced at night fall. To elude pursuit, she ran to the river and immersed her body under water, where she remained unseen. The Agniers gave up the pursuit and returned home. She travelled on foot thirty-five days, living on wild berries and roots. On approaching Sorel, she built a raft and took to the water. When near Three Rivers she became alarmed at the sight of a canoe, landed and hid in the deep woods, from which she made her way laboriously to the fort, close to the shore. Some Hurons discovered her and attempted to join her, when she begged of them to throw some clothing to her, which they did. She was then taken to M. de la Potherie. The account of her escape seemed almost incredible; but other hair-breadth escapes of a similar nature which followed ceased to cause any more surprise."

Marvellous also are the adventures of the great Algonquin chief, Simon Piescaret. "On one occasion," says Mr. Sulte, "when striving to escape from a whole band of Iroquois in pursuit, he turned his snowshoes end for end, so that the track seemed as directed north, when he was going south. The Iroquois altered their course in consequence, and Piescaret, watching his opportunity, followed them, knocking on the head the laggards from the main body. Piescaret was unrivalled in that mode of warfare where great physical strength is required, where wood-craft and stratagem takes the place of genius, and where ambush is necessary. He could outrun a deer, and in single combat he did not seem to heed numbers.

"One day he started from Three Rivers, his ordinary residence, and went and hid in an Iroquois village more than fifty leagues away. Under the veil of night he crept out of his hiding place, entered a hut, massacred the whole family, and hid in a pile of fuel close by. The alarm was given, but the murderous savage was not discovered. The next night he repeated the bloody drama, carried away the scalps and retreated to his wood pile.

"The whole village remained on guard on the third night. Piescaret, in spite of all the precautions taken, issued from his retreat, opened the door of a hut full of watchful savages, brained the man nearest to him, and fled with the whole band of savages at his heels; outstripping them, he never ceased running all that night and secreted himself in a hollow tree. The enemy, doubtful of effecting his capture, camped down, lit a fire and slept. Piescaret in the darkness crept up unseen, tomahawked and then scalped the unsuspecting slumberers and made for home with his bloody trophies.

"On another occasion, filling his gun with bullets, and accompanied by four savages well armed and concealed in the bottom of his canoe, he pretended to be fishing alone at the entrance of the river at Sorel. Some Iroquois canoes started in pursuit. He allowed them to come close by pretending to surrender, when he and his companions springing up riddled the Iroquois canoes with balls. They began to fall. In the confusion he upset some, having jumped in the stream. Swimming with one hand and bearing in the other his terrible tomahawk, which he plied vigorously, killing several and taking some prisoners, whilst the rest fled."—(*Benj. Sulte.*)

"The Roman Catholic Church of Three Rivers—commenced in 1715, pushed on in 1740, and completed in 1806—is well worthy of the attention of *connoisseurs* as a specimen of the ornate primitive Canadian place of worship. Its external walls, however, are not noteworthy; but its interior is laid out in the florid, *rococo* style of the Louis XV. era. Sculptures of quaint aspect adorn the ceiling and internal walls. The pulpit is a marvel in design and antique ornamentation. The main altar with its frame of four columns is remarkable in its way, nor ought the gorgeous pew of the church wardens to be forgotten."

"The old church at Three Rivers, richly endowed by the Godefroys (descendants of the old Normand Godefroys), still has the arms of this distinguished family superbly carved on the Banc d'Euvres."§

J. M. LEMOINE

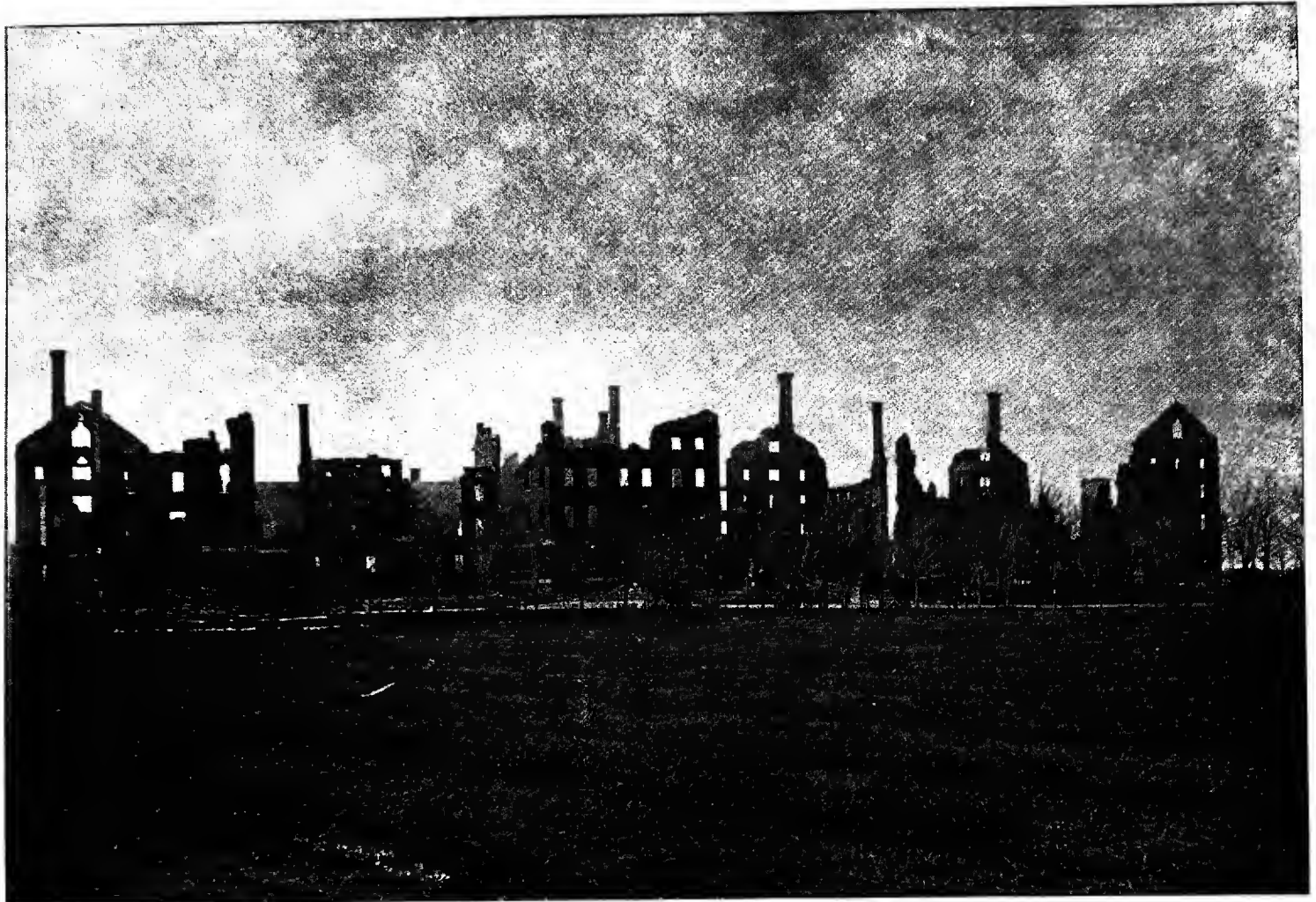
**Chronique Trifluvienne*, page 59.

†*Chronique Trifluvienne*, p. 19.

‡*Canadian Antiquarian*, October, 1880.

§Hamelin's "Legends of Le Detroit," page 300.

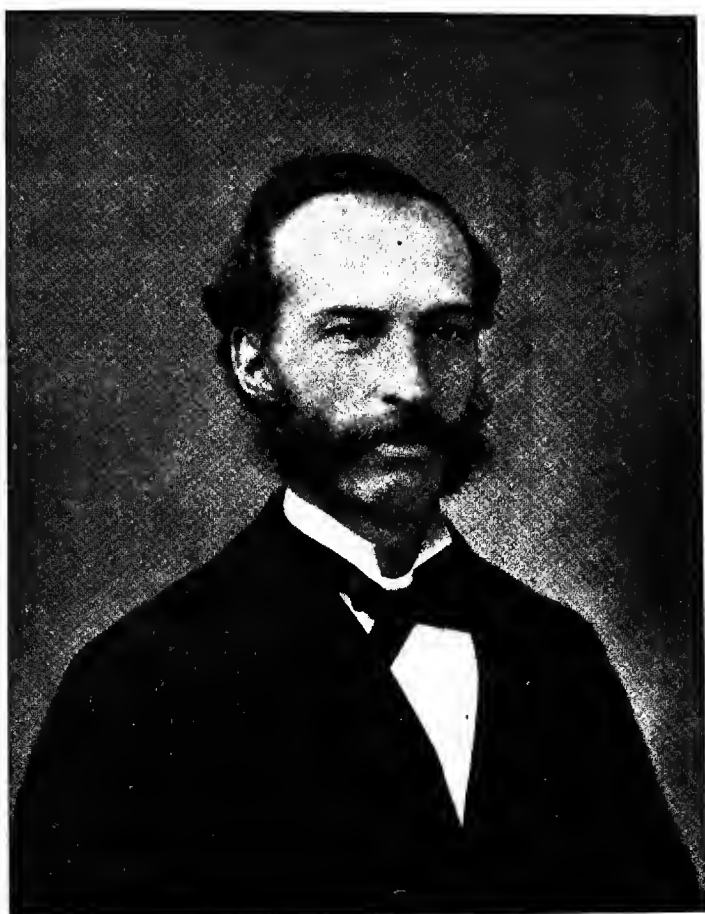
•*Chronique Trifluvienne*, page 55.



GENERAL VIEW OF THE RUINS OF LONGUE POINTE ASYLUM THE DAY AFTER THE FIRE.



ST. BENOIT ASYLUM, LONGUE POINTE, WHERE MANY OF THE LUNATICS WERE SHELTERED.



JUDGE LANDRY, OF NEW BRUNSWICK.
(Schleyer, photo., Fredericton.)



REV. MR. JORDAN, LATE OF ERSKINE CHURCH, MONTREAL.
(Wm. Notman & Son, photo.)



SAW-LOGS GATHERED IN BOOMS AT HULL, OPPOSITE OTTAWA.
(Topley, photo.)



"CROWDED OUT."

If there are any of our readers who have missed seeing the charming little volume that bears this title, a pleasure awaits them which we must be careful not to impair by untimely confidences. "Crowded Out and Other Sketches" we owe to a writer with whose *nom de plume* (Seranus) the readers of the *Week* cannot fail to be familiar. The masculine termination is misleading. "Seranus" is a lady. We may tell the uninitiated what it means another time.

"I compose as well as write. I am ambitious. For the sake of one other I am ambitious. If nobody will discover me I must discover myself. I must demand recognition. I must wrest attention. They are my due." Thus does the love-sick, home-sick, hope-sick author of the opera, comedy, verses, songs and sketches that he has brought to London to sell, disclose himself to us as he pines, in his bleak lodging-house room, for his darling Hortense—"Hortense, the *châtelaine* of Beau Séjour, the delicate, haughty, pale and impassioned daughter of a noble house." She was a St. Hilaire; he was nobody. But he loved her in spite of caste, loved her madly, impatiently. He could not even bide his time. He would have her, in spite of the reverend guardian, whom he had insulted. And now he is far away in cruel London, seeing her only in dreams. He would go back rich, prosperous, to claim her. Alas! he has tried everything, in vain—"Everything except the opera. Everything else has been rejected." The opera will never even be offered; for, at last, the truth dawns upon him: "I am not wanted. I am 'crowded out,'" and he passes away with the name of Hortense upon his lips. So much in explanation of the title.

"Monsieur, Madame and the Pea-Green Parrot" is a witty piece of mystification, in which we have characteristic glimpses of more than the faces and figures of some rather peculiar people.

"The Bishop of Saskabaskia" is creditable to the Anglican Episcopate in Canada and to the author, and Mrs. S. is worth becoming acquainted with. The two succeeding sketches, "As it Was in the Beginning" and "The Idyll of the Island," are not companion pictures, save for some touches that betray their common authorship. On the whole, we like Sir Humphrey's romance better than Amherst's.

The next three stories are racy of this soil of ours, and we recommend them both for that reason and for their intrinsic merits. Mademoiselle Josephine Boulanger stands out on the canvass as an unmistakable Quebecoise, a prepossessing little figure, with a dignity of her own and the charm of mien that is Heaven's gift to *le peuple gentilhomme*. In Chezy D'Alincourt we have a type of a class that may still be met with among the *habitants* and *bourgeois* of our province. Such Etienne's, with their fair sisters, may easily, by signs not to be doubted, be picked out of the crowds of church-goers or holiday-makers on any Sunday or saint's day in the year by those who care to search for them. But it is not every one that could celebrate his treasure-trove with the skill and grace of Seranus. "Descendez à l'ombre ma Jolie Blonde" is one of the best told tales in the book. It is weirdly dramatic and has an irresistible pathos. The longest of the stories is that of the Mr. Foxleys, and we must leave the reader to discover how they "came, stayed and never went away." It is Ontario's share in the volume, and is a capital story. A satirical sketch of New York fashionable life, "The Gilded Hammock," closes the collection. We read "Crowded Out" on its first appearance, four years ago, and have read it over again with fresh interest and pleasure. It displays a very real gift of imagination, with no small share of constructive power, knowledge of character and skill in its portrayal, a considerable degree of dramatic faculty and effective touches of humour, pathos and occasionally of satire.—(Ottawa Evening Journal Office.)

BAY LEAVES.

Some time ago we briefly acknowledged the receipt from Mr. G. Mercer Adam of a charming little volume entitled, "Bay Leaves: Translations from the Latin Poets." We cannot better introduce it to our readers than by quoting a portion of the learned author's introduction. "It is hardly necessary," he writes "to say anything about names so well known as these. Familiar to all who would take up anything classical are Martial, the creator of the epigram, the mirror of the social habits of Imperial Rome, amidst whose heaps of rubbish and ordure are some better things and some pleasant features of Roman character and life; Lucan, through whose early death, which left his work crude as well as incomplete, we have perhaps missed a great political epic, and who in his best passages rivals the writer of *Abraham and Achitophel*; the marvellous resurrection of Roman poetry in *Claudian*; Seneca seeking, under the Neronian Reign of Terror, to make for himself an asylum of stoicism and suicide; Catullus, with his *Byronic* mixture of sensibility and blackguardism; Horace, whom, for some occult reason, one loves the better the older one grows; Propertius, whose crabbed style and sad addiction to frigid mythology are somehow relieved by passages of wonderful tenderness and beauty; Ovid, whose marvellous facility, vivacity and, to use the

word in its eighteenth century sense, wit, too often misemployed, appear in all his works, and who, though, like Pope, he had no real feeling, shows in the epistle of Dido to Aeneas that he could, like the writer of *Eloise* to *Abelard*, get up a fine tempest of literary passion; Tibullus, famed in his day like Shenstone and Tickell, about their fair equivalent, and the offspring of the same fashion of dallying with verse; and most interesting of all, Lucretius, the real didactic poet, who used his poetry as 'honey on the rim' of the cup out of which a generation, distracted with mad ambition and civil war, was to drink the medicinal draught of the Epicurean philosophy, and be at once beguiled of its woes and set free from the dark thralldom of superstition. A translator can only hope that he has not done great wrong to their shades."

We shall now present our readers with a few samples of the translator's skill.

In these verses Martial gives "A Roman Gentleman's Idea of Happiness":

Vitam quæ faciunt beatorem
Jucundissime Martialis, hæc sunt.
Res non parva labore, sed relicta;
Non ingratus ager focus perennis;
Lis nunquam; toga rara; mens quieti;
Vires ingenuæ; salubre corpus;
Prudens simplicitas; pares amici;
Convictus facilis; sine arte mensa;
Nox non ebria, sed soluta curis;
Non tristis torus et tamen pudicus;
Somnus qui faciat breves tenebras;
Quod sis esse velis, nihilque malis;
Summum nec metuas diem, nec optes

These lines, addressed to the poet's kinsman, Julius Martialis, are thus translated:

What makes a happy life, dear friend,
If thou wouldst briefly learn, attend.
An income left, not earned by toil;
Some acres of a kindly soil;
The pot unfailing on the fire;
No lawsuits, seldom town attire;
Health, strength, with grace; a peaceful mind;
Shrewdness with honesty combined;
Plain living, equal friends and free;
Evenings of temperate gaiety;
A wife discreet, yet blythe and bright,
Sound slumber that lends wings to night;
With all thy heart embrace thy lot,
Wish not for death and fear it not.

This version, our readers will agree, is extremely happy. Another example from the same poet is the epigram on the death of Arria and Poetus:

Casto suo gladium cum traderet Arria Poeto,
Quem de visceribus traxerat ipsa suis;
Si qua fides, vulnus quod feci non dolet, inquit;
Sed quod tu facies, hoc mihi, Poete, dolet.

The translation is as follows:

The poniard, with her life-blood dyed,
When Arria to her Poetus gave,
"Twere painless, my beloved," she cried,
"If but my death thy life could save."

In this case the spirit of the original is finely preserved. We shall now select a passage from Seneca, "The Stoic Idea of perfection":

Regem non faciunt opes,
Non vestis Tyria color,
Non frontis nota regis;
Non auro nitida fores;
Rex est qui posuit metus
Et diri mala pectoris,
Quem non ambitio impotens
Et nunquam stabilis favor
Vulgi præcipitis movet;
Non quidquid fudit Occidens
Aut unda Tagus aurea
Claro devehit alveo;
Non quidquid Libycis terit
Fervens arena messibus;
Quem non concutit cadens
Obliqui via fulminis,
Non Eurus raptus mare,
Aut sævo rabiidus freto
Ventosi tumor Adria;

Rex est qui metuit nihil,
Rex est qui cupiet nihil.

The translation runs as follows:

What makes the king? His treasure? No;
Nor yet the circlet on his brow;
Nor yet the purple robe of state;
Nor yet the golden palace gate.
The king is he who knows no fear.
Whose heart no angry passions tear;
Who scorns insane ambition's wreath,
The maddening crowd's incessant breath.
The wealth of Europe's mines, the gold
In the bright tide of Tagus rolled,
And the unmeasured stores of grain
Garnered from Libya's sultry plain.
Who quails not at the levin's stroke,
On raging storms can calmly look,
Though the wild winds on Adria rave
And round him swell the threatening wave.
The king a king self-crowned is he,
Who from desire and fear is free.

One of the finest instances of sympathetic and scholarly interpretation in the volume is the rendering of "The Praise of Epicurus" in the beginning of the 3rd Book of Lucretius (*De Rerum Naturâ*):

Et tenebris tantis tam clarum extollere lumen
Qui primus potuisti, illustrans commoda vitæ,
Te sequor, O Græci gentis decus, inque tuis mune
Fixa pedum pono pressis vestigia signis,
Non ita certandi cupidus quam propter amorem,
Quod te imitari aveau. Quid enim contendat lituendo
Cycnis? Aut quidnam tremulis facere artibus hædi
Consimile in curâ possint, ac fortis equi vis?
Tu pater et rerum inventor; tu patriæ nobis
Suppeditas præcepta, tuque ex, inclute, chartis,
Floriferis ut apex in salubris omnia limat,
Omnia nos itidem depascitur aurea dicta,
Aurea, perpetua semper dignissima vita,
Nam simul ac ratio tua eripit vociferari.
Naturam rerum hand divina mente coortum,
Diffugant animi terrores, membra mundi
Discedunt, totum video per iuvane geri res.

Of the foregoing lines this is the translation:

O, thou that in such darkness such a light
Didst kindle to man's ways a beacon fire!
Glory of Grecian land! To tread aright
Where thou has trod, this is my heart's desire.
To love, not rival, is my utmost flight—
To rival thee what mortal can aspire?
Can swallows match with swans, or the weak feet
Of kids vie in the race with couriers fleet?
Father, discoverer, guide, we owe to thee
The golden precepts that shall ne'er grow old;
As bees sip honey on the flowery lea,
Knowledge we sip of all the world doth hold.
Thy voice is heard: at once the shadows flee,
The portals of the universe unfold,
And ranging through the void thy follower's eye
Sees Nature at her work in earth and sky.

The last specimen of the translator's work that our space will now permit us to lay before our readers is a passage from Lucan's *Pharsalia*, in which he depicts the character of Julius Caesar:

Sed non in Cæsare tantum
Nomen erat, nec fama ductis; sed nescia virtus
Stare loco; solisque pudor non vincere bello.
Acer et indomitus, quo spes, quoque ira vocasset,
Ferre manum, et nunquam temerando parere ferro,
Successus urgere suos, instare favori
Numinis, impellens quicquid sibi summa petenti
Obstaret, gaudensque viam fecisse ruina.
Qualiter expressum ventis per nubila tulmen
Ætheris impulsu sonitu, mundique fragore
Emicuit, rupitque diem, populosque paventes
Terruit, obliqua præstingens lumina flamma,
In sua templa furit, nulla que exire vetante
Materia, magnam que cadens, magnam que revertens
Dat stragem late, sparsosque recolligit ignes.

This passage is thus rendered:

Not thus the talisman of Cæsar's name;
But Cæsar had, in place of empty fame,
The unresting soul, the resolution high
Which shuts out every thought but victory.
Whe'er his goal, no mercy nor dismay
He owned, but drew the sword and cleft his way;
Pressed each advantage that his fortune gave,
Constrained the stars to combat for the brave;
Swept from his path whate'er his rise delayed
And marched triumphant through the wreck he made
So, while the crashing thunder peals on high,
Leaps the white lightning from the storm-rent sky,
Affrights the people with its dazzling flame,
Smites e'en his temple from whose hand it came;
Winged with destruction, flashes to and fro,
O'erthrows to reach, and reaches to o'erthrow.

We have taken these passages, not as the best examples of the translator's work, but as fairly illustrating its range as well as the skill, judgment and taste that he brings to bear on whatever he touches. At some future time we hope to give a few specimens from his interpretations of Horace, Catullus and Ovid, which we had marked for reproduction. The book is printed for private circulation, and a charming little book it is—an honour to Mr. C. Blackett Robinson and to Canada. The Introduction is signed by "G. S." and dated from "The Grange, Toronto."

Reviews of "Selections from the Greek Anthology," edited by Graham R. Tomson, of the "Life of Jane Austen," by Dr. Goldwin Smith, of "Grim Truth," by Miss A. Vail, and of "The Great Hymns of the Church," by the Rev. Duncan Morrison, M.A., are held over for lack of space. This last work contains more than one deserved tribute to the scholarship and learned research of our poet friend and esteemed contributor, Mr. George Murray.

PEG O'NEILL'S WELL AT WADDOW.

Peg O'Neill was a young woman who once upon a time was settled at the Hall. She had upon a certain day a bitter quarrel with her master and mistress, who, upon her departure to the well to obtain the domestic supply of water, wished that before she came back she might fall and break her neck. The wish was realised. The ground was covered with ice, and by some means the girl slipped, and falling broke her neck. In order to annoy those who had wished her this evil, her spirit continually revisited the spot, and with shrieks and hideous noises of all kinds allowed them no rest, especially during the dark days of winter. She became the evil genius of the neighbourhood. In addition to inflicting these perpetual annoyances, she required every seventh year a life to be sacrificed to appease her. The story was, as told by R. Dobson in his "Rambles on the Ribble," that unless peg night, as the time of sacrifice at the end of every seventh year was called, was duly observed by the inhabitants of the place and some living animal duly slain and offered, the life of a human being would certainly be taken before the morning. One winter's night when the winds blew in loud and fearful gusts and beat the rain against windows, a young man had stayed at a neighbouring inn longer than was good for him, but yet he boastfully declared that he must cross the river and be in Clitheroe that night. Efforts to induce him not to brave the storm and the frozen river were vain. To check them, however, the maidservant of the inn reminded him that it was Peg O'Neill's night. He cared not for Peg O'Neill; he laughed at the superstition as to her demands, and giving his horse the rein was soon at the water side. There was then no bridge as now, but only a ford, and the "hippins," over which, long before, Henry VI. had essayed his flight. Next morning horse and rider were found drowned. How the accident happened no one knew—no eye saw "it," but no one doubted that Peg O'Neill had exacted her septennial tribute. From Parkins's "Yorkshire Legends."

THE WAR OF 1812.

(CONTINUED FROM No. 94.)

In the meanwhile, Major-General Sheaffe had hastily collected all the available force he could and marched for the scene of action. On his way he heard of the death of General Brock. Burning to avenge it he hurried onward and arrived at Queenston at about two o'clock in the afternoon. Leaving two field pieces with thirty men in front of Queenston, so as to hinder the enemy from occupying the village, Major-General Sheaffe made a long detour to the right so as to gain the open ground in the rear of the Heights upon which the enemy were posted.

Arriving at the heights the Indians were sent forward to clear a passage for the troops, and so well did they perform their duty that in spite of the enemy's pickets, which had been thrown out in that direction, the little army gained the Heights without losing a man. They found the enemy drawn up in readiness for the attack. The British line, between eight and nine hundred, was at once formed. On the brow of the hill were the Indians, the militia, who had fought so well in the morning, and with them the others who had just arrived with General Sheaffe. In the centre were the remnant of the 49th flank companies and the right of the main body of the 41st Regiment. On the road leading to the Falls was the principal portion of the 41st Grenadiers. And now came the moment of nervous expectancy and eager anticipation. On the one side hearts beat high with eagerness for the coming conflict, while on the other the storm which they had provoked and which is now about to burst upon them causes them, as they glance back on the precipice behind and the resolute foe in front, to grasp their weapons with the resolve to sell their lives as dearly as possible. Between the flank of the 41st and the precipice of Queenston Heights was a space covered with small trees. Under cover of these, the enemy's left attempted to turn the outer flank of the 41st, but so warm and destructive was the fire that met them that they were compelled to retire.

And almost immediately the advance was sounded, and with a mighty shout, mingled with the war whoop of the Indians, the whole line rushed eagerly forward, impatient to revenge their loss and retrieve the glory of the day. Long and well had the enemy retained their position, and bravely had they fought. But the hour of their triumph was at an end, and they were to learn what a few resolute regulars and the Canadian militia could accomplish—a militia who fought for love of country and home, and who were ever foremost in the field of battle; a militia who, though composed of two different races were united in one common bond of love for their country, and who so nobly proved their patriotism to the enemy as to settle for once and for ever the hopelessness of their having any desire of abandoning the Union Jack for the Stars and Stripes. So fierce was the charge that the enemy broke and fled in wild disorder, but escape was impossible; in front was the precipice with the swiftly flowing waters of the Niagara below, while behind, swiftly bearing down on them came the soldiers and Indians. Closer and closer are they driven to the edge of the precipice, louder and fiercer sound the yells of the Indians as they strike down those nearest to them; the hoarse cry of command and the shrieks of the dying mingle in horrible confusion. To go back was impossible, and so in their frantic efforts to escape many threw themselves over the precipice into the surging water below, while others endeavoured to escape by the path they had ascended, grasping at shrub and rock to assist them in their descent, only to have their hands loosened by the Indians and to fall in mangled groups on the rocks below. In the midst of this dreadful scene an officer was seen to approach bearing a white flag with an offer of unconditional surrender. This at once put an end to the conflict. The prisoners numbered about one thousand officers and men. The force at Queenston, on the landing of the enemy in the morning, were two companies of the 49th Regiment and a small detachment of militia—in all about three hundred rank and file. The reinforcement brought

by Major-General Sheaffe made the whole force at the close of the day under one thousand, and of this number about eighty were killed and wounded. The enemy's loss is thought to have been about four hundred more.

And thus did the second attempt to take Canada fail, as the first had failed. The news of the victory was received throughout Canada with heartfelt gratitude, but accompanying it was a dull throb of pain at the sad loss of General Brock, a loss which they felt it would be impossible to replace. Not only had he endeared himself to the soldiers, but also to the Indians, who looked upon him as a warrior worthy of their own great chiefs, and who had flocked to his banner with the greatest enthusiasm. On the 16th October Brock was laid to rest, but not alone—his brave aide-de-camp, Colonel McDonnell, slept in the same grave. And as the minute guns boomed forth they were answered by those of the American Fort Niagara, whose flag was hoisted at half-mast, showing the great esteem and respect in which he was held, even by the enemy.

Major-General Sheaffe now assumed both the civil and military command in Upper Canada. An armistice of three days was asked by General Van Renselaer in order to take care of his wounded and bury his dead. The armistice was granted on condition that he would destroy all his boats. So disgusted was General Van Renselaer with the conduct of the militia that he shortly after resigned his command. Brigadier-General Smyth was appointed in his place. On taking command of the Niagara frontier, he applied for an armistice of thirty days, to which General Sheaffe consented. Why he did so it is difficult to know, except that "temporizing" was the Government "order of the day." This armistice, like the former one between Sir George Prevost and General Dearborn, proved of the greatest use to the enemy, for General Smyth immediately set about preparing more boats for another attack on the Upper Province, and also issued some wonderful proclamations to his army of six thousand men. The following are some of the speeches with which he regaled them:

"Companions in arms! The time is at hand when you will cross the stream of Niagara to conquer Canada.

"You will enter a country that is to be one of the United States. You will arrive among a people who are to become your fellow-citizens. It is not against *them* that we come to make war; it is against that government which holds them as vassals.

"Soldiers! You are amply provided for war. The regular soldiers of the enemy are generally old men, whose best years have been spent in the sickly climate of the West Indies. They will not be able to stand before you—you, who charge with the bayonet!"

While General Smyth was thus employed at Niagara, General Dearborn had assembled ten thousand men on the New York frontier of Lower Canada and threatened Montreal from Plattsburg. And General Harrison, near the River Raisin, shadowed Detroit with another large army.

On the 17th November word was received at St. Phillip that General Dearborn was advancing upon Odellstown. Major de Salaberry, who commanded the Canadian Voltigeurs, and who had charge of the advanced posts on the lines, immediately strengthened his position at Lacolle. But it was not until the 20th that the enemy made the attack on the picket at Lacolle. Fording the river between three and four o'clock in the morning in two places, they mistook each other in the dark and fired upon their own people, killing several, after which they returned to Champlain Town, two or three miles from the line. This move of the enemy gave reason to expect more, and so an order was issued that the whole militia of the Province should be ready for active service. This order was received with the greatest enthusiasm by the militia, who longed for active service, and as they heard of the deeds done by their compatriots in the Upper Province they burned with a desire to show that when the time came they would be found as loyal to home and country. And now the time had come for them to play their part. Heretofore the scene of action had been confined to the West;

it was now to have a place in the East as well, and nobly did the men rally round the standard of their country. While events were thus taking place on land, two or three engagements took place on the lakes. As was said before, the enemy had greatly strengthened their force during the first armistice, so that now they had the superiority both in number and equipment. On the 9th November the enemy's fleet of seven chased the Royal George into Kingston channel and cannonaded her for some time, but being received by a heavy fire from the batteries they beat up to Four Mile Point. Next morning they went out of the channel and fell in with the schooner Simcoe, commanded by James Richardson, on its way from Niagara to Kingston. The following account is given of the affair:

The enemy's force, armed with long, heavy guns, intercepted her completely. Richardson, not relishing the idea of capture, attempted at first to run her ashore on Amherst Island, but the wind baffled this design. In the meantime one of the enemy's schooners got under his lee and opened fire; but, attempting to tack, "missed stays." Richardson's nautical blood was up in a moment. He cheered his men. "Look, lads, at these lubbers! Stand by me, and we will run past the whole of them and get safe into port." The answer was a ready cheer. The helm was "put up," and, spreading all sail, with a stiff breeze blowing the daring Simcoe bore down direct on the harbour, passing a little to the northward of the enemy, who, ship by ship, delivered their fire of round and grape, and vainly endeavoured to cross her bows. She shot by them all, with riddled sides and sails, but not a man hurt. Before reaching port she was struck under water with a 32-pound shot, filled and sank, but was easily raised afterwards and repaired. As she sank the crew fired their only piece of ordnance, a solitary musket, with a cheer of defiance, which was taken up and echoed by the citizens, troops and militia who thronged the shore.

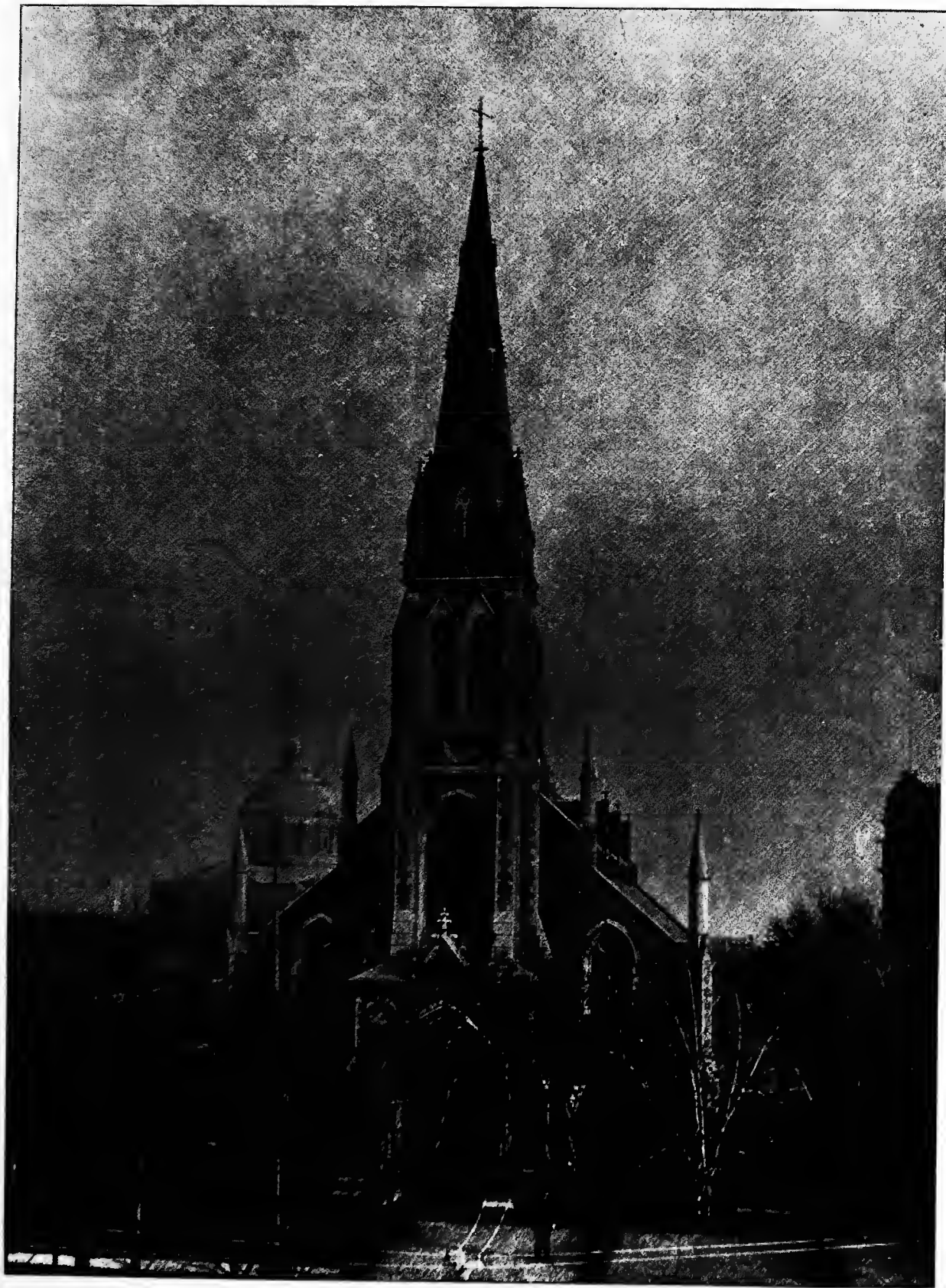
THE NORSK FEST-DAG.

The unique and beautiful entertainment entitled "The Norsk Fest-Dag" was given twice last month in Boston, under Miss Alwina J. Noa and Miss Theodore H. Neilson, under the auspices of the Law and Order League. It is a series of dramatic tableaux illustrating the mythology, history, poetry and home-life of Norway. One gorgeous picture after another was presented to view, showing first Valhalla, then the funeral of Baldur, with the gods and goddesses moving slowly about the bier in solemn procession, the effect of their rich and strange dresses enhanced by the changing calcium lights; then four scenes from Frithiof's Saga, with gleaming rows of shields, martial music, a pathetic Frithiof, and a graceful Ingeborg singing her farewell in tones of piercing sweetness, the scenes from the Saga ending with a dance of white-clad avar-maidens in the temple, the reconciliation between king and hero under the persuasions of the venerable priest, and the marriage of the long-parted lovers before the flaming altar, with the shining statue of Baldur standing out in the background against a starry sky.

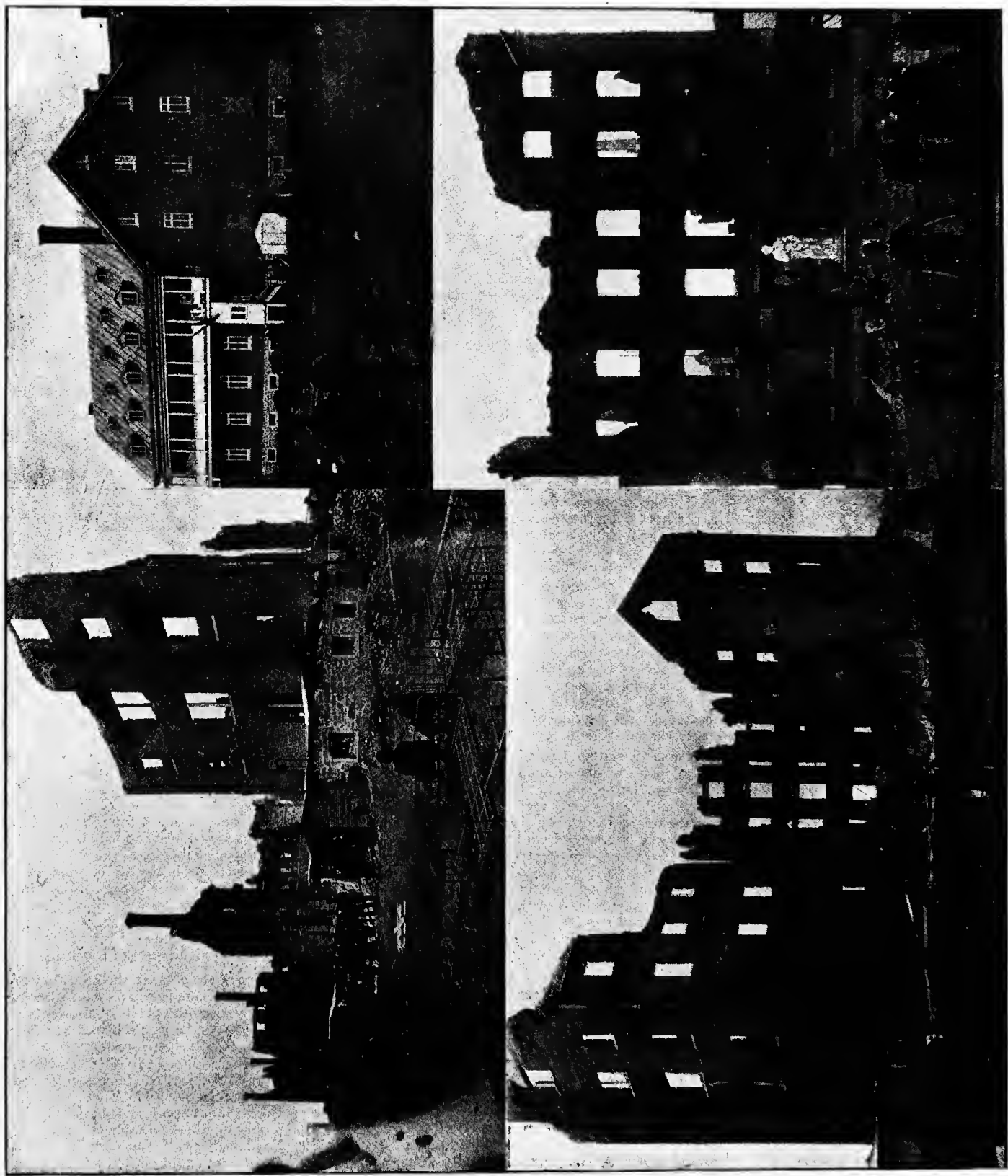
A particularly effective scene, and one which would have delighted George MacDonald, was the dance of Vampyria (vampire trolls). They were personated by young girls clad in various soft colours, flitting about their queen in a dark cavern; and it seemed almost incredible that anything so pretty could be so suggestive of bats. "Light," personified as a maiden carrying a taper, enters the cave; the Vampyria circle about her with flapping wings, and try in vain to extinguish the tiny flame of her candle. A black Shadow, cast by the light, glides along behind their queen, calling up uncanny reminiscences of Shorthouse's "Countess Eve." After a prolonged contest, the light penetrates all the labyrinths of the cave, the Shadow steals away, the Queen is led to a cross (a cross hung with snow and icicles) and all the Vampyria bow before it typifying the triumph of Christianity over the old Norwegian superstitions.

Other scenes represented "The Saeter Girl's Sunday," "The Wood Gatherers and the Elves," and "The Brollop," or bringing home the bride, showing a Norwegian wedding festival in which the famous spring dances of Norway were performed with great spirit and grace, the brilliant costumes adding much to the effect.

There was also a beautiful and interesting series of stereopticon views of Norse scenery. Rev. E. A. Horton explained the scenes; and on the first afternoon Prof. Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen gave several original readings. There was harp-playing by Ole Olsen, which was evidently much appreciated by the audience; and beautiful singing by Miss Lunde and others. Every one praised the rare beauty of the entertainment; and it was a matter of great regret that, owing to insufficient advertising, the competition of the German opera and other causes, it was not as successful financially as it deserved.—*Woman's Journal*.



ERSKINE CHURCH, ST. CATHERINE STREET, MONTREAL.
(Parks, photo.)



1, 3, 4 VIEWS OF THE RUINS. 2, THE LAUNDRY WHICH WAS SAVED AND SERVED AS A REFUGE FOR MANY OF THE PATIENTS.



Corks may be made air and water-tight by keeping them for five minutes under melted paraffine. They must be kept down with a wire screen.

Three simple meals a day and daily labour, warm clothing, sufficient food, sun and air are the main conditions upon which health can be enjoyed.

To clean a very dirty chamois skin take a bucket of clean water, making it middling strong with ammonia; allow the skin to soak over night; the next morning rinse it out in pure water, then wash with plenty of pure white soap and water.

The most desperate case of toothache can be cured (unless connected with rheumatism) by the application of the following remedy to the diseased tooth:—Two drachms of alum reduced to an impalpable powder, seven drachms of nitrous spirit of ether; mix and apply to the tooth.

It is a very common thing for young housekeepers to scorch their linen when learning to iron. Do not be discouraged. Wax your irons thoroughly and keep them in a dry place. This will prevent their sticking. If you find a scorched place expose it to the hottest rays of the sun. It will be obliterated in a short time.

PERFECT SPONGE CAKE.—Six eggs, one pint of flour, one pint of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of water. Beat sugar and yolks well together. Beat the whites separately. Then put the whites into the sugar and yolks and beat thoroughly. Finally stir in the flour, only enough to mix well. Bake quickly in a hot oven, in loaf or sheets.

OYSTER SALAD.—Two small cans Cove oysters, do not use the juice. Chop fine, five hard-boiled eggs. The whites are to be chopped and mixed with the oysters, the yolks are mixed with butter the size of an egg, and beaten to a cream; salt, pepper and celery to suit the taste, the celery must be cut in small pieces; mix all well together with vinegar to make a little thin.

PINEAPPLE.—Instead of slicing some hours before serving, and sprinkling it with sugar, pare it, then dig out the eyes, and with a strong silver fork claw out the fruit in small bits, beginning at the stem end, and leaving only the fibrous core. This is the way in which the pineapple is served in New Orleans, and when it can be had direct from the plant there is no other fruit so delicious.

CHOCOLATE.—Heat one quart of milk very hot and have mixed four tablespoonfuls of grated chocolate, when it comes to the boiling point add the chocolate and sugar to make it pleasant to the taste, let it boil just one minute, stirring carefully; it is now ready to serve at any time; keep it hot and a tablespoonful of whipped cream in each cup makes it delicious and also looks pretty.

REMEDY FOR BURNS.—The celebrated German remedy for burns, consists of fifteen ounces of the best white glue, broken into small pieces, in two pints of water, and allowed to become soft; then dissolve it by means of a water bath and add two ounces of glycerine and six drachms of carbolic acid; continue the heat until thoroughly dissolved. On cooling this hardens to an elastic mass covered with a shining, parchment-like skin, and may be kept for any length of time. When required for use it is placed for a few minutes in a water bath until sufficiently liquid and applied by means of a broad brush. It forms in about two minutes a shining, smooth, flexible and nearly transparent skin.

WOMAN'S DOMAIN.

How many of our readers have a veritable workshop in their homes? "Workshop!" says some one in a surprised tone. Yes, workshop. Here is a description of one. A large sunny chamber, the floor painted, no carpet to catch the litter, with two or three light pretty rugs; there is a large "drop" table, hinged against the wall, which may be let down when not in use and the space is wanted for quilting frames, and there is a low, folding table, which every woman who has a family to cut and sew for ought to have a copy of; the chairs are of that comfortable, basket-seat variety known as 'piazza chairs,' stained cherry, varnished, and cushioned generously; there is a sewing machine, a scrap-basket or two, two or three hassocks, a monster 'hangle,' long and narrow, from which hang scissors of different sizes, cushions for pins and needles, etc., and a pretty rack for newspapers, as it is a pleasure and help in the midst of some particularly vexing piece of work to pick up a good magazine or paper and read, if not more than a minute, something that somebody else has done or said. If you can possibly have such a room do so by all means. Think what a comfort it would be to have everything ready, and if you are right in the midst of a piece of work when tea-time comes, why all you have to do is to turn the key in the workshop door and leave everything as it is until you are ready to commence. It saves a great deal of work, too, aside from the ways already mentioned; all the clip-pings, etc., are kept in one room, and the rest of the house is free from it and as neat as a new pin.

At informal receptions where the house is small and where but one servant is kept, two or three young lady friends to assist may be invited. The hall, library and

drawing-room may be beautifully decorated with flowers, or if a quantity cannot be obtained a large bowl of tulips in one room, a hyacinth in the pot, a few roses or carnations, loosely arranged in vases and placed where they will show to good advantage, will be sufficient. For refreshments—salad, either celery and cabbage, oyster, shrimp, chicken or lobster will answer; olives, sandwiches, coffee. On another afternoon chocolate and wafers, small cakes like lady fingers and macaroons may be served. The chocolate should be very hot and in a handsome pitcher. From three to five or four to six is found the most convenient hour. These suggestions are far the most informal affairs.

A "white dinner" given by one of the leaders of New York society, had Puritan roses for the leading decorations while at the corners of the table were little split yellow egg baskets carelessly filled with convallarias. The effect of all this green and white bloom, with the exquisite white porcelain and satin-finished silver, was chaste and beautiful. The above-mentioned willow baskets are also very pretty when filled with narcissuses, daisies or any spring flower. Partridge berries and vines, ferns and wild flowers could be utilized in them by out-of-town hostesses in a charming manner. A dainty device adaptable to ladies' luncheon parties is to put at the plate of each guest her favourite flower.

The newest whim of aristocratic English women who go in for gymnastics and athletics is for cut glass dumb bells. A prominent society lady just returned from Europe brought a beautiful pair of one-pound bells with her other baggage. These newest toys are made in sizes from four ounces to two pounds. Some are polished French glass clear and pure as Japanese crystals.

The Empress Eugenie has taken to writing poetry. It is said that her work exhibits remarkable talent. She is also editing letters of her late husband and son for publication. The sale of the book will be devoted to the fund for the relief of the widows of the soldiers who fell in the war of 1870.

There is likely to be a plague of butterflies. They are hovering about every new hat and bonnet. There are great, gaudy, golden butterflies, lace butterflies and natural looking butterflies with pretty plumage. The lace butterflies are the newest; they will be the rage presently.

Miss Merrick, the Kensington artiste, has received a commission from Mr. Henry M. Stanley to paint his portrait, which is to be presented to the Royal Geographical Society after the next Salon, where it will be exhibited. Miss Merrick, it will be remembered, went to Egypt to paint the Khedive, and while there met Perdi, who gave her a sitting while putting the finishing notes in the score of his famous "Aida." She is said to be the best paid portrait painter among the English women, and can get her own price for her pictures. In arranging for an engagement she emphatically refuses to put a price upon her work, insisting that she can only estimate its value when complete. If the subject demurs when the bill is presented she quietly orders the canvas out of the way, and is persistently not at home to the original. Although she has many orders for young and beautiful faces she prefers to paint aged, careworn and strikingly characteristic men and women.

What many a mother has vainly longed for—a 'nursery' edition of 'Alice's Adventures in Wonderland'—Mr. Lewis Carroll has at last given us. In the preface, addressed to 'any mother,' he modestly remarks that he has reason to believe the original work 'has been read by some hundreds of English children, aged from five to fifteen; also by children, aged from fifteen to twenty-five; yet again by children, aged from twenty-five to thirty-five; and even by children—for there are such children, in whom no waning of health and strength, no weariness of the solemn mockery, and the gaudy glitter, and the hopeless misery of Life has availed to parch the pure fountain of joy that wells up in all child-like hearts. His ambition now is to be read by children from nought to five.

TALKING BY THE SEA.

PART I.

We walked down to the murmurous sea one night—
I, and a brother, much-belov'd. 'Twas in
The earliest blush of the autumnal moon,
Now ris'n to light our footsteps on. Full oft,
Aforetime, had we paced that pebbled beach
'Neath the same full-orb'd moon; and listening there
To the strange ceaseless music of the waves,
Were wont to give a sympathetic play
To our full souls; discoursing, now and then,
Of Life—this brief and fitful interlude
In the Eternal Being; of passionate love,
Inexorable hate, that minister
Their motion to the progress of the world,
Striking with powerful hands the wondrous soul
Into deep harmonies and discords wild
That jar the universe

And building oft
Fair castles of young hope—pictures that gleamed
About the calm horizon of our life,
In gorgeous setting—so we drank deep draughts
Of life's exhilarating cup, and oped
Our hearts to the full tide of Nature's song
And Poesy's.

There was a cave near by
The water's edge, whose slides and low-hung roof

Of yielding slatestone, bore the frequent marks
Of boyish impress;—snatches of old songs,
And words of half remembered melodies,
And favourite aphorisms of authors coned
In the hush'd early morning tide that sleeps
In the dim background of all noble lives,
And brooded o'er by holiest memories.
We took our seats upon an ancient stone,
And looked once more upon the moonlit waves.

At length I broke the silence:

"You recall

The last time we were here—ten years ago—
One cool September eve. The harvest moon,
In her full glory, swept the gloomy sides
Of this old cave with amber streams of light,
And on the molten mirror of the sea
Left lines of tremulous splendour.

"And we saw

Move on across this bright'ning track the ships,
White-winged, and disappear like ghosts beyond.
I saw your soul transfigured in your face,
Deep-luminous, and like the sparkling sea
Reflecting stars. Then I repeated low
The Laureate's sweet fragment—"Break, break, break!"
And so you took your pencil and composed
One of your own. Could you recite it now,
As then you wrote it?"

Thinking a brief space,

He gave the lines like one who meets again
A long lost child and welcomes it with joy.

Waves opaline of life's unslumbering sea,
In grand perpetual roll!—
Murmuringly moan your many voices—
The music of the soul!

A deep, sad undertone of human hearts
With fitful strains of fears,
And wildly clashing discords—voices sweeping
Forth out of our past years.

But there are islands shrined in holy peace,
And breathing sweetest balm;
And rocky caverns, echoing, or hushed silent
In an eternal calm.

The winds above the sea that rave and roar,
Seek not the depths below;
Those isles no tidal wave of passion vexes,
With sobbing ebb and flow.

Waves opaline of life's unslumbering sea,
In grand perpetual roll!—
Softly fall, to-night, your sweet-toned voices—
The music of my soul!

"Driftwood," he said; "once more hath Memory's waves
Stranded thee on the island of my thought!
Brother, we all are poets in our youth,
Of high or low degree; but I have lived
So much in deed and deep experience
Since then, that all my spheres of high ideal
That once rang music in their daily march,
Are faded into globes of common clay.
My Memnon statue now no more gives sound,
Struck by the first rays of the risen sun;
And I have heard so loud the thunderous earth
Shake, stricken in her orbit, that my ears
Are deafen'd to the music of the stars,
That I once heard in dreams."

"In dreams!" I said;

"Were they but dreams? If so I call Life blank,
A dream, continued from the tearless smile
Which hovers o'er the baby's rosy lips,
And typifies its joy, to the stony gleam
That sparkles in the eye of frosty age.
Life, then, is but a dream, if such are dreams;
And moves out from its clime Elysian,
Taking a real and sober aspect on
Until the sleeping soul is torn away
By horrid nightmares of a worn-out age.

"If men are poets in their youth, and years
Lead up a songless era,—curs'd be age!—
That wrongs the petals of the blushing rose,
And mocks the gentle lily of the valley.
Hath, then, Experience no myrtle wreath?
And hath it nought to offer for the soul
Of light and joy, and inexpressible beauty,
That it robs men of? Then, indeed, is life
Ungodlike, unprogressive;—every year
Yawns an abyss between the soul and heaven.
Nay! rather call your once sky-colour'd thought
The chaste exordium of life's meaning speech,
The faultless prelude of life's deeper song."

He smiled to see me kindle into flame,
And then went on.

"Much, brother, have I suffered
Since last we met; much learned—much lost, alas!
And much endured. Experience, you will find,
Is a most costly teacher; for she takes
Her pay in sweats of toil and drops of blood,
Wrung out from crushed, pain-palpitating hearts.
She robs the past of its strange hallowed light;
And, where exalted beings peopled it,
Are stocks and stones, unworthy of the awe
And reverence of our souls.

"Yet think not thou

That I count *all* the Past illusory;
Still do I turn, with mingled joy and grief,
To my past years, that stand against the sky
Of the dull present, like a pillar'd cloud,
All glorious; nor count I wholly vain

The dreams which lull'd me, and the visions proud
Which flash'd across the future. Argosies
Of wealth, which sailed from those dim ports of youth,
Have never reached the shore; and I am poor,
With nothing left me but the thought of past
Enchantment, and the bare, bald aspect of
Things as they are; for life is a continuous
Process of disenchantment; what to-day
Is our ideal glory, fades to-morrow."

Said I: "I see the rock you've stranded on.
The passionate poem of your life has changed
To the slow-paced prose; in this you meet
A kindred fate with man. The morning light
Shows myriad glories shrined in the clear dew-drop,
Outrivaling Golconda; but the sun
In the full strength of his meridian blaze,
Dispels them. So with youth, and sterner manhood—
We cannot always live in fairyland;
Life merges from the incense-cloud of peace
To th' murky rack of war. He who expects
Peace ever, fails; but yet should not inveigh
Against the happiness he had because
It changes.

"You have dreamed of things to come,
With the soft zephyr playing on your cheek;
And in your ears the melody of birds,
And trees, and streams. Then, when the dream was past,
And you had risen aglow for the day's toil,
And heard no bird-song,—feeling torrid suns
Burn you, nor winds to kiss the colour back
To your wan cheeks,—you straightway cursed the dream.
The dream was true, and blessed; pity those
Who have them not;—the fault is yours alone.

"I used to watch the ships go out to sea;
Alive, they seem'd to cleave the sparkling foam,
And bravely bound across the tuneful wave,
Freighted with joy, I thought, and golden hope;
But yet, each ship was full of weary hearts,—
Eyes dimmed with parting tears,—with many weeks
Of dull monotony in view, unbroke
Save by the rush of tempests, and the tread
Of frightened sailors, hurrying to and fro.
From the rare light that floods the halls of youth
Life is projected forth in rainbow hues,
Which straightway lose their lustre, when the sun
Dissolves the pearly dew, and turn to white.
Proudly you gazed into the world afar
From your cloud-tower, and saw yourself a man
Of men; and, knowing nought of actual life,
You won great triumphs there, wearing the crown
Of your dominion in anticipation.
But you have found the lofty mount of fame
Steep to ascend, and sore to untried feet.
Your dream has flown, and you a weary man,
With feelings tending to misanthropy;
Who build their palaces in clouds must look
To see them pass; why murmur you at that.

PART II.

The crimson flushing all his face, he said:
"Probe deep, and spare not; I have been a fool:
In early life I rhymed, and sang, and dreamed;
Haunted the woods at morn, at eve, at night,
And listen'd to the tremulous, whispering leaves;
The rill, that rippled, and the daffodil,
Had mystic language for my secret soul.
I've walked this sea-beach often, when the world
Was half asleep, with feelings that throng'd through
My soul, expressionless; then every wave,
In its low, sullen wash, or distant roar,
Was answered by the passionate thought within.
And when I went into the world of men,
With all my strange ideals, I was as child
Strayed from its home, and just as powerless;
I failed, in part,—my bubbles soon were burst;
I learned my lesson hard, but learned it well.
This age wants *workers* more than it wants *poets*;
And I would sooner, with a pick and spade,
Dig nourishment from th' granite-hearted soil,
Than be a poet by profession only.

"A good prize-fighter now can make his way
To th' Senate with the price of the brute's blood;
Preference goes by favour, or by chance,
Sometimes, adroit, secret manipulation.
Great Jeffreys rules a king, while Otway starves;
Homer must beg, and Camoens die in want;—
Sure, the grim record flatters not mankind.
Already we have poetry enough,
And the fount runs dry. Parnassus is a hill
For flocks to graze on; and Castalia
A spring for watering cattle. Who hears now
The mighty march of Milton's wondrous song?
Henceforth, let love-lorn swains monopolize
The realms of rhyme, or silly girls at school,
Who spend their souls in sentimental sighs
Over the latest novel.

"The stage buffoon
Grows rich and famed; but Johnson's clothed in rags,—
Flouted by lackeys of the titled rich.
Well, if I've failed, I partly blame the Age!
Why, in this Age of ours—this boasted Age—
This golden year, led up by golden deeds;
This offspring of the universal soul
Of man,—after the throes of toiling centuries,
That tremble still from their great agony;—

*Here!—in this land, carved out, as from rude rock,
By indefatigable powers of mind
And soul—these powers supreme, for recompense,
Must trudge laboriously under heavy yoke,
Like beasts of burden on a dusty road.
Who holds the mart, but Mammon? who bestows
The laurel now, but Folly, gaily drest,
Who must be tickled, even as of old?*

"Philosophers are sick to their hearts' core,
As in past time, for want of bread and butter;
The few, we call the fortunate; the many,
With the chill sinking in their hearts, despair.
Epictetus yet lives on prison fare,
While Commodus doth don the robe.
How hard, O brave Jean Paul, with you to say,
I will not hate, but love you, O, my brothers!
Henceforth I mock you not, but give you cheer!
How hard, divine complacency, and kindness,
At times, when we behold this world's strange way!
Go to! Canst thou hit heavy from the shoulder?—
Canst thou stand out with bold effrontery
Against mankind? Canst thou browbeat a judge
And jury, or tell a doubtful story to a crowd,
With swaggering bravado? Canst thou bellow
Noisy invective, or hoodwink the rabble?

Come, then,—we'll send you to the House of Commons!
There an elastic soul and plethoric purse
May carry you so high in men's esteem
They'll wink and blink, while looking on your glory,
Like owls that eye the sun.

"Or if you carve
A goose with deftest art and courtly grace,
You may purvey in a king's larder, whence
You shall command far more of earthly goods
Than Milton's brain could furnish you to-day.
And must a man spend forty years, or more,
In gloom of mines, with toilsome digging up,
'Mid tears, oft shed, a nation's truest wealth;
Or, grimy with the soot and dust therein,
Far underground, swing heavy sledges at
The forge of thought—for what!—for what, ye gods?
Rich is he in his scanty recompense;—
*One hundred pounds a year, perchance, half paid
In butter, cheese and eggs!*

"Not Burns, alone,
Guaged ale-house casks for bread, when his high muse
Should have been striking flakes of living fire
From rich mosaics of ideal worlds.
We could do better now;—a consulship
Would shelve the poet in him as completely.

"The world is being cultured, very true;
'Tis fashionable now to have B.A.
Tack'd to your sleeve; though sometimes it means—ba!
The great Democracy of culture now—
With shadowy racks of mathematic lore,
And trite quotations out of Tacitus,
Or Horace, drifting o'er their mental sky,—
Inquire of every man: 'Ah, is he *learned*? . . .
He'll never suit our educated taste.'

"Now, the fond father, with the meagre purse,
Or with the full one,—matters little which,—
Sends his son up to the academy,
Howe'er the virile metal may be lacking,
To get him made a man. Five years are spent,
And forth in shape he comes—no matter how,—
With bray of academic trump triumphal brought
Brow-bound with wreathed laurels blossoming.
The plow he well had graced, or lusty anvil;
But in the learned world he passes current,
With these our symbols, for the stamp is put.
Now black your boots with Plato's ballowed brush,
And part your hair i' the middle; get yourself
Perfumed from head to toe with subtle breath
Of that aroma which floats round a college;
Th' effect is magical;—yawn through the lectures,
Then proudly step you forth a cultured man.
That is the way they do it: Truth beholds,
Amazed, recoiled, indignant. Nature strain'd
And broken to unlawful ways; the mind
Dammed out of proper channels by the force
Of social lies, all aping verily.
Say, of the scores of men who crowd our schools,
How many toil from the pure love of truth?
Rather, how few!—The frequent smattering man,
The wide-read miss, who glibly talks of books,
Conned well on th' title page;—of Milton talks—
Sublime,—who reads a fragmentary sketch
In school books,—these are fitting types of half
The educated world. These are the men
Who sit in judgment on the struggling mind!
My blood boils when I think on't.

"The world at last
Has put on stays; and every year's a twist
'Til draw them tighter, till the strangled soul
Cries out,—'For heaven's sake, give me air—pure air,
And a touch of banished nature!' Let us go."

"No doubt but that the world is bad enough,"
Rous'd by his argument, I held my way;
"But when was it e'er better—nay, more,
When was it e'er so good, by many a stage?
If Vice rears high her shameless front to-day,
And hydra-headed Error stalks abroad,
The dual monster had emerged from
The centuries past; the only difference being

The modern dress put on to suit the time.
But I believe the hellish Cerberus
Hath bark'd so loud and long he waxeth hoarse
And worn. Life slowly cometh to perfection,
Yet gains. I know old earth hath rottenness
I' th' bones, and every individual man
A share; the good and bad are mixed, and must,
For aught I know, be mixed until the end.

"But you will find the stage philosopher
Most eloquent upon your present ills,
When he shall look back on the toilsome road
Trod by humanity to this ripe Present;
Will find in all the strangely mark'd expanse
No resting-place so sweet, no stream so cool
As on the greensward of this Nineteenth Age,
And by its founts of knowledge.

"The Age of Sham
And Cant; of Vice, o'er-gloss'd, bedizen'd and
Refined! As if the long, unrighteous list
Were newly made, and not ancestral dower,—
The heirloom of the ever-travelling years.
Let us be thankful if some gains be made;
That yet survive the noble, the sincere,
The pure, the true,—if we will look to them.
Ev'n now we boast of superstition dead,
Or gasping in death's agony; aloud
We boast of freedom for the human mind
To carve out from the unhewn rock of life
Whatever destiny it may or can.
Still may the soul be strong and gain her crown,
Without annihilation of her foes,
Instantly; for is not this life's sure warfare
Mind's ever-daring, immemorial task?
It fights alone 'gainst ills inevitable,
In the soul's essence,—envy, arrogance,
Sloth, avarice and all th' offensive train,
Vices of little minds, in high or low
Degree;—strong floods of hostile circumstance,
That bear away and sweep to the abyss.
Such foes man hath; nor need he hope to find
The field e'er uncontested. Strive! Not less
Shall virtue thrive, and manhood shall be more!

Thus hope, and triumph. For other foes, strong Earth
At last has shaken off the petty kings
Of brass and clay, that once with whip and spur
Rode her to ruin,—and still she flings them from her.
Outraged, she trembles; tremble, Doge and Czar!
Has she not had the cruel ordeal,
Of sceptred tyrants; pageants, proud with blood,
And hot with flames,—that, like Campanian cities,
Sunk 'neath a sulphurous sea, are now exhumed,
As melancholy remnants of the past,
To teach us Wisdom and true Liberty?
Man, being man, must dwell in imperfection,
Save Love be regnant and of ab solute sway,
Nor this redeems from error wholly here;
The evil lurks i' the blood, and will have vent
Howe'er it can; it taints the fairest forms
With some faint finger touch.

"But would you have
Our colleges hewn down—their proud heads bow'd,
And their foundations levelled in the dust,
Because the mode of education yet
Lacks roundness; or, because, perchance, there may
Be dolts at school? And would you now recall
Th' Augustan Age, when Virgil sang of arms
And Roman glory, kneeling all the while
In servile baseness at great Caesar's throne?
Or suits you better England's Golden Age
Of Genius, knocking at the door of power,
And hanging on the smile of patronage,
And courting wealth in perfumed palaces?
Content you, then, with your prosperity;
For ne'er did will of man or God advance
The complaining spirit, eloquent of blame.
Peculiar vices show peculiar virtues;
For where sun did abound, there sovereign grace
Much more. Up, ever, through invisible cycles,
Earth wheels progressively,—seeming oft returning
Upon its track, in vain; and, men may moan
Or eulogize, 'tis upward—upward still!
Hark! *Forward!* is the cry;—the word is writ
First in Time's book; and never resting Time
Moves constant to fulfil his royal doom.

BURTON WELLESLEY LUCKHART.

DRIED JAPANESE PERSIMMON.

Very few people, says the San Francisco *Chronicle*, are aware of the fact that the Japanese persimmon, when dried, is one of the most delicious fruits imaginable. Those who are acquainted with this fruit know that it must be fully ripe when picked, otherwise the flavour will not be what it should. But the perfectly ripe persimmon is difficult of handling without damage, and therefore considerable loss is apt to result. Experiments made, however, show that the Japanese persimmon may be dried as readily as a fig, which indeed, it resembles in appearance after being cured. The dried persimmon has a very meaty, pleasant taste, and will, undoubtedly, as soon as its excellence becomes known, take a prominent place among table delicacies. The persimmon ought also to make a very acceptable *glace* fruit, and a good profit awaits the man who shall take advantage of these hints and prepare this product for market in pleasing shape.

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FUNERAL OF A CHINAMAN.

At the funeral of a Chinaman in Philadelphia some queer ceremonies were observed. The deceased was clothed in garments of the lightest texture, so that he might not suffer from the heat in his new abode. He wore a straw hat, and in one hand he held a fan. The corpse of a Chinaman is always provided with money to pay its expenses to the unknown country. One of the mourners dropped between Hong's teeth a 25-cent piece, and about a score of the others came forward with their quarter con-

tributions. The undertaker could not get all of them in the dead Chinaman's mouth, and half of the silver pieces were placed in his pocket. The ceremonies finished, the coffin was closed, and over the top of it were placed strips of red, white and black bunting, the colours of the Sing Ye Hong Society (Chinese freemasons), of which the dead man had been a member.

CURING A NERVOUS HORSE.

A Brooklyn horse lately suffered an injury to one of his feet, and for some time travelled on three legs. Finally the wound healed, but the animal refused to put the foot to the ground. A veterinary surgeon was called in, who made an examination and then pronounced it simply a case of nervousness. "Strap up the other hind foot and you'll see," he said. This was done, and the injured foot was thus forced into use. It did not take a block's travel to show the horse that his nervous fears were groundless, and when the strap was removed he trotted off squarely on four feet.—*Rochester Herald.*

A NEW FEMALE SEMINARY.

There will be opened at Tahlequa, I.T., on August 26, a new female seminary, of which the Cherokee inhabitants are very proud. There have already been received 124 applications for admission from Cherokee maidens, and but thirteen out of its 106 rooms remain to be filled. The building is of brick, three stories in height, of handsome architectural appearance, and cost \$78,000. It stands in the centre of a beautiful park, eight acres in

extent. It is handsomely fitted up and furnished, and is heated by steam. The pupils having rooms are charged \$5 a month, while there is a large dormitory for those unable to pay this sum, and they are educated and boarded free of expense. Of the revenues of the nation 35 per cent. is devoted to school purposes, and out of this money the seminary was built and will be supported.

HUMOUROUS.

THE CAUSE OF HIS PRIDE.—First Trout: Well, you needn't be so important, if you did get away from that hook. Second Trout: 'Tisn't that. I heard the angler tell his friend that I was the finest trout he ever saw, and weighed at least seven pounds.

A MFAN HUSBAND.—Husband (greatly excited): Get my hat, dearest. A dog catcher has stolen the poodle and says he is going to kill it. Wife: The hateful man! Are you going to see if you can take it from him, darling? Husband: No, I am going to see that he keeps his word.

BARONESS (to man-servant who has just come in): Johann, do not whistle in that abominable manner—and such vulgar tunes besides! Johann: But surely your ladyship does not expect one of Liszt's rhapsodies when I'm blacking the boots—that'll come on later when I'm cleaning the silver!

HIS TONGUE WAS FAST.—Doctor to Gilbert (aged four years): Put your tongue out, dear. Sick little Gilbert feebly protruded the tip of his tongue. Doctor: No, no, put it right out. The little fellow shook his head weakly and the tears gathered in his eyes. "I can't doctor; it's fastened on to me."

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

SUBURBAN SERVICE

BETWEEN

MONTREAL

AND

VAUDREUIL.

Commencing May 12th, 1890.

Trains will LEAVE Montreal, Windsor Street Station, as follows:—

FOR VAUDREUIL AND ST. ANNE'S—9.20 a.m., *12.30 p.m., 5.15 p.m., *6.15 p.m., and 8.45 p.m., daily, except Saturdays and Sundays.

ON SATURDAYS.

9.20 a.m., *1.30 p.m., 5.15 p.m., *6.15 p.m., 8.45 p.m., and *11.20 p.m.

Trains will ARRIVE Windsor Street Station:—

7.45 a.m., *8.50 a.m., 9.45 a.m., *2.25 p.m., and 7.55 p.m., daily, except Saturdays and Sundays.

ON SATURDAYS.

7.45 a.m., *8.50 a.m., 9.45 a.m., *6.03 p.m., 7.55 p.m., and *11.05 p.m.

Commutation and season tickets issued at very low rates.

Time tables and further information may be obtained at

TICKET OFFICES:

No. 266 St. James Street, Montreal,

And at Stations.

Trains marked (*) stop at intermediate stations, other trains stop at Montreal Junc., St. Anne's and Vaudreuil only.



HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS.

All even numbered sections, excepting 8 and 26, are open for homestead and pre-emption entry.

ENTRY.

Entry may be made personally at the local land office in which the land to be taken is situate, or if the homesteader desires, he may, on application to the Minister of the Interior, Ottawa, or the Commissioner of Dominion Lands, Winnipeg, receive authority for some one near the local office to make the entry for him.

DUTIES.

Under the present law homestead duties may be performed in three ways:

1. Three years' cultivation and residence, during which period the settler may not be absent for more than six months in any one year without forfeiting the entry.

2. Residence for three years within two miles of the homestead quarter section and afterwards next prior to application for patent, residing for 3 months in a habitable house erected upon it. Ten acres must be broken the first year after entry, 15 acres additional in the second, and 15 in the third year; 10 acres to be in crop the second year, and 25 acres the third year.

3. A settler may reside anywhere for the first two years, in the first year breaking 5 acres, in the second cropping said 5 acres and breaking additional 10 acres, also building a habitable house. The entry is forfeited if residence is not commenced at the expiration of two years from date of entry. Thereafter the settler must reside upon and cultivate his homestead for at least six months in each year for three years.

APPLICATION FOR PATENT

may be made before the local agent, any homestead inspector, or the intelligence officer at Medicine Hat or Qu'Appelle Station.

Six months' notice must be given in writing to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands by a settler of his intention prior to making application for patent.

Intelligence offices are situate at Winnipeg, Qu'Appelle Station and Medicine Hat. Newly arrived immigrants will receive, at any of these offices, information as to the lands that are open for entry, and from the officers in charge, free of expense, advice and assistance in securing lands to suit them.

A SECOND HOMESTEAD

may be taken by any one who has received a homestead patent or a certificate of recommendation, countersigned by the Commissioner of Dominion Lands, upon application for patent made by him prior to the second day of June, 1887.

All communications having reference to lands under control of the Dominion Government, lying between the eastern boundary of Manitoba and the Pacific Coast, should be addressed to the Secretary of the Department of the Interior, Ottawa, or to H. H. Smith, Commissioner of Dominion Lands, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

A. M. BURGESS,
Deputy Minister of the Interior.

Department of the Interior,
Ottawa, Sept. 4, 1889

RECAMIER SARSAPARILLA.



The safety of human life depends upon a proper observance of all natural laws, and the use in cases of sickness of only such medicines as are known to be of greatest value. In this unusual Spring season, after a Winter remarkable for the sickness which prevailed, a Blood Purifier and Tonic is needed to expel from the life current every trace of impure matter, and to stimulate, strengthen and build up the system and prepare it for the warmer weather of Summer. To accomplish this

Recamier Sarsaparilla

should be freely used, as a Blood Purifier of the highest value. It acts with quick yet pleasant potency upon the Stomach, Liver, Kidneys and Bowels. Is cleansing, soothing and invigorating, reconstructs the wasted tissues, restoring to the entire system perfect health. By its use Catarrh can be cured by the expulsion of the serofulous taint from which the disease arises, neutralizing the acidity of the blood. To sufferers from Rheumatism there is nothing like it in the world. It will effect a cure where cure is possible.

Recamier Sarsaparilla

overcomes "that tired feeling," and gives a serene and satisfactory feeling of physical improvement which is comforting. It is an excellent promoter of strength, and a general health rejuvenator after Scarlet Fever, Pneumonia, Diphtheria and other diseases that are prostrating. Do not lose sight of the fact that the vitiated blood, contaminated either through heredity or by careless neglect of proper precaution, gives early notice of danger by the unmistakable "danger signals" which soon begin to make their appearance. It is indicated in many ways; among them are inflamed and purulent eyelids, disgusting eruptions on the scalp and other parts of the body, irregular appetite, irregular bowels. It affects all parts of the body. The sufferers from any of the many diseases, disorders, or enfeebled secretions enumerated above may rest assured that in this preparation they have the best remedy that science affords.

Recamier Sarsaparilla

is a Spring Medicine, pre-eminently superior to all others. A medicine pure and simple, not a beverage.

Success beyond all comparison has attended its presentation wherever it has been introduced, placing it above and beyond all others of like description in the world.

PRICE, \$1.00 PER BOTTLE.

The trade supplied in Canada by the

50 Wellington St. East, Toronto. **RECAMIER MANUFACTURING CO.,** 374-376 St. Paul St., Montreal.

THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

(TRADE MARK)

A CANADIAN PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

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(REGISTERED.)

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THE ROYAL VISIT.—HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT.

The Dominion Illustrated.

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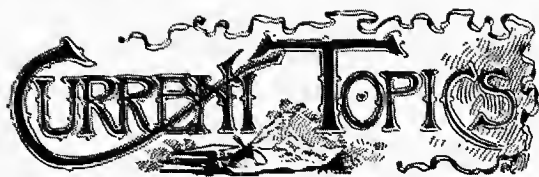
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24th MAY, 1890.



Mr. Johnston, of Blackrock, Dublin, recently wrote to the Right Hon. Henry Chaplin, President of the British Board of Agriculture, stating that he had discovered a remedy for pleuro-pneumonia, and asking that a certain number of diseased animals should be placed at his disposal for experiment. Mr. Johnston also offered to place his remedy entirely at the service of the Board, in case his tests should prove successful. Mr. Chaplin said that he had given the proposal careful consideration, but that he was constantly in receipt of such applications, without any accompanying evidence of the value of the remedies to which they related. The very fact that a Minister of the Crown should be called upon, without apparently any consultation with experts in such matters, to reply to such proposals shows that in England the new department as yet lacks one essential to complete organization. Not long since Mr. Chaplin was taken to task in the press for dealing in a light, off-hand manner with so grave a subject as tuberculosis in cattle. In Canada, also, the veterinary branch of our Department of Agriculture is still imperfect as to provision for the study of diseases. In the last report of the Minister, Dr. D. McEachran, Chief Inspector of Cattle Quarantines, suggests that an experimental station for the investigation of disease in animals should be established. The interest that the community at large has in this proposal is very clearly set forth by Dr. McEachran.

After calling attention to the insufficiency of the opportunities actually at the disposal of the Government inspectors for careful experimentation and research, he thus continues: "The communicability of many animal diseases to the human family is now more than guessed at; yet, so far as Canada is concerned, no provision has yet been made for the investigation and exposition of such matters of the greatest importance to public health." He then refers to the report of Dr. Johnson, of the McGill University Pathological Laboratory, in which, after describing his visit to M. Pasteur's Institute at Paris, that gentleman draws up a scheme for such an experimental station, and indicates the character of the services that it would render to the Government and public. Chief among these would be the investigation of contagious diseases and their communicability to man, the training of quarantine officers for their important duties and original researches. The cost of building and equipping such a station would, he computes, be \$31,000; the annual outlay, \$2,500.

The return of special permits for the importation

of intoxicating liquors into the North-West Territories during the year 1889 shows the following totals: Whiskey, 9,485½ gallons; brandy, 1,080; gin, 454½; rum, 224½; alcohol, 416; in all, 11,660½ gallons of spirituous liquors. Besides this quantity there were imported of wine 1,422 gallons; of beer, 25,527; of porter, 571; and of beer imported for sale, limited to 4 per cent of alcohol, 112,448½. There were also sold on the dining cars of the Canadian Pacific Railway (under wine and beer permit, dated July 30, 1886,) from January 25 to December 25, 1889, 164¾ gallons of wine, and 2,607 gallons of beer.

In 1837 there were in Canada sixteen miles of railway. Ten years later this figure had increased to fifty-nine. In another decade it had grown to 1,995. In 1869 we find this length of railway extended to 2,497, which ten years later had become 6,484, and last year this had been prolonged to a total mileage of 12,628. In 1842 the number of passengers was 27,041, which in twenty-five years increased to 2,920,000. In the same interval the freight carried had increased from 7,716 to 2,260,000 tons. Less than a quarter century later the passengers had multiplied to 12,151,105, and the freight to 17,928,626 tons. In 1842 the earnings of Canadian railways amounted to \$13,650, and the working expenses to \$19,744. In 1889 the earnings had attained the figure of \$42,249,615, and the working expenses were \$31,038,045. The miles of track laid are 13,325; sidings, 1,577; iron rails in main line, 786; steel rails, 12,539. The capital paid (including Government bonuses, loans and subscriptions to shares, and municipal aid), amounts to \$760,576,446. The number of elevators is 28. The number of guarded level crossings is 122; of unguarded, 7,913; of overhead bridges, 368; of engines, owned, 1,718; hired, 43; of sleeper and parlour cars, owned, 88; hired, 17; of first-class cars, owned, 763; hired, 32; of second-class and immigrant cars, owned, 564; hired, 17; of baggage, mail and express cars, owned, 484; hired, 33; of cattle and box cars, owned, 27,442; hired, 3,583; of platform cars, owned, 13,599; hired, 326; of coal and dump cars, owned, 3,235. The amount of Government and municipal loans, etc., promised to railways completed or under construction is \$184,802,087.52.

The return of fatal accidents in connection with Canadian railways during the year ending June 30, 1889, furnishes ample warning against the practices of getting on or off trains, while in motion and of walking on the track. Of the total number killed (210), more than half the victims (108) met their deaths through one or other of these causes. The list is as follows: Falling from cars or engine, 30; getting on or off trains in motion, 18; while at work making up trains, 5; coupling cars, 8; collisions and derailments, 41; striking bridges, 2; walking or remaining on track, 90; other causes, 16. Of the entire number 37 were passengers; 89 employees; 84 neither employees nor passengers. Besides the 210 killed, there were 875 injured.

Lieut.-Governor Royal's report concerning the administration of the North-West Territories for the year 1889 bears emphatic witness to the satisfactory condition of the portion of Canada under his jurisdiction. "Peace, order and contentment," he says, "seem to reign supreme at the present day in these vast possessions; criminal offences

are few in number, and the laws are everywhere cheerfully obeyed." Referring to the visit of the Governor-General to the Territories, he says that it "has afforded the people a happy opportunity of assuring the representative of Her Majesty of their strong sense of loyalty to the British Crown and their deep attachment to the laws and free institutions of Canada." The progress of education has been satisfactory. There are now in operation 164 schools, attended by 4,574 children, taught by a staff of 183 properly qualified teachers. The year 1888 showed an increase of 20 schools, with 240 children; last year, of 33 schools and 1,121 pupils. The ordinance for the establishment of superior schools has been put in force, and there are union schools, with provision for the training of teachers, at Regina and Calgary. According to the regulations, the standard of instruction in these schools is as high as that of like institutions in Eastern Canada. The principal of every high school must be a graduate of some Imperial university. The Normal School session extends from the first Monday in November to the last Friday in March. The Board of Education has also been taking steps towards securing a grant of land for a university, and, though the Minister of the Interior, to whom a resolution on the subject was referred, deemed the consideration of such a question premature, has respectfully urged the advisability of selecting land for the purpose against the time when the Districts should be erected into provinces. Otherwise, the Government is reminded, when that time arrives, no lands may be available, or the lands available may be of comparatively little value.

Professor F. H. Geffcken, in the course of an article in the *Fortnightly Review* on "North American Fisheries Disputes," touching incidentally on annexation as a solution of the problem at issue between our neighbours and ourselves, pronounces it chimerical for four reasons. The first is that such a surrender would be a serious blow to the prestige and to the interests of Great Britain. The plea that Canada is of no advantage to England he dismisses as baseless—our great transcontinental line being the Empire's shortest highway (and on its own ground) to the East. The railway is, therefore, a powerful link between the Mother Country and Canada, both from a commercial and a military point of view, and to part with such a possession would be wretched statesmanship. As to us Canadians, Prof. Geffcken, considering us, French and English, as a whole, does not see what benefit we should gain by bartering all the advantages that we now enjoy for the doubtful boon of being split up into States and made partakers in a party strife to which we are aliens. We should be simply swamped and all the advantage would go to the majority. This argument is doubly strong where the French-Canadians are concerned. Their rights would all be forfeited; they would be swallowed up like their kinsmen of Louisiana. The fourth reason is one not often heard, at least on this side of the line. It is, that the addition of half a continent would disorganize the whole internal policy of the United States. For these reasons he thinks annexation impolitic and improbable. At the same time he counsels England, however desirous to conciliate the United States, not to sacrifice Canada's interests either in the Atlantic or the Pacific. Of the justice of Canada's claims he has no doubt whatever.

A BURNING QUESTION.

There is one drawback to the moral and material prosperity of Western Canada—the Territories, more especially—to which attention has been frequently called during the last few years. No person who has studied the statistics of crime in the Dominion can fail to have observed that its increase in certain localities has been largely due to intemperance. It was deemed well, in view of these facts and of the peculiar circumstances of the country, that, in the organization of the North-West, a strict law should be enacted prohibiting (save by special permission) the introduction and sale of intoxicating liquors within the limits of the Territories—the enforcement of this law being one of the duties of the Mounted Police. That the task of compelling obedience to its provisions is no easy one is, however, sadly evident from the published reports of the Police Commissioner, of the Superintendent of Indian Affairs, of the Minister of Justice and of the Immigration agents and from the almost unanimous testimony of the Territorial press. Not long since we had occasion to remind our readers that the temperance reform on this continent could be traced back to a famous meeting held at Sillery in 1648, at which Father Jérôme Lalemant and an Algonquin Chief were among the denouncers of the liquor traffic. Generations passed away before the rulers of the land were won over to their views, but their cause ultimately triumphed. The conflict is now between authority and those who defy it, but that there is the same earnestness on the side of the former that once actuated its opponents there is unhappily too good reason to doubt. In his last report the Superintendent-General says most distinctly that the Indian agents, instead of being encouraged and helped by the magistrates in protecting their wards from the seductions of the traffickers are actually embarrassed and impeded by their laxness and indifference. Were this charge made by some unofficial or unimportant person, we might be tempted to conclude that it was exaggerated, but coming from such a source, we must accept it as the unquestionable truth. Naturally, when the magistrates and other officers of the law are thus lax, those who have only a moral responsibility in the matter and whose sympathies, for any cause, may be with the culprit, do not hesitate to shield or even assist him in his misdoing. If we ask what the Chief Commissioner of the Mounted Police may have to say on this liquor question, a reply equally emphatic awaits us. There are, he says, the gravest reasons for complaint. Though he acquits the rural districts of any wide spread indulgence in intoxicants, he avers that in the towns there is a great deal of liquor disposed of, and consequently more or less drunkenness. As for the farmers, it is only when they visit the towns that they allow themselves to be overcome. The offenders mostly break the law with impunity. "In Calgary judicial district it is impossible to get a conviction sustained." They have devices for evading entanglement in the legal machinery which have so far apparently proved shamefully effectual. One person obtains a permit and gives it to the liquor-seller and the latter snaps his fingers at the officers of the law. The saloon keepers are thus protected from the consequences of their illegal practice by the coöperation and connivance of their thirsty friends. An expert dealer keeps enough on his premises to accommodate his customers and to tally with his often

fraudulent permits. The rest of his stock is hid away in haystacks, manure heaps, and other receptacles, to be safely produced, as occasion requires.

Undoubtedly the worst feature in this evasion of the laws is that it is made possible by the assistance of a considerable proportion of the community. The failure of the police to unearth the contraband stuff, or of the magistrate to convict the law-breakers, is greeted with acclamation by citizens who should know better. Is it any wonder, asks the Commissioner, that the members of the police force should grow weary of constant disappointment and of the sneers and opprobrium of those who resent their interference? At the present moment it is computed that there are no less than twenty-two illicit liquor shops in the town of Calgary alone, and respectable citizens, whether avowed total abstainers or professed moderate drinkers, are both sorrowful and indignant at the degradation consequent on such an open revolt against the law.

As to the remedy opinion differs. The Commissioner of the Mounted Police, who has had wide experience of both prohibition and licensing, is opposed to the latter. Though he admits the evils of the present system, he thinks that to abrogate the law would make matters worse. On the other hand, many of the citizens—including even temperance people—have come to the conclusion that nominal prohibition, with practically unrestrained liquor selling, has been condemned by its own fruits, and that the only source of relief is a high license system. One thing is clear—unless some plan of redress be discovered and applied, the fairest portion of Western Canada will ere long be hopelessly demoralized.

THE BRITANNIC EMPIRE.

DEVELOPMENT AND DESTINY OF ITS VARIOUS STATES—GREAT BRITAIN.

V.

To the ordinary Briton it seems somewhat superfluous to speak of the greatness of his country, as he most thoroughly appreciates the fact and does not consider it necessary to be always dwelling upon the subject. This consciousness appears even to have affected the national character and to have made John Bull the determined, even obstinate, individual that he is so often represented as being. Yet to those who dwell in the "Greater Britain" beyond the seas, no survey of their own past, or forecast of their national future, can be had which does not include a consideration of the causes underlying the greatness of the Mother Country and controlling its probable destiny.

There can be no question of the fact that Great Britain—by the intellectual attainments of its scholars, by the vigorous character of its people, by its laws and noble literature, by its achievements on sea and land in the old world and the new, on the battle-fields of Asia, Europe and America, has succeeded in impressing a stamp upon mankind more marked than that of even the Roman or the Greek.

In a material sense, and taking the United Kingdom apart from the rest of the Empire, we find an estimated wealth almost beyond the grasp of our comprehension. The figures for 1887 are as follows:

| | |
|------------------|---------------|
| Railways..... | £ 830,000,000 |
| Houses..... | 2,640,000,000 |
| Furniture..... | 1,320,000,000 |
| Lands..... | 1,542,000,000 |
| Cattle..... | 414,000,000 |
| Shipping..... | 130,000,000 |
| Merchandise..... | 321,000,000 |
| Bullion..... | 143,000,000 |
| Sundries..... | 1,869,000,000 |

Or a total estimated capital of £9,210,000,000 sterling.

With all this material wealth, with a history rich in memories of great deeds, noble struggles for liberty, and men of light and leading in every department of human research or literary power, Great Britain possesses a constitution which is constantly changing and adapting itself to the needs of the period and yet retaining in its forms and principles those hallowed ceremonies and attributes which have come down through the centuries. First in importance of all the institutions of which Englishmen are so justly proud, and of which we in the colonies obtain the full benefit, is that of the throne. No man can better express a beautiful sentiment or deal with such a subject with so much eloquence as the Rt. Hon. W. E. Gladstone. Let his ringing words speak for themselves:

"The Sovereign in England is the symbol of the nation's unity and the apex of the social structure, the maker (with advice) of the laws, the supreme governor of the church, the fountain of justice, the sole source of honour, the person to whom all naval, all military, and all civil service is rendered. She is the symbol of law, she is by law, and setting apart the metaphysics and the abnormal incidents of revolution, the source of power. Parliament and ministries pass, but she abides in life-long duty, and she is to them as the oak in the forest is to the annual harvest in the field."

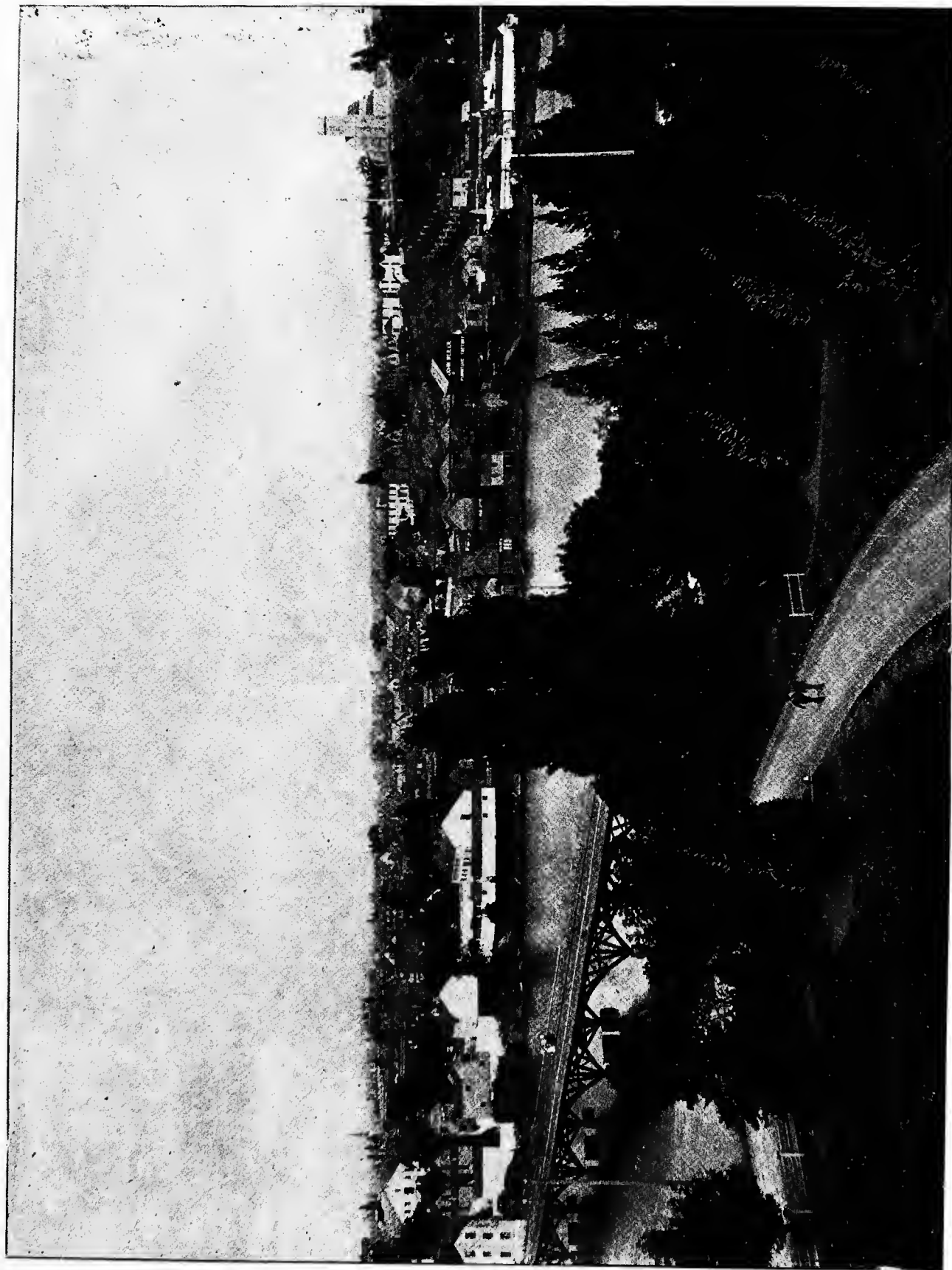
It has been said, and with truth, that "the English dearly love a queen," and there can be little doubt that the tendency of a stable, monarchical system, when limited by constitutional practice and usage, is to produce a peace, confidence and steady, continuous progress, in every branch of national life—a result which might otherwise be found exceedingly difficult of attainment. The chivalric devotion of the people to the Crown, when held by a Sovereign such as Queen Victoria has proved herself to be, must always tend to enhance the merits of the monarchical system in the eyes of all who admire stability and respect authority.

It is not, however, necessary to discuss the merits of such a system as compared with other powers of government, but it is needful to refer to the matter briefly, as the Crown forms one of the great links which hold the British Empire in union. With all the wealth of the Mother Country and the freedom of her institutions, with even the wonderful parliamentary system which has proved the parent of a long progeniture of liberty giving legislatures in the civilized countries of Europe and the world, with all that she has to be proud of in the past and in the present, no one subject so stirs the patriotism of the British people as the spectacle of that mighty Empire which has developed as by enchantment during the past one hundred years.

A little more than a century and a quarter ago saw the battle of Plassey, the victory on the Plains of Abraham, and the foundation of the Empire of to-day. The loss of the United States was replaced by the settlement of Australia, and now the British Empire, by a process of natural growth, unexpected discoveries, constitutional development and the powers of communication and coöperation, has become the centre of the chief arbiters of the world's destiny.

But will this greatness last? No living political organism can remain stationary, and within the British realm there are two widely divergent lines of thought and action—one being Imperialism or the feeling of a common nationality; the other—localism or a sentiment of geographical narrowness. Mr. Gladstone has said that: "The sentiment of empire may be called innate in every Briton. It is part of our patrimony, born with our birth, dying only with our death, incorporating itself in the first elements of our knowledge and interwoven with all our habits of mental action upon public affairs * * * The dominant passion of England is extended empire."

It may, I think, be taken for granted that the greatness of Britain to-day is wrapped up to a very considerable extent in the retention of her external empire. The secession of Canada or Australia, or



THE ROYAL VISIT.—VIEW OF VICTORIA, B.C.
(Wm. Notman & Son, photo.)



THE ROYAL VISIT.—THE C. P. R. DOCKS, VANCOUVER, B.C.
(Wm. Notman & Son, photo.)

both, would mean, not only the loss of two-thirds of her territorial empire, but a destruction of prestige sufficient to arouse the keenest fear as to the future of India. Reputation for power, not force, rules India and keeps her hundreds of millions in peace and quietness, and the inevitable result of such secession would be Russian aggression, internal rebellion and the ultimate loss of the Eastern Empire. Sir Charles Dilke estimates a total of £800,000,000, sterling as the amount that England has invested in her dependencies, and when we consider that separation means lower credit, and, perhaps, fatal financial consequences for the colonies, we may conclude that in view of this and many considerations, other than those already mentioned, Great Britain will not permit, let alone encourage, Colonial Independence. That is one tendency of the day, the other has been referred to elsewhere, namely, the feeling in Canada and Australia that it is absolutely essential for them in the future to obtain the full rights of national existence—if possible, under the British flag. How, then, can this be done, and how will it affect Great Britain?

Earl Russell, in his celebrated "Recollections," remarks: "Great changes have been made, great changes are impending. Amid these changes there is no greater benefit to mankind than a statesman can propose for himself than the consolidation of the British Empire."

Imperial Federation is then the solution of the difficulty and the only solution which will carry these two apparently diverse currents into the same channel and enable them to flow calmly and surely into the same great sea of national life.

From a British standpoint, the most important matter which requires to be dealt with is that of defence. There can be no question of the fact that Matthew Arnold's pen picture of the "Weary Titan" has some degree of force in it, and that the English artisan and farm labourer, not in many cases as well off as his brethren in the colonies, has indeed a tremendous burden of empire upon his shoulders. India, it is true, pays for her own defence; but what would happen were war really to break out with Russia? Who paid the £11,000,000 sterling voted to Mr. Gladstone's Government at the time of the Penjdeh incident? The British taxpayer. Australia has more than once practically asked England to go to war with Germany over the New Guinea question and France over the New Hebrides. Canada has not been far behind with regard to her fisheries and the United States, and Newfoundland is just now to the front.

Toronto.

J. CASTELL HOPKINS.

TIGERS IN ANNAM.

The French officials in Annam have met with considerable difficulty in dealing with tigers, which are extremely numerous in that part of Indo-China, notwithstanding the large sums paid for their extirpation. Last year as much as 10,000 francs was paid to the slayers of this marauder. As payment is only made on the evidence of the skin and fangs, there is no room for fraud. The *Temps* gives some interesting data about the depredations of this animal, and as evidence of his formidable character quotes the story of an official who requested a change of district because he was tired of administering a territory which contained as many tigers as inhabitants. In other districts they are so numerous that no one would think of driving out after dark. The Annamese, in the hope of propitiating so formidable an enemy, have raised the tiger almost to the level of a divinity. Pagodas have been consecrated to him, titles of nobility have been conferred upon him, and he has been surrounded with a sort of religious cult. When they endeavour to take one they only do so by means of elaborate stratagem, constructing deep pits and then assailing the trapped animal when at a disadvantage. As there is very game in Annam, the tiger has as much difficulty in finding food as man has in getting sport. The game of which he is fondest, and which also proves that he is something of a gourmet, is the wild peacock, so that the natives say "wherever there are peacocks there is sure to be a tiger."

Of the 4,200 kinds of flowers which grow in Europe only 420, or 10 per cent. are odoriferous. The commonest flowers are the white ones, of which there are 1,194 kinds. Less than one-fifth of these are fragrant. Of the 951 kinds of yellow flowers 77 are odoriferous; of the 823 red kinds, 84; of the 594 blue kinds, 31; of the 308 violet-blue kinds, 13. Of the 240 kinds with combined colours 28 are fragrant.



H. R. H. THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT, K.G., G.C.M.G., ETC.—His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught and Strathearn is well remembered in Canada as Prince Arthur, of the Rifle Brigade, Queen Victoria's soldier son, who so gladly shared the toils and perils of our own volunteers in the crisis of the second Fenian raid. Arthur William Patrick Albert, Duke of Connaught and Strathearn, Earl of Sussex, Duke of Saxony and Prince of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, K.G., K.T., K.P., G.C.M.G., etc., was born on the 1st of May, 1850. He takes his first name from the Duke of Wellington; his second from his grand uncle, William IV.; his third in memory of the Queen's visit to Ireland, and his fourth from his father, the late still lamented Prince Albert. In 1867 Prince Arthur entered the Military Academy of Woolwich; in 1868 he was appointed Lieutenant in the Royal Engineers, and later in the same year was transferred to the Royal Artillery and then to the Rifle Brigade. It was while he was in this last distinguished corps that H.R.H. came to Canada. His residence in this city was the occasion of much gaiety in social circles, and the young prince won wide popularity. In 1874 Prince Arthur was gazetted as captain in the 7th Hussars; in 1875 he received his majority, and in 1876 became Lieut.-Col. of the Rifle Brigade. In 1874 he was created Duke of Connaught and Strathearn and Earl of Sussex in the Peerage of the United Kingdom. On the 13th of March, 1879, H.R.H. married the Princess Louise, daughter of the late Prince Frederick Charles of Prussia, then in her twentieth year, and has three children—the Princess Margaret Victoria, born January, 1882; Prince Arthur, born January, 1883, and Princess Victoria Patricia, born March 17, 1886. H.R.H. has for some years held the position of Commander-in-Chief of Bombay, with the rank of Lieut.-General. Their Royal Highnesses are now on their way from the East to England.

THE ROYAL VISIT—VICTORIA, B.C.—The arrival of H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, with his illustrious consort, at the capital of our Pacific Province is an event which offers an excellent opportunity for presenting to our readers a view of that beautiful and thriving city. There is another fact, moreover, which makes this illustration timely. It is just a hundred years since the Spanish explorers discovered the fine bay which is the present harbour of Victoria. Not long since the *Victoria Times* issued a special number in celebration of the event, which contained a mass of valuable information regarding the city and the island. From a summary of its account of Victoria in the *Western World* we learn that it ranks as fifth port in the Dominion. Its exports last year amounted to \$3,088,015; its imports to \$2,913,198. Of the former the sum of \$490,825 is set down to gold; \$2,206,950; to fisheries, \$105,000 to products of the forest; \$384,924 to furs; \$772,000 to agricultural products, and \$34,439 to manufactures. The trade of Victoria is carried on with Great Britain, the United States, Australia, China, Peru, Chili, the Sandwich Islands, Japan and Mexico, the chief articles being coal, fish, hides, lumber, furs and the precious metals. The sealing industry has its centre in Victoria. Last year 22 British and 8 foreign schooners brought to the port a catch of 35,310 skins, valued at \$247,170. The salmon pack for 1889 realized \$2,288,617, and there were also shipments of salted and frozen fish. As many as 70,000 tourists visited the city last summer. The population has grown from 6,000 in 1863 to about 22,000 to-day. From \$1,000,000 to \$1,500,000 was invested in building last year, yet in the fall there were not more than five habitable houses empty. The real estate of Victoria is valued at \$9,000,000, and it is confidently expected to exceed \$10,000,000 before the close of 1890. The scenery of Victoria is charming. Lord Dufferin and the Marquis of Lorne and scores of other visitors have recorded their impressions of it in language most enthusiastic. It is worthy of its royal name, and the Duke and Duchess of Connaught will, we may be sure, appreciate its natural beauties and the loyal hospitality and many-sided virtues of its citizens. Another view shows the docks. We have already given an engraving of the Esquimaux dry dock, which is to be enlarged so as to accommodate the largest ocean steamer.

THE ROYAL VISIT—SPRUCE TREE IN STANLEY PARK, VANCOUVER.—This is a happily spared relic of the forest primeval, out of which the progressive young city that bears the name of the great sea captain who visited those coasts nearly a hundred years ago was carved with such marvellous speed. The trees of British Columbia have attracted the admiring attention of all naturalists and tourists who have visited our Pacific Province, and are the pride of our Western fellow-citizens. The list comprises the Douglas spruce (generally called Douglas pine, or Douglas fir, and by our neighbours Oregon pine), the Western hemlock, Engelmann's spruce (which resembles white spruce), Menzies' spruce (chiefly on the coast), the great silver fir, balsam spruce, Alpine hemlock, white pine (or mountain pine), black pine (otherwise called "bull" or "western scrub" pine), white barked pine, western cedar (called also giant or red cedar), yellow cypress (or yellow cedar, as some name it), Western birch (or tamarac), various kinds of maple, alder, paper or canoe birch, oak (on Vancouver Island, and in small quantity near Vale), aspen poplar,

mountain juniper (commonly called pencil cedar), and other varieties. The conifers cover a large area of the Province. The spruces abound, and are of recognized economic importance. The specimen in our engraving has a circumference of 44 feet at the base.

THE HARAS NATIONAL.—To the institution represented in this engraving our editorial columns have already made some reference. As some of our readers are aware, the term *Haras* (meaning a stud—*Haracia*, in mediæval Latin) is now generally applied in France and other European countries to those horse marts which deal only with animals of superior class, and the managers of which aim, above all things, at improving the breed by careful crossing. For some years past attention has been largely directed to this end in the Province of Quebec, as elsewhere in the Dominion. Of the movement in this section of the Province, the Hon. Louis Beaubien has long been the recognized leader. Seeking the assistance of the Comte de Mandat Grancy and other gentlemen, well known in France and throughout Europe for the judgment and enterprise with which they have furthered the cause which he had at heart, he has been enabled to carry his plan to a triumphant conclusion and to see his *Haras National* established on a firm footing. Saturday, the 10th inst., was fixed for its inauguration, and *eclat* was lent to the occasion by the presence of the Governor-General. It was a gala day for the pretty village of Outremont, many of the inhabitants of which, including Messrs. W. R. Salter, Wiseman, Barton, etc., had decorated their houses and mounted flags in honour of His Excellency. Mr. Auzias-Turenne, the managing director of the establishment, the Count de Sieyes and Baron de Polinière, of the Société Hippique, Paris, who have a large interest in the *Haras*, aided Mr. Beaubien in receiving the guests. His Excellency was accompanied by the Hon. J. A. Chapleau, Secretary of State, Hon. Edward Stanley and Major Prevost, A.D.C. Among the large number of gentlemen present were noticed Hon. L. O. Taillon, Hon. Senators Ogilvie, Girard, Perley, Casgrain, Cochrane, Howland, Sanford and Thibault, Curé Lesage, the parish priest and two vicars; Messrs. John Crawford, Guilbault, ex-M.P., L. H. Massue, ex-M.P., Wm. Evans, Prof. McEachran, W. Stephen, Henry Hogan, A. C. Hutchison, Jas. Mackay (Ottawa), J. A. Cantlie, De Bellefeuille, W. R. Salter, Hon. F. E. Gilman, Wm. Angus, W. J. Poupore, M.P.P., H. S. Foster (treasurer of the Dominion Dairy association), B. R. Woodward, (president of the Eastern Townships Agricultural association), Prof. Robertson, R. Roy, Q.C., A. W. Bateson (London, Eng.), G. Lamothe, Hon. Dr. Ross, Nantel, M.P.P.; Col. Panet, representing the Minister of Militia; Lieut.-Col. Crawford, B. J. Coghlin, Col. Hughes, Hon. Mr. Dorion, Joseph Tassé, Alex. Ramsay, L. H. Taché, Ald. Villeneuve, Leblanc, M.P.P., J. Stewart, Hon. Mr. Laviolette, Dr. Morrice, jr., W. J. White, W. B. Smith, Col. Patton, S. C. Stevenson, Dr. Bruneau, W. Darling, N. M. Lecavalier, G. Buchanan, Hon. G. B. Baker, L. G. Galarneau, Robt. Benny, J. N. Perrault, M. Schwob, Vian, Dufour, Wm. Stewart, John Cassils, St. Onge, Major Dunlop, of Outremont, A. Joyce, Thos. Hall, Languedoc, Alex. Ramsay, and the following members of the Dominion Parliament: Messrs. Girouard, J. J. Curran, J. W. Bain, Vanasse, R. Prefontaine, Cargill, Cimon, McCulla, Riopel, J. C. Wilson, Rinfret, Robillard, Grandbois, Bergeron, Taylor, Tyrwhitt, Davis (Alberta), Thérien, Mackintosh, Hickey, Smith, Madill, Porter, Fiset, Desjardins, Daoust, Guillet, Cochrane, Coughlin, Watson, R. S. White and Labrosse. The parade of horses was a sight well worth seeing. Among the horses exhibited were Joly, Percheron, three years old; Roi de Bignon, Breton; Fanchette (first prize in Paris), and Venus, Percheron, in harness; Marquis de Puisaye, Norman, four years; Holopherne, Norman, four years; Cruzet, Percheron, three years; Bontemps, three years, and General Frotte, Norman, four years. While the parade was going on the Garrison Artillery band discoursed a programme of music, which made the animals, as they were either driven or led around the square rather nettlesome. The Marquis de Puisaye is a Norman carriage horse, remarkable for his fine shape, beauty and power; he was very much admired as he was being led round. Holopherne is a slightly smaller horse, but is probably a better shaped horse. Joly and Bontemps are two very fine specimens of heavy class Percherons; the former, though only four years old, weighs nearly two thousand pounds. Gen. Frotte is a Norman carriage horse, of great power, and excited a great deal of admiration from his immense strength and constitution. The parade over, His Excellency, accompanied by Mr. Auzias-Turenne, made a minute inspection of the stables, and afterwards congratulated Mr. Beaubien on the evident solicitude for the comfort of the animals which was everywhere apparent. A cowboy in full uniform, from the company's Fleur de Lys ranch, Buffalo Gap, Dakota, was a spectacle that excited much interest. At 2 o'clock the guests were invited to lunch in a building adjoining the stable, Mr. Joyce being the caterer. After refreshments had been partaken of the Hon. Mr. Beaubien proposed the toast of "The Queen," and gave expression to the great pleasure he felt in being honoured by the presence of Her Majesty's representative. After complimenting His Excellency on the manner in which he spoke both French and English, he went on to speak of the work that he had undertaken of improving the stock of our Canadian horses. He believed the importation of Percherons would be the means of renewing the old Canadian breed which had once been so renowned. If this had been only a commercial affair he would not have thought of inviting His Excellency to attend, but it was an event of

national importance. This undertaking was being conducted by purely private enterprise, as they were not relying upon the Government for any support, and he thought they were therefore entitled to the encouragement of all those who took an interest in our agricultural welfare. He concluded by offering his very sincere thanks to His Excellency for attending, and proposed his health, which was received with great enthusiasm, the company singing "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow." Lord Stanley, in replying, said that he was very glad indeed to have had an opportunity of witnessing the very fine show of horses which it had just been his privilege to see, and he trusted that, under good management, it would be of great service to the Dominion. Being a lover of good horses and good company he had expected great pleasure from the acceptance of Mr. Beaubien's invitation, and he was not disappointed. He came with the intention of learning all he could; he was anxious to see what were the good points of the Percheron and the Norman horse and how far they were applicable to this country, and he was quite sure that some of the horses were such as to improve the stamp of our horses and consequently such as to increase the wealth of the farmer and the wealth of the Dominion. He believed that in former times the Canadian horse was renowned for its many good qualities, for its power of endurance, and for its hardness and applicability for all that was required, but he was afraid that in these later days, in some parts of the province at any rate, sufficient attention was not being paid to the breeding of good horses. He was, therefore, glad to see so much capital, so much skill and so much science being applied to the creation of such an establishment as this, which he hoped in time to come would merit its title of *Haras National* and have a good effect, not only upon the Province of Quebec, but upon the whole Dominion. As they all knew, he spoke under constitutional advice—(hear, hear)—but he was accompanied by a very able member of the Cabinet, who had been kind enough to visit his friends to-day. He could only commend to him what he had seen to-day and trusted that he would lay the matter before his colleague, the Minister of Agriculture, with that eloquence and that power of getting his own way for which he is famed. His Excellency also made a short speech in French, at the conclusion of which Mr. John Crawford called for three rousing cheers, and they were given with a will. The Hon. Mr. Chapleau, Mr. Desjardins, M.P., the Hon. Senator Cochrane, Mr. Edward Cochrane, M.P., Mr. Auzias-Turenne and the Hon. Mr. Taillon afterwards made brief addresses in proposing or replying to various toasts, the closing words falling to the president of the *Haras National*, who acknowledged His Excellency's kind words in wishing health and long life to himself and his enterprise.

SOME OF THE HARAS HORSES.—There can be no doubt that the fine animals shown in our engravings are of good stock. The horses called Percheron derive their name from the ancient province of La Perche, situated to the south and south-west of Paris, and comprising a considerable portion of the region now embraced within the departments of Orne, Eure et Loire, Loire et Cher and Sarthe. It has given Canada more than horses, for some of the human, as well as the equine stocks that originally settled New France in the 17th century had their origin in the same territory. The horse in question has been associated with La Perche from time immemorial. Its presence there is accounted for by the theory that when France was invaded by the Saracens under a more famous Abdurrahman than England's Afghan ally, the aggressors, after their defeat in 732 by the valiant Charles Martel, left on the field of their discomfiture numbers of matchless steeds, and that from the Barbs and Arabs of that distant day the Percherons of the present are, with various strains since added, descended. In subsequent centuries a fresh infusion, it is thought, of Oriental blood resulted from the visit to the Holy Land of the French crusaders. Nor did the efforts to keep up those characteristics which first gave the Percherons their pre-eminence in Western Europe end with the Wars of Faith. For generations afterwards noblemen of La Perche and the adjoining provinces took pride in importing from Moorish Spain, or more distant lands choice stallions of the Arab type in order to maintain the superiority of the now famous breed. The Government, at a later period, seconded these efforts by ordering from the best horse marts in the East animals of the original type. The typical Percheron, nevertheless, is very different from an Arabian horse. It is from 15 to 16 hands high, and weighs from 1,200 to 1,400 lbs.; is, for the most part, grey (very often beautifully dappled), though other colours, and even pronounced black, have been observed in by no means inferior specimens. The Percheron is noted not only for beauty and utility, but for gentleness and docility, and they have, in a remarkable degree, the faculty of transmitting their own qualities.

"THE GLEANERS," BY JEAN FRANÇOIS MILLET.—This is one of Millet's most characteristic studies. It belongs to a series of which "The Sowers," "The Reapers," "The Diggers," "The Angelus," "Peasants Returning Home," and some others, all representative of daily labour in the fields, are individuals. Another group comprises scenes of pastoral life, "The Shepherdess," "The New Born Lamb," "Sheep shearing"; still another the domestic toils of peasant women, as "Carding Wool," "A Spinner," etc., while the outdoor amusements and household joys of country folk may be said to form another class. There is, however, in them all, the same quality of truthfulness, of reality, though transformed by that light which "never was on land or sea." No such interpreter of rustic life, with its joys, its sorrows, its resignation, its sublime hope,

has appeared in our day. As with many a true artist, the world was late in discovering Millet's genius, and the story of his life struggle and posthumous triumph offers abundant food for reflection. The presence in Montreal of "The Angelus" gives a peculiar interest to Millet just now for some of our readers. We have been promised a sketch of his career, which we hope to publish in our next issue.

PORT OF THE MOUNTAIN, BUILT IN 1677.—Our engraving furnishes an instance of the numerous opportunities that Montreal and its neighbourhood offer for the research of the zealous antiquarian. "It is most worthy of observation," says an old writer, referring to such a one, "with what diligence he enquired after ancient places, making hue and cry after many a city that was run away, and by certain marks and tokens pursuing to find it; as by the situation of the Roman highways, by just distance from other ancient cities, by some affinity of name, by tradition of the inhabitants by Roman coins dug up and by some appearance of ruins." The evidence in this case was as striking as any of those enumerated. In the year 1854, while men were digging the foundation of the Seminary on Sherbrooke street, known to English citizens generally as the Priests' Farm, they came upon certain human remains that seemed to indicate that the spot had once been used as a cemetery. At any rate, the two epitaphs which we append, taken from one of the old towers that are still standing in front of the edifice, bear witness to the burial of two bodies in this hallowed ground. One of them was that of a pious daughter of the wilderness, who had been a member of the Congregation de Notre Dame at that place; the other that of an equally pious convert from savagery and idolatry, one of those hands plucked from the burning, over whom the good missionaries wept tears of joy. Of the epitaph over the latter the following is a copy:

Ici reposent
les restes mortels
de
FRANÇOIS THORONHONGO
Huron.
Baptisé par le Révérend
Père Brelouf.
Il fut par sa piété et par sa probité l'exemple
des Chrétiens et l'admiration des infidèles.
Il mourut
Agé d'environ cent ans,
le 11 Avril, 1690.

The companion epitaph is as follows:

Ici reposent
les restes mortels
de
MARIE THÉRÈSE GANNENSAQUOA,
de la
Congregation Notre Dame.
Après avoir exercé pendant treize ans l'office
de maîtresse d'école à la montagne, elle
mourut en reputation de grande
vertu, agée de 26 ans le
25 Novembre, 1695.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS PRESS GALLERY.—In this issue is a picture of "The Gallery" at Ottawa—session of 1890. The centre portrait is that of the president for the year, Mr. Willison, the correspondent of the *Toronto Globe*, and portraits to the right of him, portraits to the left of him, portraits above and below him from photographs of the sessional representatives of the principal journals of Canada. "The Gallery" is one of the institutions of Ottawa. It is duly organized, having its president, vice-president, committee and secretary. It is amenable to the Speaker's regulations for the governance of the precincts, and its relations with him have nearly always been of a friendly and agreeable character. On the assembling of Parliament a meeting of "The Gallery" takes place under the guidance of the outgoing president, and officers are then chosen for the session. In latter years a more or less complete change has taken place each session, the vice-president of the past year usually being elected without opposition to the presidency for the ensuing one. But "The Gallery" is a mighty independent set of gentleman, that would have no hesitation passing over anyone who had made himself obnoxious. "The Gallery" proper is composed of representatives of the daily press, and before being admitted to its number a candidate has not only to satisfy the committee that he is duly accredited, but his continuance in it depends on the self-evidence of his being a *bona fide* worker on parliamentary matters. Many are called, but all are not invariably chosen, and it is sometimes a delicate and not altogether pleasant duty to discriminate in the admissions. The *Hansard* reporters are practically honorary members of "The Gallery." There is an upper gallery in which sit the representatives of weekly and trade journals, and though these gentlemen are admitted to some of the "privileges of the gallery," as they are called, they are not eligible as officers or members of its committee, nor do they use the press rooms. They have one of their own. In the "Press Room," which means the rooms to which the members of "The Gallery" resort to work, the walls are decorated with portraits of past presidents and groups of former galleries, similar to that which we now publish. Amongst the portraits of the gallery reporters are those of men who have since become editors of papers, Cabinet Ministers and members of Parliament, and we have no doubt that as time rolls its ceaseless course some of those whose counterfeit presentments are herein contained will be found following the footsteps of those more distinguished members of the profession to whom we allude. During the session "The Gallery" gives a dinner, usually at the Russell or in the Commons restaurant; and, each member being allowed to ask his guests, a large party, generally about seventy, sit down to dinner. Amongst the guests there are always a number of Ministers and other members of Parliament. "The Gallery" dinner is generally one of the best and

brightest of the session, for considerable trouble is taken in providing songs, catches and other music, which alternate with the speeches made after dinner. These speeches are generally short, it being understood that "The Gallery" does not approve of long speeches, particularly in its festive moments. It has enough of them in the Chamber. When the dinner is given at the Russell, accommodation is provided for "The Gallery's" lady friends, who come in after dinner to hear the songs and speeches. We may conclude these few remarks by saying that although the duty of "The Gallery" imposes on its members occasional harsh criticism of members of the House, yet as a general rule the relationship existing between the House and its gallery is of the most friendly and pleasant kind.

THE ROYAL COLONIAL INSTITUTE, LONDON.—The great society, of which our engraving shows the local habitation, is well known to most of our readers. A brief sketch of its history was published in this paper last spring on the occasion of the banquet held to celebrate its coming of age. It originated in a meeting held at Willis's Rooms on the 26th of June, 1868, under the presidency of Viscount Bury, a nobleman who has always taken a deep interest in colonial affairs, and whose residence in Canada some of our readers may doubtless recall. It was then and there proposed to organize "a society which should assume, in relation to the colonies, a position similar to that filled by the Royal Society as regards science, and the Royal Geographical Society as regards geography. A provisional committee was appointed, which presented its report on the 12th of August. The code of rules which it suggested was adopted and the "Colonial Society," (as it was at first termed) was formally constituted. Viscount Bury was chosen the first president, the Duke of Argyle, the Duke of Buckingham, the Marquis of Normanby, Lord Carnarvon and other persons of distinction were on the list of vice-presidents, and the council comprised a fair representation of gentlemen interested in colonial affairs. The Hon. Arthur Kinnaird, M.P., Mr. G. G. Glyn, M.P., Mr. T. Baring, M.P., and Mr. J. Searight were elected trustees, and Mr. W. C. Sargeant and A. R. Roche, honorary secretary and honorary treasurer, respectively. The sanction of the Duke of Buckingham and Sir Stafford Northcote (the late Earl of Iddesleigh), who were then Secretaries of State for the Colonies and India respectively, was cordially given to the undertaking, and both ministers engaged to address the governors of colonies in favour of the society. In June, 1869, the original name was changed into that which has long been so familiar all over the Empire, the Queen having graciously pleased to permit the use of the prefix. The Royal Colonial Institute has ever since been a power for good in the dissemination of knowledge regarding colonial questions, and as a bond of union between Great and Greater Britain. In 1882 it received a royal charter of incorporation and a common seal. In 1883 it was deemed advisable to acquire a permanent home for the institute, and the site on Northumberland avenue, the freehold of which was afterwards purchased, was secured, and the substantial and commodious building, of which our engraving gives a fair impression, was provided after a total expenditure of about \$250,000. We have already laid before our readers some of the services which the Institute has rendered to colonists visiting England and to Englishmen desirous of gaining accurate information as to the people and resources of the colonies. The published volumes, which now number twenty-one, are a rich mine of varied lore, in which no foreign possession of England—from India, with its 200,000,000 of people, or Canada, with its half a continent of area, to little spots like Heligoland or the Falkland Islands—fails to receive due attention. For its prosperity and usefulness the institute is largely indebted to the energy and earnestness of Sir Frederick Young for many years its honorary secretary, now one of its vice-presidents, and to Mr. J. S. O'Halloran, his successor in the former position.

ARBUTUS.

Such a beautiful spray;
Arbutus so rare,
A message of May.
Such a beautiful spray,
What woe from aghast
At a ghost from the past
I clung to it fast
Heard the pulse of a prayer;—
A message of May!
Midst a medley of moss,
So radiant it rose,
From a lifetime of loss.
Midst a medley of moss
Its frail fragrance came,
And breathed but a name,
Sent no shadow of shame.
So, behold! some gain grows
From a lifetime of loss.

Sherbrooke,

MAY AUSTIN.

The latest use that British Columbia spruce has been put to is organ building. A no less celebrated maker than Bell, of Guelph, has discovered this lumber is just the thing for certain uses in the construction of the instrument. A trial order of 25,000 feet of dressed spruce was recently ordered by Messrs. Bell & Co. from Victoria, B.C., and gave entire satisfaction, and they intend using it regularly.



INAUGURATION OF THE HARAS NATIONAL AT OUTREMONT, NEAR MONTREAL, BY HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR GENERAL.
GENERAL VIEW OF THE STABLES.

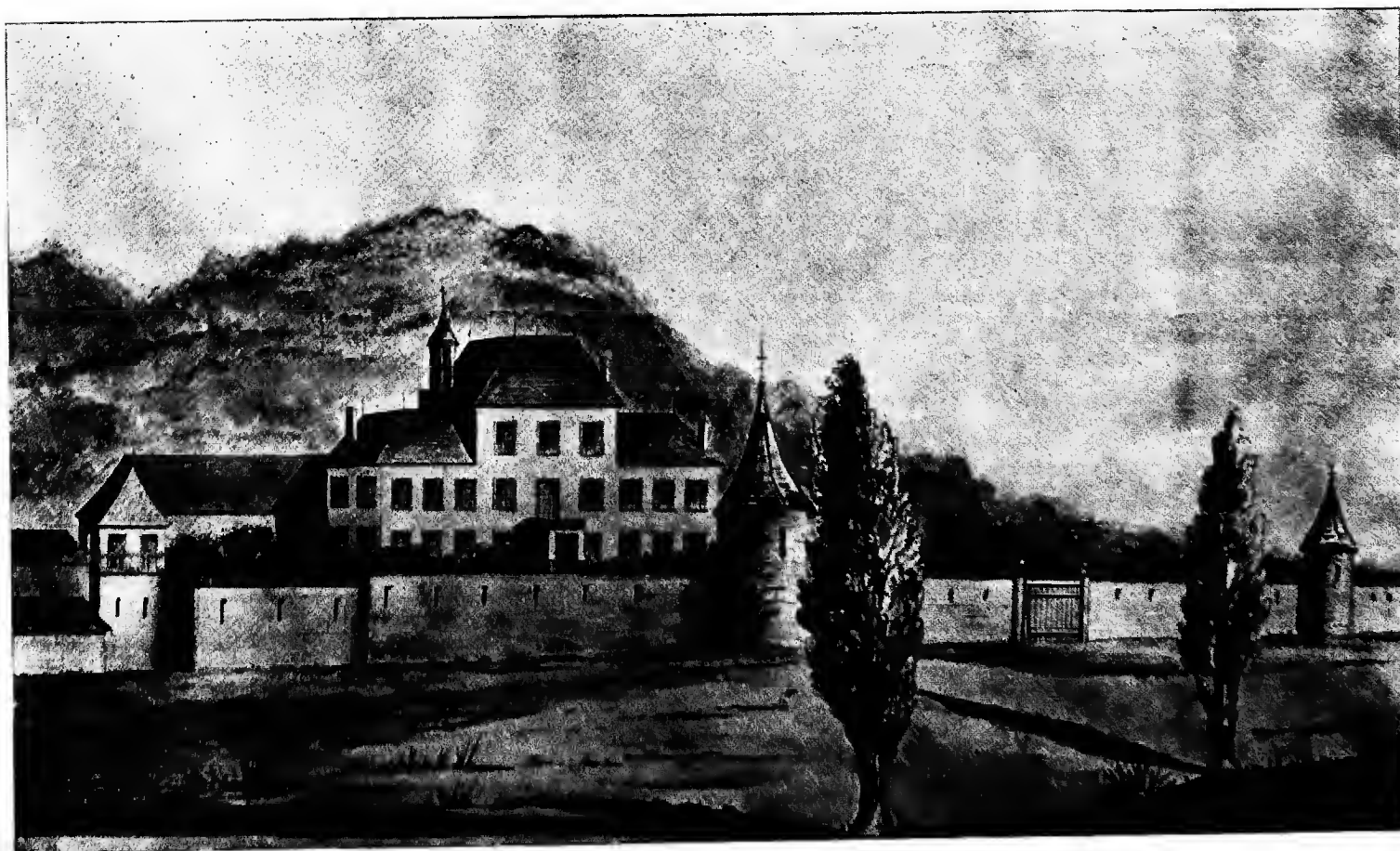


SOME OF THE HORSES
(Photos. by Cumming & Brewin.)



"THE GLEANERS."

(By Jean François Millet, who painted "The Angelus," now on exhibition in Montreal.)
Photo. supplied by G. E. Macrae, Toronto, Director for Canada of the Soule Photograph Company.



A REMINISCENCE OF TWO CENTURIES AGO.

THE MOUNTAIN FORT, BUILT BY THE GENTLEMEN OF ST. SULPICE SEMINARY IN 1677, WHERE THE MONTREAL COLLEGE NOW STANDS, ON SHERBROOKE STREET.
(From a drawing kindly lent by P. S. Murphy, Esq.)

IN TERRA FELIX.

I.

It was at a crowded dance at the Ashburton's, of Telegraph Pole Avenue, that I first met her, and though I suppose I took it coolly enough at the time, it has seemed to me ever since as if such good luck were too much for me, and really must have been intended for some other fellow. I had been detained so long by an unexpected circumstance, that I had almost decided to turn in and go on with "The World Went Very Well Then," to the accompaniment of my best briar-root, when it occurred to me that I had promised Tom Owen, my chum, that I would certainly go, and that he had said his sister would be there. I had heard so much about this sister from time to time—her appearance, her manners, customs, and even extracts from her letters, that naturally enough I was not a little excited at the prospect of seeing her in *propria persona*. I may say, in explanation, that this young lady, after finishing her education in Switzerland, had spent the following year and a half in England with her mother's family, "seeing society" and so forth, and had only now come out to take her place at home.

A cab kindly responded to my call, but it was after eleven, and there seemed very little prospect of my getting a dance with her, or, indeed, anyone, I thought disconsolately. Hardly was the door opened, however, when my arm was promptly seized, and Owen, in an injured tone, said:

"Hallo, chappie, turned up at last, eh? I've been hanging around for about four weeks waiting for you. It would serve you right if your dances hadn't been kept after all!"

"Been making engagements for me, Tom?" I said, laughing. "You are a cool hand!"

"Well, I told Mabel to keep two good ones for you, that's all."

"Your sister. By Jove! but I don't know her yet!"

"That doesn't make any difference."

"And what did she say?" I exclaimed.

"She! Oh, she laughed and said 'All right!' So, to make sure, I got her card and put you down for a couple. Come on, though, I don't think we have got to your number yet, and she's flirting outrageously with Smith."

I suggested that she might not choose to be interrupted in so pleasant an occupation; but with brotherly confidence he put my objections aside, merely remarking that Smith had had his innings on the way out. So, after paying my respects to the hostess, I followed him through a small hall, where, in an alcove, just big enough for two, sat a young girl of charming appearance, holding back the *portiere* with one hand and evidently looking for some one. A dance having just finished, we had some difficulty in getting through the crowd. But at last I had the satisfaction of bearing my own name, which I knew before, and the deed was done. I am not going to try description as she sat there, with her lovely, animated face looking up at me, and a cloud of white, fluffy stuff—awfully pretty, by-the-by—spread out on the seat beside her. A few remarks were exchanged, her programme laughingly examined, to see what dances I might claim, when she exclaimed lightly:

"Oh! Mr. Smith, you are a man after my own heart!"

I was taken aback. For an instant I did not know what to say, but a voice close by me responded gallantly.

"Nothing I should like better, *ma belle!*" the latter decidedly *soffo voce*.

I turned hastily, and came face to face with a fine looking, fair man, carrying an ice in one hand and a glass of lemonade in the other. His manner was gaily off hand, but it did not need much astuteness to see the real turn of affairs.

"Your choice," he said, laughing, as the girl made room for him. "I have only just escaped with my life. What reward shall—" the rest of the sentence was lost, for I had to dodge some promenaders hastily to avoid instant destruction.

Ours was the next dance, and to the intoxicating strains of *Les Yeux d'Amours*, my arm went round her slender waist. Never was a floor so perfect, music so charming, a partner more ditto, from the fair hair which almost brushed my shoulder to the tip of her dainty shoe. I have been told since that I danced more than once between that and our next, and the authority is excellent and unimpeachable. If so, I am not aware of it to this day, and have still a hazy idea that I only propped up a door in the interim, and watched that graceful, white figure, circling about the room. Once she smiled at me as she passed, and almost before I realized it, she was smiling at me again, and I was saying:

"I am sure you are awfully tired, are you not? I can see it in your eye without the slightest exertion!"

"Which eye," she said, gaily; "but I am, really. And you?"

"Awfully," I responded, with conviction. "How well you understand me! And there is a seat waiting for us in the hall; I have had my eye on it for the last nineteen dances, and it is now free. An interposition of the powers rewarding modest worth. May I?"

The hall was deserted, except by a miserable couple endeavouring to cheer each other up—an unsuccessful feat—for the elderly young lady was scarcely concealing her yawns behind her fan, while the youth laboured manfully

to keep up a conversation. But we did not mind them, and they soon went away. That dance—truly:

"The kisses that are never kissed,
Sad poets sing, are sweetest,
And opportunities we've missed,
Must ever seem the truest."

"But this is true, whatever may mar
The rest of Fate's bright chances,
The dances that we sit out are
The most delightful dances!"

I am not prepared to say that I actually fell in love at first sight; but one thing I do know, before the evening was over I had made up my mind that it was going to be a case of Smith cut Smith, a conclusion which never altered until it was decided, as you shall hear.

From that day I went everywhere. You get into lazy bachelor habits if you have no one to make you go about, and thither I had been drifting; but all that was at an end. Fortunately, we were in the same set, and I had always had the run of the Owens' house. So it is not necessary to say that my opportunities were not neglected. My namesake, however, did not allow the grass to grow under his feet any more than I did. Whether our rivalry was known to others, I am sure I don't know. We might have been good friends under other circumstances—Smith and I; but it makes me laugh now to think how we measured each other, or, rather, how I measured him, and how carefully his advantages were balanced against mine. For one thing, Smith was a stranger and most kindly received by Miss Mabel's father and mother, and an artist of no small reputation into the bargain. Then, too, the pleasant task of directing that young lady's already trained brush had been seized by him, so that I not infrequently had to endure the sight of these two in close proximity over the easel, while conversation flowed briskly or languished, as the case might be, at the other end of the room. But, then, I could sing and he couldn't, and you can sing longer, or, at least, oftener, than you can talk about art. Moreover, no one played accompaniments like Tom's sister, with such expression, such a charming touch, or such good humour, while her voice, but I cannot tell you about that, only she was good enough to say mine went with it, and that there was nothing in the world so nice as singing duets.

After a while the field suddenly became clear, for Smith went away, most reluctantly, as any one could see; but winter and its charming effects will not last forever, even in Canada, and there were sketches to be made elsewhere. I was not sorry; but joy did not tarry long in my breast, for from that day Miss Mabel changed in a way that made me utterly wretched. Once in a while, it is true, I managed to get a coveted waltz by hanging about and dashing in whenever chance occurred; but the duets were given up. The girl had a cold, or her painting took up all the spare time she had, or something. Even our pleasant talks seemed always to be interrupted, and life became a burden. Over my solitary pipe, or in the long hours of the night, for sleep was coy, I tried to make out reasons for the change. But what was the use? A man's reason, or worse, a lawyer's reason, for a woman's. Bah! What an ass! She likes Smith, of course. Oh! heavens! the other Smith! Any fool could see that! So harder work than ever became my only solace. Sometimes mad thoughts of telling her all about it chased each other through my brain; but this was always in the wakeful nights aforesaid. Day, as it always does, brought more prosaic counsels. No benevolent uncle, unfortunately, had ever lain in wait for my unworthy youth—there was the rub—nor had fortune hitherto heaped upon me, except in the matter of my good partnership, so that my future position depended wholly upon personal efforts, and until now ambition had reigned supreme.

Lent began early that year, and the dances perforce stopped. I had no heart to go to *La Maison Owen*, except now and then to make a duty call, and, indeed, by this time, I was almost glad if she were out. Tom, my chum, could make nothing of me, he said, and frankly reproached me with turning into a "crank," who should be left to his own devices. Nevertheless, he often turned up at my rooms, where we spent melancholy evenings together over our pipes. Sometimes I thought of confiding in him, but never could bring myself to the point. About that time a troublesome case, in which I was engaged, was decided in favour of my client; but amongst the many congratulations I received, hers alone seemed cold and forced, so that at last pride, or a substitute for the same, was aroused, and I vowed a solemn vow to care no more for such a scornful damsel—"If she be not fair for me, what care I how fair she be?" and I went no more where she was to be seen.

II.

Spring was ruthlessly cut short by the hurried appearance of summer, and the uptown streets began to look deserted. Meeting Tom one morning, I was coolly informed that the family was on the point of transferring itself to summer camping quarters, and that his mother and the governor would like to see me before they left town. But, unfortunately, I had other engagements and could not, at any rate I did not go, and presently the house was shut up, as I found out in various moody evening prowls. Tom had gone with them, and twice hasty scrawls floated townwards, full of breezy life and jollity, urging me to join them; but I was nothing if not matter-of-fact just then, and each time my answer had been "too busy." One morning among my budget I pounced upon a square envelope addressed "Jewellyn Smith, Esq.," and I am not

ashamed to say my hand trembled a little as I opened it. Only a few lines and ran thus:

"TERRA FELIX, TUESDAY.

DEAR MR. SMITH.—Tom has gone off in his canoe this morning, leaving me with instructions to write to you, and should I fail to do so, under penalties which I am not at liberty to mention. He says he has no time to write himself as he has all the work to do. Come and verify his statements or help him in his difficulties, will you not? I am told to ask very nicely if you cannot manage to put business aside for a couple of weeks, at least, and come to us. I am sure we shall all be delighted to see you." Then, with some general directions about train and boat, and with kind regards, she signed herself mine very sincerely. How pleasant that day was, I distinctly remember it even now, and how happy every one looked in spite of the heat. As the red sun went down, and I wended my way to a solitary dinner, an answer was despatched, mentioning a speedy departure.

At last I was off. All day, as each thro of the engine took me nearer to her, I had been thinking of the "one maid in all the world for me." Surely the kind gaiety of her note meant a return at least to the happiness of former days, and that for the present seemed almost enough. *Terra Felix*—it must be a happy omen—perhaps, after all, there was a chance for me! My reflections, also, I am bound to say, took the form of pious thanks that Smith, at least, was no more in my way. From time to time I had heard of him turning up in the city, but had not come across him for a long while, and the last news had been his name in a list of ocean-bound travellers. I had blessed the hour of his departure. I bore him no grudge. I even hoped he might have good weather and no *mal de mer!*

The summer day died slowly away, and the sun threw his level beams across the islands draped in heavy pine woods. The boat should have reached *Terra Felix* I had been told in time for six o'clock dinner; but it was not far from eight before I gathered from the passenger that we were nearing the famous island. They all seemed to know it. I stood on the deck anxiously looking forward, when suddenly a skiff containing a lady and gentleman attracted my attention as it rose on the rollers from the paddle-wheels. The summer moon casting her silvery beams across the waves shone full in the face of the lady. It was Mabel; but the man—could I believe my eyes—confound him! It was Smith!!

An overwhelming hatred of mankind in general, and Smith in particular, took possession of me. Recollections of the long bright day turned to bitterness. What a fool I had been to come at all—to subject myself to this—when I was just beginning to get over it too! But there was no time for gnashing of teeth, for a minute later we reached the little wharf, untenanted except by a solitary figure in a blue boating shirt holding a lantern.

"Hallo, Owen!" "Evening, Tom!" shouted several voices from the deck.

"Hallo!" responded the figure, lazily raising his lantern. "By Jove, Llew, that you?" and the next moment we were heartily shaking hands, while dodging sundry parcels and things thrown out as the boat hacked from her moorings. "So you have come after all? Why didn't you let us know?"

I explained that my letter had been written three days before.

"You probably brought the letter along with you," he said gaily. "You must remember we are out of the world up here. Here it is, of course," he went on, neatly catching a flying mail bag. "You might think this a considerable mail for one small continent like this; but you see we are sort of district postmaster, as well as emperors in a small way. Very few of the other islands have wharves, so they have to come here for their things."

All this time we had been collecting the various packages, baskets, etc., and consigning them to a place of safety at hand.

"Now, if you're ready," remarked Tom, "I'll show you to *La Mere* and get you something to eat. You must be starved! The cook is nowhere, of course, and the girls are out on the water. But we will knock up something, and they'll all presently turn up at the camp fire."

"So Smith is here yet," I said, as coolly as possible, following my guide up the steep path.

"Yes; didn't you know?"

"How should I? I thought I saw his name in a ship's passenger list a week or two ago!"

"Perhaps you did,—but Johannes Smithianus is *not* an uncommon name, you know! He is going, though; to-morrow will see the last of him."

"If it only were the last," I said, savagely.

"Look here," said my friend, turning in the narrow path, and balancing the mail-bag on his shoulder, "what's the matter with you? Got it again, have you,—I thought it might have been only temporary! What has he ever done to injure you?"

"Nothing."

"Well, then, what is the use of making an ass of yourself? I tell you he is a great favourite with us. *La Mere* and Mabel think the world of him!"

"I suppose so."

"Yes," he went on excitedly; "and when the women think a good deal of a fellow—"

"Couldn't we drop the subject," I interrupted, impatiently. "I have had about enough of Smiths, myself included, for the rest of my natural life."

"Of course; there is no earthly use in our fighting about Smith," he said, cooling down; "but, at any rate, he has

had a pretty good time with us," he added, laughing. "He says he will bring his wife out here next summer on his wedding trip, and show her what camp life is like."

"Wife—wedding trip," I shouted, trying to grasp the situation. "How do you mean?"

"Mean what I say, of course. Always do except when I say what I mean! Wedding trip—a jollification for two. Would you like me to spell it for you?"

"But, Tom," I began—

"But Llew! Oh, you poor old duffer! I begin to see—is that what it's all about? By Jove! Yes, of course, Smith is engaged to my cousin—cut me out, too, and I never told you. By Jove!"

Over the impromptu meal Tom rattled along, touching upon everything likely to interest an uninitiated visitor. Indeed, he did most of the talking; for the sudden clearing away of so much at a stroke had almost upset me. I don't think I paid much attention to what he was saying. He was the best of good fellows, was Tom, and just then the camp-fire engaged all his attention.

"It is compulsory—attendance, I mean," he went on facetiously, "every night except when it is raining pitch-forks or—hailing cabs and omnibuses! We are a regular fire-worshipping crew, I assure you, and to not attend that or chapel under the trees on Sunday puts you outside the pale of civilization. And the bell tent—you shall be initiated to-night, my boy—win your spurs, so to speak—no one but the women and children sleep in the house, you know! And the plunge off the spring-board before breakfast! Oh, we'll have you in fine shape before long. Nothing to do but enjoy yourself; for Smith has been teaching the girls—Mabel too," with a comical grin,—"to swim."

"I haven't anything more to say about Smith," I responded, comfortably. "He is a man of whom I have the highest opinion. May his shadow never grow less!"

Tom laughed.

"It's queer," he said, striking another vein, "how lucky we are up here. Nothing has ever been known to get lost—that is, out and out. Things are always found again, sooner or later. A rum thing happened last year: One of our girls—guests, I should say—had a gold pencil she thought a lot of, and it went amissing. The last thing she remembered was writing out the numbers of the hymns for our very select choir on a Sunday morning. After lunch, we adjourned to a place called 'The Cliffs'—I must show it to you—and then the pencil was gone. High and low we hunted for it, but to no purpose. Miss Vaun took it quietly enough; but you could see she was rather cut up. Long after she had gone home, on our last Sunday, I believe, we were sitting out there as usual, rather glum at the idea of town-life again, when the governor, who had been absently picking up little bits of stick and shying them over into the water, suddenly gave an exclamation and held up the missing pencil. It was almost in the act of finding a 'watery grave' when he felt it was no twig, and nonchalantly glanced at it.

"By Jove!" I remarked, with originality.

"Yes," said Tom. "You would hardly believe it if you read it in a book; but it is true, nevertheless. Then there was Miss Wendel's ring—Mrs. Humphrey she is now—and her engagement ring at that! After being lost for two years, it turned up—where, do you think? You would never guess! Well, we were overhauling the sail-boat that year, and when the lining was ripped out of her the first thing we saw was the diamond ring securely wedged in between two planks—as safe as the bank."

"All's well that ends well," I laughed; "but isn't there a dark side to the general blessedness?"

"Well, of course, there was Rivers's watch! But we know where it is, if that were any consolation! Jim Rivers, of the British Lion Life, you know. He is very fond of sailing, and knows all about it, too! Up here he was out in the 'Nut Browne Mayde' from morning till night, and the girls were all glad to be with him, he was so safe, you know. Well, one day he was leaning over the gunwale with the sheet in his hand, looking at something, when his watch—he had on a guernsey with a breast pocket, and had forgotten to transfer the ticker to his trousers—fell out with a clomp! We all saw it going down for an instant, chain and all! By Jove, his face was a study! It has been down at the bottom, two hundred feet or so, for five years now, and has never turned up yet; so I don't suppose it ever will. But are you finished? The fire is lighted now, and there is the governor shouting for us. Don't you hear him? Come on."

It was a fine sight. The back log, ten feet in length and of great thickness, was supported by smaller logs heaped with brushwood. There was a rush and roar of leaping flames under the wide circle of over-arching trees, now dark, now lurid, in the uncanny fire-light. A quick glance took in the group of sitting and standing guests, but she was nowhere to be seen. As if he divined my thoughts, Owen said in a low voice:

"There is the boat; I hear her now! They will come up that path—no, that one. Go to meet—Smith!" and he gave me a slight push towards an opening in the trees.

I turned in the direction indicated. In a moment the merry voices seemed far away. Instead I could hear the regular lap, lapping of the little waves against the rocks below and the rattle of oars in the rowlocks. Smith's voice called out:

"I had better take her round to the boat-house. You don't mind going up alone, do you?" and hers answered cheerfully:

"Not a bit. I shall manage very well!"

Was it all a dream, and should I waken presently and listen to the melancholy howl of the city dogs, until they got tired, or I dropped asleep again? But no, it was no dream! There was the gleam of a white dress among the trees, a low voice—the sweetest voice in all the world—humming to itself, and a turn in the path brought us face to face. Silence, absolute, entrancing silence, how long who shall say? Hand clasped hand, and eyes looked into eyes. The world drifted far away. No sound or memory came to us. Only the gentle evening breeze fanned us with invisible wings, and my sweetheart was near me once more under the glorious summer moon. Then her eyes went down, her hand fell by her side, and she said shyly, "I am very glad to see you," as we turned and walked side by side up the path. That was all. Ah, indeed! It was a Terra Felix to me—an Enchanted Island—a very Heaven upon Earth.

As we emerged from among the shadows, the group about the fire had taken up the old college song, "A Tall, Stalwart Lancer Lay Dying" and the fine harmonies of the chorus—

"Wrap me up in my old stable jacket, jacket,
And say a poor 'butterfly' lies low, lies low—"

floated up and was lost among the dense foliage of the trees. We stood listening until it was finished, and then proceeded to find seats among the gnarled roots which seamed the ground.

"Now it is my turn, said a laughing voice, and one of the girls held aloft a sheet of paper, cluding the grasp of my ex-foe with great dexterity. "It is a poem written specially for the occasion. It is by one Smith—you have all heard of him! I found it yesterday, and I am going to read it now. It is called 'Contentment, and the Song of a Siren.'"

Some called it warm that summer day,
And some again said naught—
But many sighed persistently
"Uncomfortably hot!"

My hammock 'neath two noble elms
Its filmy network swung—
And so as night crept down apace
Therein myself I flung.

The trembling stars peeped out to view
Things that they should not see:—
But that, of course, a matter was
Indifferent to me!

O drowsy hour! A climbing moon,
A breeze from somewhere sent,
And I'm in swinging hammock borne
In measureless content.

And thoughts of siren's haunting song
'Gan through my brain to creep,—
And other things—with gentle "Ah,
I must have been asleep!"

My heart leaped up with sudden dread,
I knew what I should hear,
A distant murmur, then a pause—
And high and loud afar

My siren's song! "I come," she said,
"Your love I ask it not!"
"Mosquitoes! vampires! insect fiends!"
I shrieked, and fled the spot.

And why a moral this should teach
I cannot, cannot tell—
For even when you're too content
Things turn out far from well.

A murmur of applause followed this production, and then quietness fell on us once more.

"It is a habit of ours," said Mabel, comfortably, with her head thrown back against the trunk of a great maple, and her hands loosely clasped upon her lap. "I don't know whether it is a sort of fascination, or what, but we often sit here looking at the fire for ever so long without saying a word!"

There was a pause. Presently Tom strolled across the wide circle with his hands in his pockets, and sat down near us, stowing away his long legs as best he could.

"You are requested, you two," he said, politely, looking from his sister to me, and back again, "to sing something. Must be a duet. The governor says, 'I saw from the Beach,' if you have no objection."

"Have you any objection, Miss Owen?" I said.

"No, certainly not."

"Nor a cold?"

"Oh, no," with some surprise.

"Nor a painting lesson—nor calling—nor shopping—nor cooking lectures—nor philanthropic—"

"Oh, no, no," she interrupted, laughing, "positively nothing. Like Budge and Toddie nothin', nor nothin', nor nothin'—is that convincing enough?"

"It is," I responded, gratefully, "and this is the key, I think, um—m. Now!"

"I saw from the beach, when the morning was shining,
A bark o'er the waters move gloriously on,
I came when the sun o'er the beach was declining,
The bark was still there, but the water was gone!

And such is the fate of our life's early promise,
So passing the spring-tide of joy we have known,
Each wave that we danced on at morning ebbs from us,
And leaves us at eve on the bleak shore alone!

Ne'er tell me of glories serenely adorning
The close of our day, the calm of our night,
Give me back, give me back the wild freshness of morning,
Her clouds and her tears are worth evening's best light!"

I don't remember how the rest of the evening went. To me it was all too short. There was no more singing, however, and by-and-by the men reached with one accord for their logging hooks.

"It would never do," said our host, cheerfully, "to leave the fire like this, you know. We always have to pull it down at night," and fell to work with a will.

When the great pile was demolished and the fire was safely stamped out, we gathered up our belongings and followed the ladies, who had disappeared in the darkness.

Bright and early next morning Tom and I were down at the wharf, hoisting the signal flag to bring in the steamer.

"We try to be hospitable, you know, but we shouldn't like to let Smith miss her," said Tom, with a grin at me, as he sent the bright pennon aloft. "Besides—not like you—he actually wants to go!"

After breakfast we all escorted the hero of the hour to meet his doom. Was he more than a little sorry at the last, and did he hold Mabel's hand longer than was strictly necessary? I don't know, for the simple reason that I didn't look! To me, with friendly heartiness, he said:

"Make the best of your time, Smith. Glad to leave one of the clan behind me," and in a lower tone added, "Wish you joy, old man!" Then he jumped aboard, the steamer resumed her way, and I wished there were more fellows in the world like Smith, of the name of John.

My two weeks proved very elastic, and luckily nothing happened to call me back to town. Day by day the "Nut Browne Mayde" spread her graceful sail, and sped from island to island on the freshening breeze, and day by day the fishers went forth to fish, and the rowers to row, and the berry-pickers to pick berries. Night after night the waning moon rose undimmed, and the mighty fire crackled and roared, throwing myriads of sparks aloft into the night, and then the conclusion of the whole matter came, so quietly, so unpretentiously, that I don't in the least remember how it all happened. In the hush of a late afternoon, it chanced that we two, having strayed away from the others, stood together at the edge of a little bay. My arm had somehow got round her slender waist, and the tears upon her dear, upturned face were not all her own.

"Why do you make it so hard for me?" I said.

There was a pause, and then:

"Oh, my dear—my dear, how blind you are," she said, suddenly lifting herself and throwing her arms about my neck, "what else could I do? There was not a moment—not one—when I did not think of you, from the very first, and I—I thought I was telling you all the time."

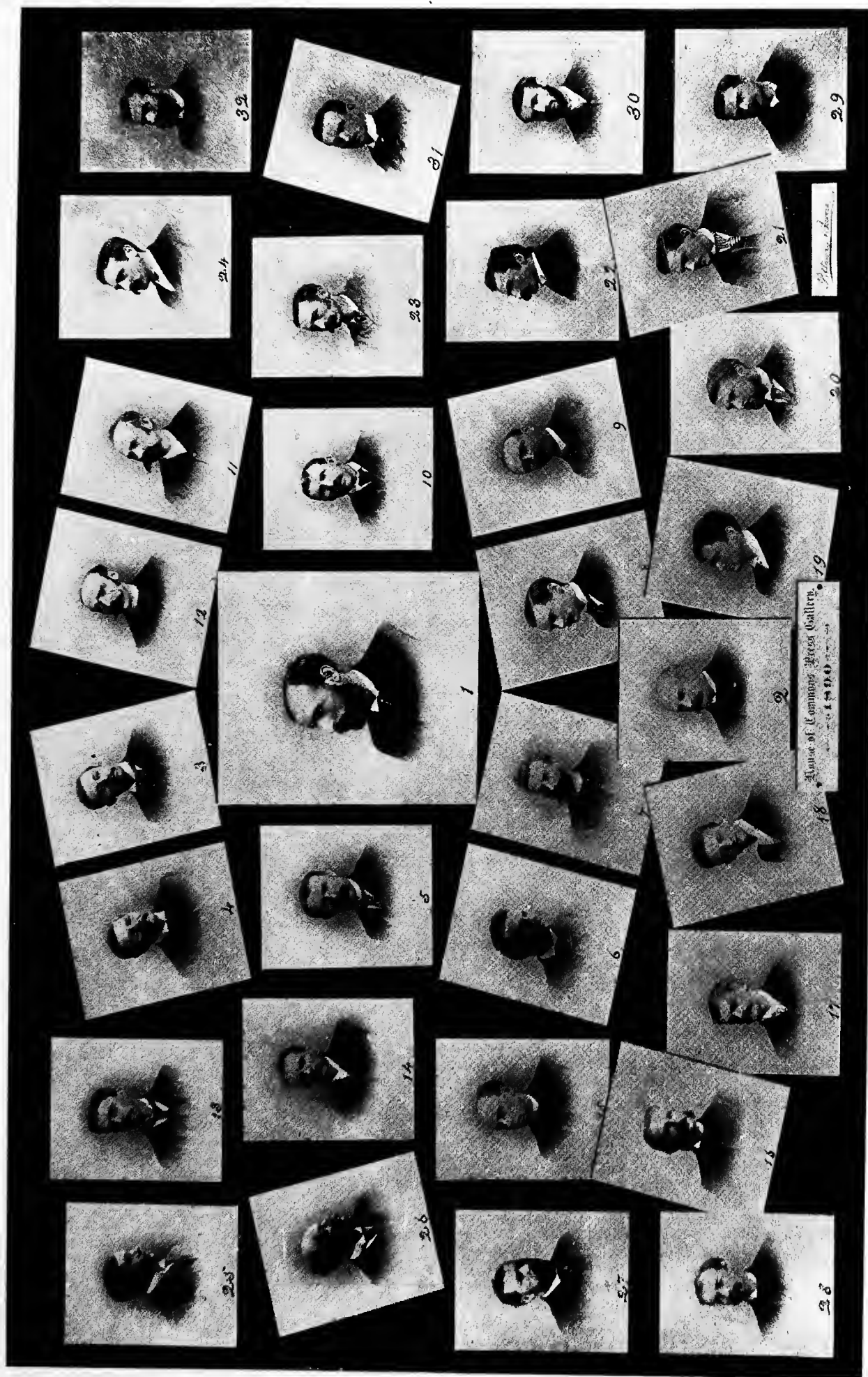
The blue waters of the lake rippled at our feet, the breeze fluttered the leaves over our heads, and the "clouds and tears of morning" were all gone, never to come between us any more, leaving perfect joy and perfect friendship in Terra Felix.

KAY LIVINGSTONE.

A LEARNED PRINTER.

We regret to record the death of Mr. William Blades, which took place early on Sunday morning at his residence at Sutton, Surrey. He was one of the learned printers of his day, worthy to be classed with Ames, Bowyer, Nichol: and others. He was born at Clapham in 1824. His first literary effort was a reprint, of 1858, of Caxton's "Governayle of Helthe," with an introduction and notes; and a facsimile of Du Castelet's "Morale Prouverbes" followed in 1859. His principal work, "The Life and Typography of W. Caxton," in two quarto volumes, appeared in 1861-3. His other writings upon Caxton were a catalogue of books from Caxton's press (1865), "How to Tell a Caxton" (1870), and "The Biography and Typography of William Caxton" (1877). "A List of Medals, &c., in connexion with Printers," first issued in 1868, was afterwards enlarged and published in 1883 as "Numismata Typographica; or, the Medallist History of Printing." This work was largely founded upon the medals in his own collection, which is believed to be the largest of its kind. In 1870 he published two privately printed papers, "A List of Medals Struck by Order of the Corporation of London," and "Typographical Notes," reprinted from the *Bookworm*. He wrote "Shakespeare and Typography" in 1872, and "Some Early Type-specimen Books" in 1874, the latter being principally compiled from books in his own possession. A reprint of the "Dices and Sayings of the Philosophers" followed in 1887, and another of "The Boke of Saint Albans" in 1881. A charming little book appeared in 1881 entitled "The Euemies of Books," which speedily went through three editions, the first of which is now scarce. In 1885 he published an account of the German morality play, entitled "Depositio Cornuti Typographici," and in 1887 a pamphlet on the question, "Who was the inventor of Printing?" His last work, now left unfinished, was a monthly series of "Bibliographical Notes," originally read before the Literary Association. Mr. Blades was a frequent contributor to the *Athenaeum* and *Notes and Queries*. He was a member of the council of the Printers' Pension Fund and a liveryman of the Scriveners' Company. He married in 1862, and leaves a widow and seven children.—*London Times*.

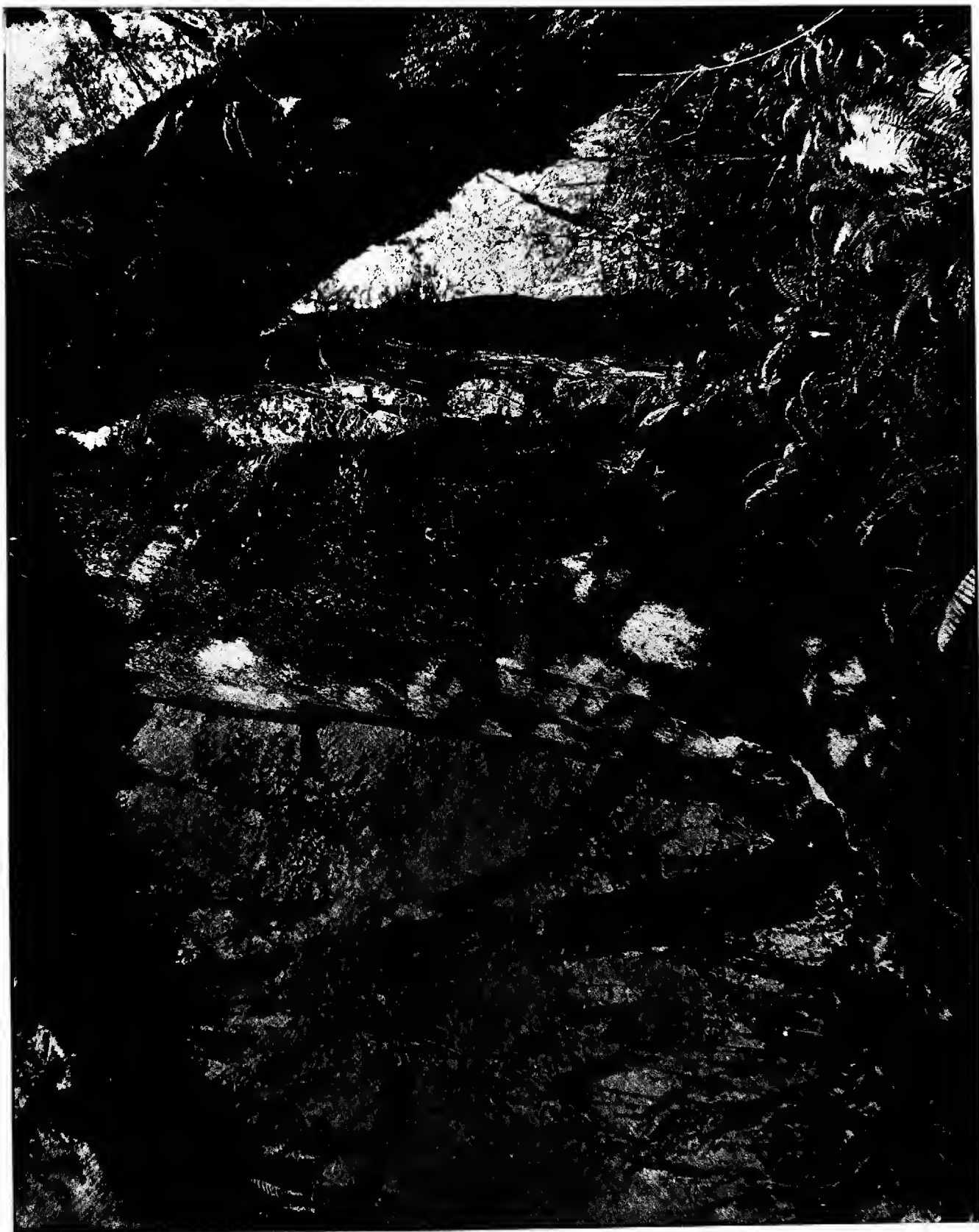
A paper recently contributed by Mr. H. S. Poole to the Canadian Society of Civil Engineers gives some interesting information concerning the oldest railway in British North America, which has been in continuous operation since 1838. It was built to connect the coal mines of Pictou, Nova Scotia, with the shipping ground five miles down the river, and in 1838 the first locomotive in Canada ran over the road. The railroad continued to carry both freight and passengers until last fall, when it was abandoned and the shipping of coal transferred from the South Pictou Railroad terminus to wharves at the mouth of the harbour, access to which is obtained over a branch of the Inter-colonial Railway.



THE HOUSE OF COMMONS PRESS GALLERY, 1890.

(Pittaway & Jarvis, photo.)

1. J. S. Willison, Toronto Globe.
2. M. St. John, editor Montreal Herald.
3. W. A. Harkin, Montreal Star.
4. M. Vidal, L'Electeur, Quebec.
5. T. P. Gordon, editor Ottawa Free Press.
6. H. Wallis, Ottawa Free Press.
7. A. C. Campbell, Toronto Globe.
8. A. F. Wallis, Toronto Mail.
9. J. A. Ewan, Toronto Mail.
10. Geo. H. Han, Winnipeg Free Press.
11. W. McKenzie, Montreal Gazette.
12. J. L. Payne, Toronto Empire.
13. J. McLean, Ottawa Free Press.
14. A. J. Magurn, Toronto Globe.
15. A. R. Carman, Toronto Globe.
16. F. Moffatt, Le Canadien, Quebec.
17. Fred. Williams, Montreal Gazette.
18. W. E. Burgess, Montreal Herald.
19. J. A. Garvin, Toronto News.
20. M. O. Scott, Ottawa Journal.
21. W. Smith, Montreal Star.
22. Oscar McDonald, Le Canada, Ottawa.
23. John A. Johnson, St. John, N. B. Sun.
24. Fred. Jones, St. John, N. B. Globe.
25. C. H. T. Byng Hall, Hamilton Herald.
26. C. Whitney, Ottawa Free Press.
27. A. C. Bertram, North Sydney Herald.
28. James Cameron, Toronto Mail.
29. K. McLeod, Ottawa Citizen.
30. F. A. Hackland, Toronto Globe.
31. George Simpson, Toronto Empire.
32. G. F. Calder, Lachute Watchman.



THE ROYAL VISIT.--SPRUCE TREE, 44 FEET IN CIRCUMFERENCE, IN STANLEY PARK, VANCOUVER.
(Wm Notman & Son, photo.)

MONTREAL TO QUEBEC BY STEAMER.

THREE RIVERS, DESCHAMBAULT, POINTE AUX TREMBLES AND ST. AUGUSTIN.

II.

Let us bid adieu to Sault's quaint, native city. On sped, under the veil of night, our good steamer, successively shooting past innumerable beacons and headlands, each with a story of its own in Canadian annals. Pine-clad Cape Lauzon, of old charts, now Deschambault, half way between Three Rivers and Quebec. Tradition has handed down sad tales of the luckless New Englanders hurrying home during the inauspicious winter of 1775-6 from their rash invasion of Canada, dropping down exhausted as they trudged over the snowdrifts at Deschambault, victims of smallpox or dysentery, their stiffened remains thrust unconfined in holes dug in orchards and whitened meadows on the wayside. The place teems also with the warlike memories of 1759.

Deschambault, until the Grand Trunk Railway in 1853 monopolised the winter traffic and passengers of the Red and Blue Lines of stages, was a noted mid-day halting-place for them; the tired roadsters had a rest and feed; the travellers their dinner at the wayside inn, and new relays were ordered. The antique Deschambault Manor of yore, the cherished summer retreat of Chief-Justice Sir James Stuart, Bart., is now owned by a distinguished Canadian, *littérateur* and sportsman, George M. Fairchild, Jr., the originator of the Canadian Club at New York.

We next headed with a full pressure of steam for Pointe-aux-Trembles, and heard at the early dawn the whistle of the little market steamer Etoile. This parish, one of the oldest on the shore of the St. Lawrence, is fringed with low, fertile meadows, with a background of lofty heights, studded with orchards and graceful elms. During the great siege several encounters took place between the English and French forces. Wolfe, Murray, Levis, Dumas were once familiar names to the peasantry of Pointe-aux-Trembles.

A party of 1,200 of Fraser's Highlanders and Grenadiers, says Panet, were despatched to Pointe-aux-Trembles under General Wolfe in person, under the guidance of Major Robert Stobo,* on the 21st of July, 1759, and captured a number of Quebec French ladies, who had sought a refuge there during the bombardment. The English were fired on by about 40 Indians; but succeeded about half-past three in the morning, having surrounded the houses round the church, in capturing about thirteen ladies. The fair captives were Mesdames Couillard, Duchesnay, De Charney, with her mother and her sister. The Joly, Malhiot and Maynau families formed part of them. They were treated with every kind of respect. Young General Wolfe headed the detachment under the guidance of Major Robert Stobo, who, it seems, made several pretty speeches to the ladies—"qui a fait biens des compliments."

"What was worse," remarks Panet, "was that whilst the British soldiery did them no harm, the Indians (allies of the French) pillaged the houses and property of nearly all these unfortunate refugees."—(Panet's "Journal of the Siege," p. 13.)—"Each captive for the day bore the name of her captor."

It sounds odd that it should have seemed necessary to detail 1,200 British Grenadiers, etc., to capture thirteen French ladies. One likes to recall this romantic incident in the career of Miss Lowther's admirer, James Wolfe—the chivalrous gallantry of the young soldier towards beauty in distress. Next day the fair Quebecers were brought home in boats and landed at Ance des Mères at 3 p.m., orders having been sent by the General to the English fleet to stop firing on the city until 9 p.m., in order to afford the captives time, after their release, to retire to a place of safety. Who was on that 21st of July, 1759, Madame Wolfe, Madame Stobo or Madame Frazer? What a lark for the sons of Mars to enliven their next home letters?

At Pointe-aux-Trembles occurred during the spring of 1760 the engagement between the French frigates with an overwhelming portion of the British fleet, brave Captain de Vauclain, of the Atlantic, winning by his spirited, though unsuccessful defence, the respect of worthy foes.

The next headland is the bluff at the mouth of the roaring Jacques Cartier stream, where frowned the grim old fort of that name. There bivouacked, on the 14th of September, 1759, the routed French legions. The ditches round the vanished fortress are still visible.

Not very far, lower down, is a lurking boulder, visible at half tide, known to this day as *La Roche à Jacques Cartier*. A vague, unreliable tradition, goes on to say that one of the vessels of the great Saint Malo captain struck and was wrecked on this treacherous, hidden rock.

So soon as rosy-fingered Aurora had opened the portals of the east, I was up and pacing the deck of the steamer, when a famous raconteur, M. G. M. F., accosted me, and, pointing to the faint outline of the old Grist Mill, on the bank of the river, and to the *Calvaire* close by, dating from 1697, he asked me if I could notice on the beach any remains of the first church at St. Augustin.

"Did you," he added, "ever hear the story of the great black horse who carted the greater portion of the stone for the foundation wall of the first church or chapel of St. Augustin? This was, as you may be aware, a wooden structure, built at L'Ance à Mahaut, about ten acres from the main road, in 1690, on the beach. The second church

dates 1720, some distance from the first; the present one, a comparatively recent structure."

On my replying in the negative, he lit his cigar and said:

"Two centuries back, where you now see round here water a fathom and more at light tide, was dry land. The population formed a mission—the mission of La Côte Saint Ange. A notable portion of the settlers in primitive Canada were originally from Normandy. Normans are famous for their love of lawsuits. There must have been several located here, judging from their cantankerous disposition when the site and size of the future chapel was mooted. One faction wanted the place of worship to be just large enough for the settlement at L'Ance à Mahaut without a steeple. The opposition, a progressive body with an eye to the future, insisted on a larger building with a lofty steeple, and a cross surmounted by a cock—the Gallic cock of course.

"After several noisy conclaves of the notables, the steeple was carried, but the cross and cock were dropped on the score of expenditure. It was remarked that the loudest in denouncing the emblem of Christianity, as unnecessary expense, was a colonist recently arrived from Paris, a swarthy fellow, whose visage was covered with a heavy bluish beard, wearing a black velvet *justaucorps*. However, he spoke loud and fluently, and was evidently a man of some means, as he had ridden to the meeting on horseback, but had refused to dismount, alleging that his steed, a coal black, fiery Norman roadster, would not stand unattended, and that he alone could master him. The animal, it was remarked, was very restless, and wore a species of spiked, double bridle, which the rider jocosely remarked had not been removed for a year and a day. The mysterious stranger spoke so fair and seemed to enter so readily in the all absorbing project of church building, that it required but few arguments on his part to have his offer accepted, when he tendered for the cartage of all the stone required for the foundation walls."

"The agreement, a very concise one, was jotted down on a sheet of birch bark by the scribe of the settlement, who counted on being chosen beadle of the future parish. He was a jolly, fat fellow, and boasted of having already found an appropriate name for the fiery, black horse, whom he christened, on account of his sleek, shiny, satin-like coat, 'Satan,' playing on the words. The *Seigneur* and father of the settlement, on being asked to become a party to the contract and to affix his signature thereto, drew forth from its scabbard the short sword which the French king's retainers usually wore, not, however, with any evil intent, but to use the point in writing his mark, a cross (X), on the book. This made Satan's owner wince, but the feudal magnate heeded him not, telling the scribe to add the usual closing formula—"Et le dit seigneur en sa qualité de gentilhomme a déclaré ne savoir signer."

"The very next day at sunrise (the nine-hour day's work was not yet in fashion), Satan, suitably harnessed to a rude *charette*, made his appearance, led by his master.

"What a worry for the poor beast, every one exclaimed, that heavy spiked double bridle must be when he is to be fed or watered? Why, one would imagine it was never intended to be removed? There was evidently something strange, sinister, verging on the mystery about the whole turnout? How Satan did paw the earth, show his long, white teeth, put down close to his head his delicately formed ears, as if in a chronic stage of rage, when strangers approached him?

It became an established fact that the bridle was to remain as tight as possible on the animal when he was brought at noon to get a drink from a neighbouring spring. A late incident left no doubt on this point, else there would be trouble. On a recent occasion, when the farmers around had assembled, on their way home, at noon, to repeat the *Angelus*, close to the spot where the *Calvaire* was erected, in 1798, and to water the horses, Satan, being led, like the rest, to the refreshing draught, a peasant said to his master: "Why don't you remove his bridle and give him a chance to drink comfortably?"

To which the mysterious stranger replied with an emphatic "No," and the peasant, still pressing him, was met with a dreadful oath, uttered by Satan's master. "*Tors mon âme au boit d'un piquet.*" However, as this last feat rested merely on the *ipse dixit* of a superstitious old crone, Satan and his owner were allowed to proceed, unmolested, with the contract, though the future beadle on noticing the huge boulders carted by Satan, without any apparent effort, had openly stated to the *Seigneur*—crossing himself—"C'est le Diable! 'Tis the Devil!"

The beadle's daughter, a rosy-cheeked, romping lass, had secretly told her mother a curious story about the strange contractor, adding, though she liked him: "*Ça paraît être un beau monsieur, mais j'en ai peur.*" Bravely, however, was the work going on for a full week; so rapidly, in fact, that the contractor drew in advance a large portion of the price agreed on. On the following Saturday, just when all except himself were preparing to kneel to repeat the *Angelus*, the future beadle, out of pure cussedness, though some said it was through curiosity—while Satan's master, who had just pocketed a whole week's instalment in advance, was, with his back turned, paying a gallant compliment to the beadle's blooming daughter—led Satan to the well, tugged and pulled at the double bridle until he succeeded in

*The reader desirous of obtaining fuller particulars of the erection of the early churches at St. Augustin, County of Portneuf, are referred to my "Album du 'Purisme,'" pp. 112-34, and foot notes thereon.

†A picturesque expletive in frequent use by the old *voyageurs des pays d'en haut*.

slipping it off, when lo and behold! Satan disappeared in a cloud of blue flame and sulphur smoke. . . . Endless were the lawsuits and discord which followed; of course, all caused by the interference of the devil in church matters.

"Well, Mr. F.,—this is a capital story. I was going to observe how risky it is to unbridle a spirited horse when brought out to make him drink; but you want me to believe that, as a fact, *Diabolus* has occasionally interfered in church matters, in Canada as well as elsewhere."

From the deck of the steamer we could discern, canopied by the green woods, on the lofty river bank at St. Augustin, the long, mossy white house, where the historian of Canada, Frs. X. Garneau, was born on the 13th June, 1809.†

I recollect my dear old friend once relating to me how Louis Garneau, his aged sire, had told him the thrilling account of the encounter which, as a boy, in 1760, he had witnessed from the verandah of this old tenement, between the *Atalante*, commanded by brave Captain de Vauclain (so ungratefully requited on his return to France for his life-long devotion to the interest of the French king) with English men-of-war.

A short distance lower down we steamed past the lugubrious ledge, visible at low tide, where, on the 22nd June, 1857, at about 5 p.m., the ill-fated old steamer *Montreal*, on her daily trip from Quebec, loaded with Irish emigrants, in flames from bow to stern, was heached as a last resort. Two hundred of her despairing passengers, with some well remembered Quebecers, attempting to swim from the burning craft, were that day consigned to a watery grave, within hail of the shore, one of the most heartrending among the many marine disasters which darken our annals.

On we sped, in the cool of the early morn, whilst the orb of day poured its purple light over one of the most enchanting river views on the continent, localities for ever enshrined in early Canadian history—Cap Rouge and its lofty bluff where Jacques Cartier and Roberval wintered more than three and a half centuries ago. The green banks of Sillery Cove, where, in 1657, existed the Jesuit mission house, amidst the Algonquin and Montagnais wigwams. Convent Cove, where, for three and a half years, piously ministered to the spiritual and temporal wants of their neophytes the *Hospitalières* (Hotel Dieu) nuns, until incessant Iroquois alarms forced them back to Quebec on the 29th May, 1644.

On we sped, past the little monument erected by the inhabitants of Sillery and consecrated on 26th June, 1870, to the memory of Commander Noël Brulart de Sillery, a Knight of Malta—the munificent founder of the settlement—sacred also to the memory of good Father Ennimon Massé, the first missionary of Canada, peaceably resting since the 12th May, 1646, under the chancel of his little chapel of St. Michael, whose walls are now raised level with the shore, but whose foundations are still perceptible under the sod a few yards south of the monument. In rear, on the opposite side of the road, still stands with its massive walls three feet thick, transformed into a school house, the Jesuits' former residence, known to the inhabitants as "The Manor"—the oldest house in Canada, dating back to 1637.

As the boat shot past we caught a glimpse, among the trees mantling the Sillery heights, of Clermont, erected there in 1850 by the late Hon. R. E. Caron, one of our most respected administrators, now the ornate home of Lt.-Col. Ferdinand Turnbull, Inspector of our Dominion Cavalry. It adjoins Beauvoir, whose extensive conservatories and vinerias are not in view from the river.

Soon loomed out lofty Pointe-à-Pizéau, once a famous trysting place for the Red Man. The handsome St. Columba church, like a diadem, now crowns the historic old point since 1854.

Close by, in St. Michael's Cove, stood, in 1841, Monsieur Pierre Puiseaux's sumptuous abode, where the founder of Montreal, Chomedy de Maisonneuve, Mdlle. Mance, with the soldiers and farmers, colonists for Montreal, found a roof to shelter them during the winter of 1642.‡

We were rapidly drawing near the indentation in the shore, at the foot of Marchmont Hill—now named after the conquering hero of the Heights of Abraham, Wolfe's Cove—where the British Grenadiers and Scotch Highlanders were silently mustering at dawn on the 13th September, 1759, for assault.

A few more revolutions of the paddles and the steamer, having passed inside of the Fly Bank, was creeping leisurely along the decayed wharves and half submerged piers, close to the precipice where luckless Brigadier-General Richard Montgomery's conquering career was arrested for ever. "HERE FELL MONTGOMERY" was inscribed in white letters on a black board, attached to the rock sufficiently high above to be read from the deck of river craft. Five minutes more and our trusty steamer, taking a sheer, was rounding out—within full view of Orleans' verdant isle, four miles distant—to her berth at the Napoleon wharf.

I quitted the saloon of the steamer after exchanging a friendly nod with her genial old commander, Capt. Nelson, trying to treasure in as many as possible of the glorified memories of the past, associated with the noble expense of water just travelled over. From the haunted halls of

† "Mon vieil aïeul, couché par l'âge, assis sur la galerie de sa longue maison blanche, perchée au sommet de la butte qui domine la vieille église de Saint-Augustin, nous montrait, de sa main tremblante, le théâtre du combat naval de l'*Atalante* avec plusieurs vaisseaux anglais, combat dont il avait été témoin dans son enfance. Il aimait à raconter comment plusieurs de ses oncles avaient péri dans des luttes héroïques de cette époque, et à nous rappeler le nom des lieux où s'étaient livrés une partie de ces glorieux combats restés dans ses souvenirs."—*Biographie de F. X. Garneau*, par l'abbé H. R. Casgrain.

‡ Une maison regardée dans les temps comme le bijou du Canada.—*The gem of Canada*.

*Major R. Stobo, who had been for three years a prisoner of war in Quebec, was well acquainted with its environs.

memory rushed out in full panoply of success, of war, occasionally of victory, the illustrious dead: Jacques Cartier, Champlain, de Tracy, de Frontenac, Phipps, de la Galissonnière, Wolfe, Montcalm, Levis, Murray, Cook, Bougainville, Arnold, Montgomery, and on stepping again on our historic soil, I, turning to my genial *compagnon de voyage*, said to him:

"*Siste, viator heroem calcas.*"

QUEBEC, 1890.

J. M. LE MOINE.

HYMN TO EROS.

Yo! for the Never-aging! the boy of the bow of pearl!
Come Hours! put on your sandals: Air, gather all your voices:
Brown daughter of king Pandion, trill: coo, dove; and whistle, merle;
And sigh sweet breeze that is never away when Nature's heart rejoices.
Sing small contented humming bee, and every sweet-toned thing!
Come loud-laughed maids of Dian, with noise of rattling quivers,
With chirp of trees and lisp of seas and rhyme of running rivers,
And choir around the spot in which are sly-eyed satyrs peeping,
Where bends above the cradle bed whereon young Love is sleeping,
Cytherea the beautiful,—singing songs of his father the king,
(The son of ox-eyed Juno, and lord of the spear and glaive)
And telling the boy in the bassinet how his most royal sire
When captive ta'en by the Mother of Love became her lord and slave,
And suffered his levin bolts to rust and let out his forge of fire
In the winy isle of Cyprus—that gem in the milk-white ring
Of foam that rims the shelly sands of the Aspelian wave.

Pipe the oat! attune the tongue!

Eros! Eros! is young!

Let the hair be loosed, be loosed, and harp be strung.

O summer winds! bring the roses at the touch of your flying feet,
And carpet with blushing petals the floor of his bower of boughs,
And, O ye rays of the sunlight! illumine the summer seat
Where the lad delights to linger, or, frolicsome, to house
In the pendant sprays of linden limbs, or in nests of birds on high,
To launch his spark-tipped arrows at the maidens passing by,—
Yes! yes! ye balmy-breathing Hours, with all your roses blowing,
Trip on the primrose-sprinkled mead and see Child Eros growing
In ruddy beauty unfolding as moss-rose from its wraps;
And deepen the pits of his dimples with pats of finger tips,
And fondle his round limbs beneath his curt and white cymar,
And watch his gambols rushing forth as greyhounds from the slips,
Or see him climb demurely on a knee—triumphal car—
To let the budding, browned-browed girls have Young Love on their laps,
His warm hands paddling in their necks, and kisses on their lips.

Chaunt in numbers mild

Eros! Eros! the Child,—

For the love of the child is undefiled.

Airily twang the rebec; breathe the soft Aeolian flute;
Beat a gladsome ruffle on the tightened kidskin drum;
Young men! join your voices in, let not singing girls be mute,—

Chaunt epithalamium, for the Bride and Bridegroom come!

He with all the port and bearing of his gallant father Mars,
She like Venus Aphrodité when she rose up from the waters,—

(Fairest child of fairest mother in the court of Saturn's daughters)

He with odic forces breathing, seething from each beating vein,
She with all her heart responsive throbbing to his heart again,

With her fine eyes fitful blazing like the gleams of mist-swept stars,—

Their hue the hue of happiness, their light the light of chastened flame.

As the orient noontide drinks draughts of sunlight's quickening fire,

So her being, soft, receptive, all his bolder feelings tame,
And her love is glorified by the warmth of chaste desire,
For she feels her vestal angel's hand is letting down the bars

And a tremour shakes, like leaves, the fibres of her delicate frame.

Room for the Bridal! room!

Eros! Eros! the groom,—

Let citron blossoms wave and torches lume.

Who comes along the highway, girt by guards in gilt cuirasses

And lances shedding rainbows from their tips of diamond flame,

Heralded by braying trumpets and the clash of smitten brasses?

Love, the Lord and the Avenger! Young Love changed, and yet the same.

Spotted panthers in the harness of his falchion-axled car,

Stealthily and velvet-footed march along and champ their tusches

Till from their ensanguined jaws out the blood in red gouts rushes,

Which they lick up—looking askance at the crowd of frightened faces:

His own eyes are fierce and cruel as the beasts that pull the traces,

Full of stern suspicion, as dictators' glances are;
Woe! to think that out of love jealousy should rise—and scorn!

Woe! for shallow passion sated! Woe! for disappointed hopes!

Woe! the unattainable, that leaves the spirit crushed and torn!

Woe! that heart in wilful bonds should perish tugging at the ropes!

That beneath the masque of love there should lie so deep a scar,

And bitter hate from ashes of rejected love be born:

It needeth much to convince

This is Eros! the Prince—

Child in his cot a handful of years since.

Falleth the snow in summer; Doth the young beard turn to grey?

Is it not the autumn time when ripens the yellow rye?
Love that is of woman born cannot hope to flower for aye,
Though it live in summer time with the winter it must die.

And as winter with ice-lances from the arctic land advances,

Eros wraps him in a mantle of the feathers of the eider,
And the dame bride feels the chill, though she have her Love beside her,

For the maiden's blooming freshness with the summer goeth south,

And her sweets of love have melted with the kisses of her mouth;

Aye! the lava stream of passion in young veins that boils and dances

Chilleth to a tepid current, and love grows subdued to kind,

Till the mocking mimes of Bacchos, with quick eyes and pricked-up ears,

Note the change and scoffing say "Love he groweth blind!"

Praise to Love the Quiet!—constant! Praise to Love that loves for years;

Truer than the warmth of passion, warmer far than youth's romances

Is the love that feeds on fondness. Laud to quiet, loving mind!

Yet must the truth be told,
Eros he groweth old

When hair is snowy and heart is cold.

Then on altar wanes the flame that once made the heart a shrine;

Dims the roscate aureole; Hymen stoops with torch depressed;

All the joys of vanished passion range them in funereal line,

Flamens like the ghosts of memories, all in weeds of violet dressed,

Or the lonesome shades that wait attendant on the unburied slain;

And the Cupids, fluttering wildly, all dejectedly are crying
With their piping voices "Al! al, Eros lies a-dying,"

For his form is waxing dimmer till it goes out in the glimmer,

And a young Boy Love is lying 'mong the roses in the shimmer

Of the shifting scenes that ope the temple of the heart again;

Till rejuvenate the glory—till a flush of roseate hue
Limns upon life's vivid curtain all the pageant of the past,

And in radiant youthful prime, Love the Strong, the Brave, the True,

Stands as central figure grandly, and so very like the last
That the warm blood throbs the question fiercely through each beating vein,

"Is this the old love or another? Is it the Old or New?"

Pipe the oat! attune the tongue!

Eros is ever young!

For from the old dead Love new Loves have sprung.

HUNTER DUVAR.

MOTHER EARTH.

They tell of other homes from thee afar;
We know not what, we know not where they are.
Whatever and wherever they may be,
They seem so distant when compared to thee.
Thy teeming children in the east and west
Derive their nourishment from out thy breast;
And priceless jewels thy fair shoulders grace
To be the playthings of our ancient race.
While in and out twines many a garland fair
Of flowers, among the richness of thy hair—
That shimmering shows the golden waves of light
Or hides upon the dusky pillow, night.
Thy garments are the slopes of velvet green
And all the ocean's crests of silver sheen.
We hear while wandering thy paths along
In storm thine anger, or thy joys in song.
The wailing winds are but thy sighs and sighs;
The clouds, the well-springs of thy weeping eyes,
Led by thy hand, our little journey past,
We sink to rest upon thy breast at last.
Forgive us if, poor children of a day,
We cling too fondly to thine earthly way.
Those homes afar, of which we wondering hear,
They seem so distant, and thou art so near.

—A. C. S.

NEW INVENTION IN GLASS INDUSTRY.

An invention has been perfected in the glass industry which, it is stated, will accomplish a complete revolution in that branch of manufacture. Until the present it has only been possible to produce sheet glass by blowing a hollow cylinder, which was then cut, separated, and polished. An American glass manufacturer has now succeeded in producing glass plates of great breadth and of any desired length by means of rolling. Glass thus produced is said to possess a far greater homogeneity, firmness, and transparency, and it has, on the upper surface, a brilliancy which is hardly to be distinguished from art plate glass. The material part of the invention consists in the application of the peculiar, undulated, hollow metal rollers, heated from the inside by means of steam or gas. These rollers seize the sticky, liquid glass, which is conducted to them from the bottom of a melting-tub, without the intervention of any other apparatus whatever. To prevent the soft glass from adhering to the rollers, the latter are covered with an extremely thin coating of wax. If the new process is extensively used, window glass will be considerably cheapened.—*English Mechanic*.

A VEGETARIAN'S EXPERIENCE.

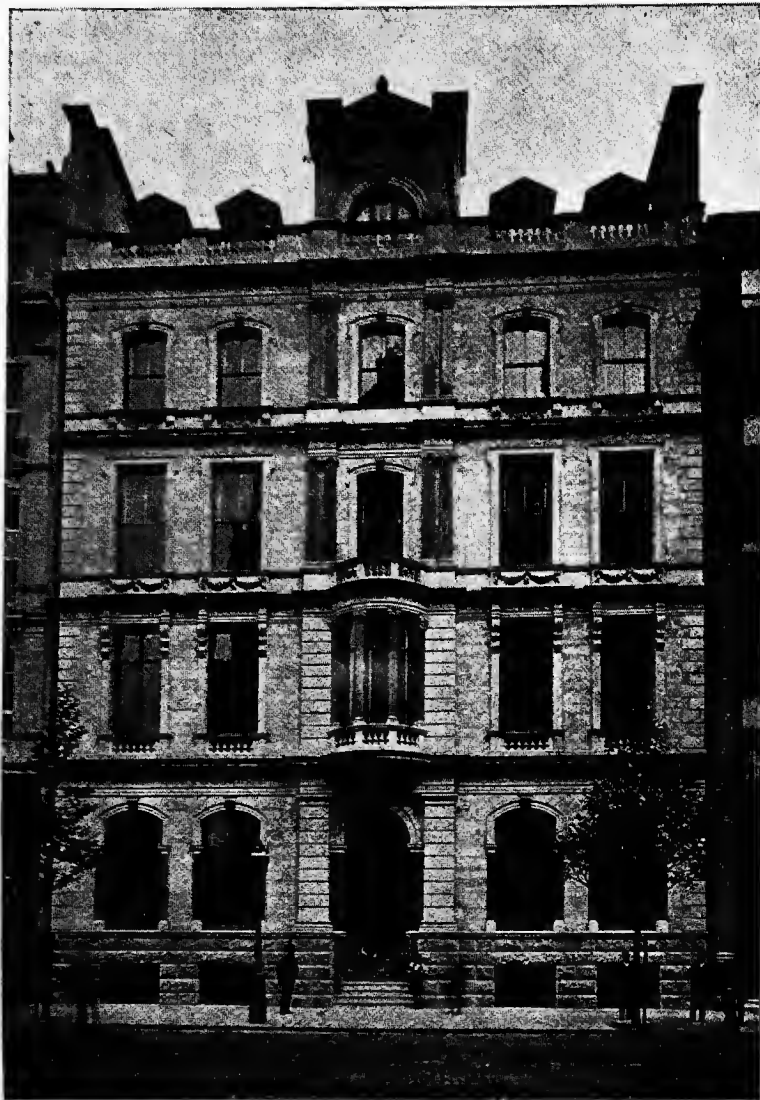
Mr. John Borrowings, the naturalist and author, who gave up the use of meat some three years ago, is quoted as expressing himself in the following manner, in answer to the question what apparent effect the omission of meat eating had upon his health: "I find I need less physical exercise," said Mr. Borrowings, "that my nerves are much steadier, and that I have far fewer dull, blank, depressing days; in fact, all the functions of my body are much better performed by abstaining from meat. In summer I make very free use of milk; at other seasons I cannot touch it. I eat one egg a day, usually for breakfast; I eat oysters, fish and fowl, oatmeal, hominy, beans and a great deal of fruit of all kinds. When I can get good buttermilk I want no better drink. There is great virtue in buttermilk. Two years ago I gave up the use of coffee, and think I am greatly the gainer by it. Certain periodical headaches with which I was afflicted I attributed to coffee. If I missed my coffee in the morning I was sure to have a bad headache. Since I have left off coffee my headaches are much lighter, and the character of them has entirely changed. They leave me on the going down of the sun."

INTERESTING DISCOVERIES.

There are now placed in the Museum at Pompeii the plaster casts of the bodies of two men and a woman, taken from impressions made in a stratum of ashes outside the Stabian Gate. One of the men had fallen on his back, and the other, which is remarkably perfect, on his side, while the woman lies on her face with her arms stretched out. The impression of the tree with foliage and fruit has been examined and found to be a variety of the *Juncus nobilis*, the round berries of which ripen in late autumn; and, as the impression found shows the fruit to have been ripe, it seems to prove that the destruction of Pompeii did not occur in August, as believed by many, but in November.

AN EMPRESS'S GIFT.

The mortuary chapel at Farnborough, near London, Eng., where the remains of Napoleon III. and the hapless Prince Imperial are interred, has just been endowed with a beautiful and interesting gift. It is an altar cloth shaped and trimmed by the hands of the Empress. The cloth is made from the gown worn thirty-seven years ago, when Mdle. Eugénie de Montijo, Comtesse de Teba, was married at the Tuilleries to Napoleon III. The altar cloth is trimmed with the lace and embroidery which ornamented the wedding gown. It is perhaps the most beautiful and pathetic tribute ever laid near a tomb by a widow.



ROYAL COLONIAL INSTITUTE,
NORTHUMBERLAND STREET, LONDON, ENGLAND.

HUMOUROUS.

COUNTRY RECTOR: I haven't seen you at church lately. **Old Woman:** No, sir; I heered as how it was very unhealthful to sleep in the day time.

TED: How did you keep that other fellow from taking your girl out driving? **Ned:** When she asked if I objected I told her not in the least. She didn't want to go with him then."

NOT INTERESTED.—**First Woman:** Is that young man married? **Second Woman:** No, indeed. Why, when I showed him my baby he did not even ask how old it was or if it had any teeth.

SHE KNEW HER MOTHER.—"My dear child, what are you crying so for?" "Oh, dear! My father has gone and lost me, and I know my mother will scold him so when he gets home!"

A VOLUNTEER, who had just returned from class-firing, told his wife that he had been very successful. "Wad ye believe it," he said; "aa hit the bull's eye ten times, yea efter the uthar." "Marcy on us!" shouted his wife, "an' is't a bull's heed ye shoot at?"

APROPPOS.—**Mrs. Phondyze** (with subdued pride): This is my little Elsie; just three months old to-day! **Mrs. Chatphast:** Three months? Is she, really? Oh, well (encouragingly) when her hair grows and she gets some teeth, it will make all the difference in the world. But, talking of ugly babies, if you could see my cousin Dora's last you would think this one quite a beauty!

CHARITY VISITOR: But doesn't your husband do any work? **Mrs. O'Crien:** No, indeed, mum. You see, mum, its the example that himself is thinkin' of. He don't moid the worruk in itself, mum; but its the

example. **Charity Visitor:** The example? **Mrs. O'Crien:** Yes, mum. Himself do want to raise up his gerruls so they won't have to worruk, and he do fear that if he worruk himself, they'll be corrupted by the exanple, don't you see, mum?

AN L.L.D.—Considerable amusement was created in a Scotch police-court when a sweep, while about to give evidence in a case of assault, was asked his name, and replied, "Dr. Thomas Macleod." "Doctor!" ejaculated the Sheriff; "doctor of what?" "I dinna ken," the begrimed individual answered, "but I'm what they ca' an L.L.D.; and that, folks say, is muckle the same thing." "Well," asked the Court, scarcely able to maintain its gravity, "how did you acquire such a distinguished academical honour?" "Weel, sir, it was like this. A Yankeec chiel that was agent for yin of the colleges in his ain country, cam' ta bide hereabout wi' his family for the summer. I soopit his three lums thrice, but deil a bawbee could I get oot o' him. Ae day I yokit sair at the cratur for the sillar, an' says he, 'Weel, Tammas, I'll make an L.L.D. o' ye, an' that will pit us even.' I just took him at his offer, as there seemed tae be naething else for't. I've gotten my diplomay framed at hame, and I can tell ye, sir, a bonny picture it mak's."

THE THREE KINGDOMS.—An Englishman, a Scotchman, and an Irishman were once admiring a pretty girl through the window of a pastry cook's shop. "Let's go in," said Pat, "and treat her to a glass of wine." "No," interjected John Bull; "let us go in and buy something." "Nathing o' the kind," added the canny native of Caledonia; "we'll just gang in and ask for change for half-a-croon."

AN ANCIENT EGYPTIAN QUEEN.

Miss Edwards, in a recent lecture on "Queen Hatasu and the Women of Ancient Egypt," said Queen Hatasu was the daughter of Thothmes I. of the Theban line. Very early in her childhood she married her oldest brother, Thothmes II. Such alliances were then common. She thus became possessed of the "double crown." After his death, in order to have retained this, she must have married her brother Thothmes III. This she refused to do, and, after the death of Thothmes III., she reigned alone and gloriously. In the monuments of Egypt she was always represented as a Pharaoh, and was referred to in documents as "Hatasu His Majesty." In some bas-relief she is represented as a man, with a beard tied on. She was one of the greatest builder sovereigns in Egypt. She erected on the west bank of the Nile a temple which has no parallel except in the temples of Chaldea. On its walls were bas-reliefs depicting the great event of her reign—the building and despatching of the first exploring squadron in the world.

THE LATEST LOVER OF BOOKS.

"Books, books! the only thing in life I find
Not wholly vain;
Books in my hands, books in my heart enshrined,
Books on my brain.
They do not flatter, change, deny, deceive—
Ah, no—not they!
The same editions which one night you leave
You find next day."

So sings a modern poet only to awaken a responsive echo in every true book lover's heart. Books are true, faithful, unchangeable and kind, and the true lover of them makes as many sacrifices for his mistresses as ever did the most ardent of swains or of husbands for the queens of their hearts.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

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AND STATIONS.



HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS.

All even numbered sections, excepting 8 and 26, are
open for homestead and pre-emption entry.

ENTRY.

Entry may be made personally at the local land office
in which the land to be taken is situate, or if the home-
steader desires, he may, on application to the Minister
of the Interior, Ottawa, or the Commissioner of Domini-
on Lands, Winnipeg, receive authority for some one
near the local office to make the entry for him.

DUTIES.

Under the present law homestead duties may be per-
formed in three ways:

1. Three years' cultivation and residence, during
which period the settler may not be absent for more
than six months in any one year without forfeiting the
entry.

2. Residence for three years within two miles of the
homestead quarter section and afterwards next prior to
application for patent, residing for 3 months in a habi-
table house erected upon it. Ten acres must be broken
the first year after entry, 15 acres additional in the
second, and 15 in the third year; 10 acres to be in crop
the second year, and 25 acres the third year.

3. A settler may reside anywhere for the first two
years, in the first year breaking 5 acres, in the second
cropping said 5 acres and breaking additional 10 acres,
also building a habitable house. The entry is forfeited
if residence is not commenced at the expiration of two
years from date of entry. Thereafter the settler must
reside upon and cultivate his homestead for at least six
months in each year for three years.

APPLICATION FOR PATENT

may be made before the local agent, any homestead
inspector, or the intelligence officer at Medicine Hat
or Qu'Appelle Station.

Six months' notice must be given in writing to the
Commissioner of Dominion Lands by a settler of his
intention prior to making application for patent.

Intelligence offices are situate at Winnipeg, Qu'Ap-
pelle Station and Medicine Hat. Newly arrived immi-
grants will receive, at any of these offices, information
as to the lands that are open for entry, and from the
officers in charge, free of expense, advice and assistance
in securing lands to suit them.

A SECOND HOMESTEAD

may be taken by any one who has received a homestead
patent or a certificate of recommendation, countersigned
by the Commissioner of Dominion Lands, upon applica-
tion for patent made by him prior to the second day of
June, 1887.

All communications having reference to lands under
control of the Dominion Government, lying between the
eastern boundary of Manitoba and the Pacific Coast,
should be addressed to the Secretary of the Department
of the Interior, Ottawa, or to H. H. Smith, Commis-
sioner of Dominion Lands, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

A. M. BURGESS,

Deputy Minister of the Interior,

Department of the Interior,
Ottawa, Sept. 2, 1889

THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

(TRADE MARK)

A CANADIAN PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF PARLIAMENT OF CANADA, IN THE YEAR 1889, BY GEORGE E. DESSARATS, AT THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE.

(REGISTERED.)

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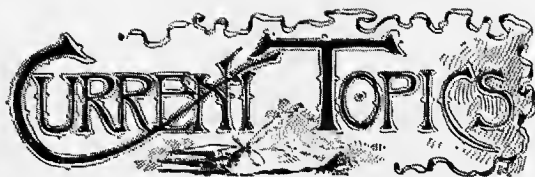
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SOLE AGENTS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.

31st MAY, 1890.



It is to be regretted that the negotiations that have for sometime been proceeding between the Governments of London and Washington have not resulted in a mutually satisfactory agreement. Perhaps, however, this outcome is not to be wondered at, as the proposal in the one case contained extreme pretensions, in the other, an unqualified rejection of these pretensions. There was on neither side any attempt at a solution of the problem by the suggestion of a *via media*. In fact, as far as Great Britain (or at least, as Canada) is concerned, it is not easy to imagine even the possibility of any concession to claims so preposterous as those of the United States touching Behring's Sea. That the exceptional jurisdiction over those waters as over a *mare clausum* or closed sea which has for four years past been insisted on at Washington was looked upon as *de jure* by the American authorities at the time and for many years after the purchase of Alaska we have no reason to believe. It seems to have been an afterthought, or rather the invention of later administrations, for the purpose of deterring alien sealers from the treasure islands of the company. The seizure of Canadian schooners in 1886 was the first hint that such a theory was entertained in earnest. In holding it, the United States Government is convicted of self-contradiction, for the Washington authorities declined to admit it in the case of Russia as emphatically and persistently as England. It is, of course, quite right that measures should be taken to protect the seals, as otherwise they would soon wane and disappear. But that should be done by international arrangement. Though the negotiations have been temporarily interrupted, there is no reason to conclude that they have finally failed. On the contrary, we may take it for granted that, after all, some progress has been made towards a better understanding, and that ere long this source of vexation will be removed by a settlement agreeable to both nations and fair to Canada.

At no time in England's long annals have the relations between the "Princes of the blood" and the subjects of the Sovereign been so happy as in the present reign. The glimpses that we have of the intercourse between the children of the royal house and the king's lieges in pro-Tudor centuries are, on the whole (notwithstanding some vivid pictures that have come down to us), too vague to be used for comparison. With Henry VII. began, in more senses than one, a new era. It was not, if we believe Mr. Hepworth Dixon, without firm faith in the power of names for good

or evil, that he called his eldest born after that Arthur who was the hero and almost the saint of his Celtic kinsmen. But the omen was not fulfilled. Arthur died prematurely, leaving behind him a legacy of trouble to the court and country. Contemporary pen portraits show him to have had a pale oval face, a pair of dreamy eyes, a delicate lip and mouth. Very different was he in most respects from his sturdy brother, the future king of many wives. The latter found from the first most favour with the people. His stalwart frame, his ruddy cheek and brusque, genial manner, made him in his youth the idol of the English common folk. Very different was the next prince, Henry's son, who is associated with the Prayer-book rather than the acclaim of the multitude. Even as king he never reached the age and stature of manhood.

The next two reigns were childless, and, like Arthur, King James's Henry pined away of a mysterious disease. Charles, who took his place as heir to the throne, had in his early years a flavour of romance. The princes, his children, we know best in tragic surroundings, and one of them was to test the loyalty of Englishmen and the ripeness of Cromwell's republic. Another of them tested England's patience and got the worst of the experiment. William and Mary gave the English people no prince to fondle and worship as the destined standard-bearer of the Revolution, and of Anne's little Hamlets we mainly know that they died young. But the Stuarts did not all at once pass from memory. For generations not the least popular of English princes lived beyond sea, with only rare appearances and abrupt exits. The House of Hanover grew but slowly in favour, even with anti-Jacobites. Not till the days of George III. did it become English, and even then Peter Pindar found occasion to satirize its foreign sympathies and habits.

Yet it was to a foreign prince that England was destined to be largely indebted for the reform of the English court and the training of the royal princes as Englishmen and patriots in the best sense. If we chose to institute comparisons between the present and the past, we might call attention to what has been perhaps as significant a revolution as any of those which Dr. Vaughan and other historians have so forcibly described. It is this marked change in the manners of the royal household and of the court which, in an age of pronounced radical tendencies, has shielded the throne of Queen Victoria from assault and enabled Her Majesty to "vanquish and overcome all her enemies."

Since the first meeting of the Royal Society in 1882 several of its members have passed away. The first gap in the membership was caused by the death of Mr. Geo. Barnston, who was, perhaps, the oldest of the original members. Then Dr. Todd, Mr. Murray, of the Geological Survey, Newfoundland, Mr. Oscar Dunn, Mr. Herbert Bayne, of the Royal Military College, Kingston, and Dr. Honeymann, of Halifax, disappeared from the ranks. During the last two or three years, Prof. Lyall, of Dalhousie University, Dr. Fortin, M.P., Mr. Dent, the historian, the Abbé Bois, and Professor Young, of Toronto, left their places vacant, and lastly the Hon. P. J. O. Chauveau, one of the most zealous and active members of the Society, and one of the select few whom the Marquis of Lorne invited to assist in its organization, has gone to his grave, full of years and

honour. Mr. Chauveau was vice-president (Sir J. W. Dawson, whom he succeeded in 1883, being president) at the first two meetings. Besides his official addresses, he contributed largely to the Transactions, and his interest in the welfare of the Society remained unabated to the end.

Now is the time when the weary workers in city offices begin to dream of holidays in the woods, on the mountains or by the seaside. For those who would enjoy the stimulus of purest air, in sight of what is grandest and loveliest in nature, our own land has a wealth and variety of scene that may challenge comparison with the alien world's most famous attractions. To attempt any enumeration of these charming spots for the readers of this journal would be a task of supererogation. For nearly two years we have been respectfully trying to make Canada illustrated a delightful and profitable fact to all our *clientèle*. If they would choose a holiday home, they have only to consult our first three volumes and the back numbers of the fourth, now drawing to completion. From Baddeck, which Mr. Dudley Warner has immortalized, westward, through countless changes of landscape, quick, in many instances, with historic memories, to the shores where the great explorer, whose name they bear, landed just a century ago; and from the wonder of Niagara and the great sisterhood of lakes northward to the zone of frost, transformed for a brief season into a belt of summer, the seeker of scenery or rest, or sport, or the simple bliss of *dolce far niente* has ample field of choice—the St. Lawrence and the Saguenay, with Lake St. John, and beyond it the no longer mysterious Mistassini, and to the south all that the Intercolonial, the Grand Trunk and the Pacific brings almost to our doors—Champlain, Megantic, Moosehead, Gaspésie, the Land of Evangeline; westward—the Thousand Islands, with, to one side, the lovely Rideau Lakes, beyond, the Muskoka country and fish-abounding Nipissing, and farther, Lake Nipigon, a sportsman's paradise, and farther still, the vast West, with its mountain boundary, no barrier now, and Rocky Mountain Park, and all the grandeur of our own Columbia, with accommodation for a prince at every stage of the devious way. Certainly there is no reason why Canadians should expatriate themselves for the sake of either health or pleasure. Even a Sabbath day's journey (railway measurement) may do wonders in procuring relaxation and rest.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF CANADA.

The meeting of the Royal Society at Ottawa this week has brought out some gratifying evidence of the earnestness with which our *savants* and *littérateurs* have been labouring in various fields of research. The esteemed president, Abbé Casgrain, in addition to his address, which was worthy of his reputation, presented a paper of especial interest to Canadians engaged in pre-Columbian inquiries. The author of it, M. Alphonse Gagnon, passed in review the voyages which, according to the Sagas, the Norsemen undertook to the shores of North America in the tenth century—voyages to which we have had occasion to refer in previous issues of this journal. Mr. Gagnon concludes, with a number of writers, that the country in which they sojourned for a time and to which they gave the name of Vinland, was partly in Rhode Island, partly in Massachusetts. By a coincidence, Sir Daniel Wilson has fixed

upon the same events as the subject of a paper in the section of English literature and history, but he is led to a conclusion different from that which has satisfied Mr. Gagnon. He is in favour of assigning a locality in Nova Scotia as the site of Vinland the Good, instead of Rhode Island, first fixed upon by Rafn and generally adopted by American archaeologists. The learned essayist showed, in support of his theory, a Nova Scotian inscription, which is said to be in Runic characters. As many of our readers are doubtless aware, Sir Daniel Wilson has been devoted to investigations of this kind for a great many years, and this very question is dealt with in his "Prehistoric Man," long recognized as a standard work both in Europe and America. Another paper, treating of early maritime exploration around the shores of this continent, and of our own heritage in it is that of the Rev. Dr. Patterson on the first attempts of the Portuguese to establish settlements in the New World. This paper is also of peculiar interest to the student of Canadian history, as Dr. Patterson has expended much pains on the quest of traces of the Portuguese adventurers on our own coasts.

In a no less interesting, and, to most people, a more practical department of inquiry, that of Comparative politics, Dr. Bourinot has for years been profitably engaged. His writings on constitutional history and parliamentary procedure have become more familiar than household words to most of our public men. In a series of studies presented to the Society he discusses our Canadian system of government as compared with that of England, with that of the United States, and with that of Switzerland. "I deal with politics," he says, "as understood by Aristotle—the science of government and not with the politics of the common parlance of these days." And as Aristotle compared the systems of his time with each other and with his own standard of excellence, so Dr. Bourinot applies the comparative method to the best fruit of constitutional development in our day, and shows how Canada has profited by the experience of both the past and the present, of the Old World and the New. "A constitution like that of Canada must," says the essayist, "be studied in the light that can be cast upon it, not only by a conscientious study of the institutions of Great Britain and the United States, but even by going to countries like Switzerland, where a complete system of federation has developed itself in the course of centuries, and is now being worked out under racial, religious and other conditions which are deeply interesting to us in Canada." Circumstances give to these studies of Dr. Bourinot a peculiar timeliness and value. In another branch of the same general class of research, we have papers from M. Faucher de Saint Maurice and M. Alphonse Laisignan—the former treating of the Blue Laws of Massachusetts, the latter of British legislation since the days of Elizabeth. Our own history has some zealous and successful students in the ranks of the Society. Abbé Verreau, M. Benjamin Sulte, Mr. J. M. LeMoine, M. Paul de Cazes and Mgr. Tanguay have all contributed towards the elucidation of points hitherto more or less obscure. Messrs. Verreau and De Cazes both deal with Jacques Cartier, and the learned Abbé has also something to say about the founder of Montreal. Mr. LeMoine clears up some passages in the administration of General James Murray, the first British Governor of

Canada, using for that purpose original documents, to which he was fortunate enough to have access. Mr. Sulte lets in light on the early life of M. de Callières, of whose family and youthful career our historians have left us in the dark. Mr. N. Legendre gives several studies in Literature and Social Science, as well as some characteristic poems. Dr. Fréchette tells the story of Chicago before the great fire of 1871. The Hon. Mr. Marchand gives a sketch of Parisian life in the early years of the Second Empire. Mr. LeMay is tuneful and witty in a comedy, Mr. Marmette gives some fragments of a romance, racy of the soil, and the Chevalier Baillargé shows how rich his language is in correspondences of sound.

In the realm of science the list of papers makes a veritable *embarras de richesse*. In philology the Society boasts of two masters of the aboriginal tongues—the Rev. Abbé Cuoq and Mr. Horatio Hale, M.A. The latter, we regret to learn, was unable to be present owing to an accident. M. Cuoq has presented a study in Algonquin grammar—a portion of a larger work which he is preparing for the press. Mr. Sandford Fleming, in his presidential address to the third section, discusses the unit measure of time—a theme with which no one is better qualified to deal. Dr. G. M. Dawson, president of the fourth section, traces the geological history of our Rocky Mountain region from the Triassic period to the close of the Tertiary, and, in a second paper, gives its Glacial history. "Tidal observations in Canadian waters—the present condition of the question," is the subject of Dr. A. Johnson's paper. He also presents a paper by his colleague, Dr. McLeod, on "Sunspots observed at McGill College since June 1, 1888." Mr. G. F. Matthew continues his valuable "Illustrations of the Fauna of the St. John Group," of which four parts have already been published in the Transactions. Dr. Bailey presents an interesting paper by Mr. W. F. Ganong on "Southern Invertebrates on the Shores of Acadia," and Mr. Whiteaves treats of the "Maritime Invertebrates of the River and Gulf of St. Lawrence."

Mr. Macfarlane has submitted papers on milk analysis, by Mr. F. T. Shutt, M.A., F.I.C., and on that of baking powder and cream of tartar, by Mr. A. McGill, M.A. Sir William Dawson read a paper on "Food Plants from the Similkameen River and other places in the southern interior of British Columbia"—the deposits affording which are described by Dr. G. M. Dawson in the Reports of the Geological Survey, which also contain a provisional list of the plants. The paper relates to additional collections of plants from the north fork of the river, etc., which strongly tend to confirm the Miocene age of the formation. Some new and remarkable forms of Brachiopoda and Mollusca collected by Mr. J. B. Tyrrell on the shores of Lakes Manitoba and Winnipegosis are described in a paper presented by Mr. Whiteaves. Mr. Charles Mair, author of "Tecumseth," and whom we are proud to number among our contributors, read an interesting paper on the American Bison, its habits, the methods of capturing it, and its economic use in the North-West, with reference to its threatened extinction and possible preservation. Mr. Mair's poem on the Last Bison in our first volume was one of the finest poems that we had the pleasure of publishing. The Abbé Laflamme presented a paper on the Stratigraphy of the Quebec Rock, Mr. Tyrrell (through Dr.

Dawson) another on the Foraminifera, etc., from the Cretaceous of Manitoba, and Profs. McGregor and Coleman, and Mr. Hoffman, papers on subjects in electricity and chemistry. In one of his papers Dr. McGregor shows the results obtained by using a new apparatus which he devised for measuring the resistance of electrotypes. The other is a study of certain sulphates with reference to their density. Prof. Coleman's paper (submitted by Mr. Hoffman) is on the "Drift Rocks of Central Ontario," and Mr. Hoffman's on "A peculiar form of metallic iron found in Huronian quartzite on the north shore of St. Joseph Island, Lake Huron."

It will be seen from this survey, which covers the literary and scientific work of the sections as far as ascertained up to the time of going to press, that the members of the Society have not been idle. On the whole, the showing is as creditable as that of the average of learned bodies in the Mother Country or other parts of the world. The Royal Society is now in its ninth year of existence, and an examination of its Transactions will show that it has been anything but a failure, though, doubtless, like other institutions, it is susceptible of improvement.

THE FINDING OF MOSES.

In a collection of schoolboy essays published by a school-master in *Longman's Magazine* we find the following new version of the childhood of Moses written by a lad of thirteen:—"It was not in England where all about little Moses happened, but in a place what the Bible says is Egypt. There is a big river called the Nile, runs right through the middle of it, which over-floes its bank every year regular. Likewise bullrushes and crocodiles." Then follows the account of the King's proclamation that all Hebrew boys should be cast into the river. "Now little baby boy Moses had a sister about sixteen, and a father and mother which was Jews. And Moses's mother couldn't abare to drown her little boy, so she made a cradle same as they used to make arks. Then she put her little baby in this here cradle, and carried it to the river, and put it on the water amongst some bullrushes so as it couldn't float down. And who do you think as it was that used to sit on the grass all day long watching as it didn't get loose? It was that there sister Mirium what I said he had. She was a very good young woman, and did not mind the cold grass, because she knew as she was in the right and that the King would be perhaps slain. This wicked King had a daughter, as you would think she was. She used to go out bathing same as boys, only she didn't swim. She only went in up to about her knees, and then used to put the water over her head, down her body, and then used to tell the other women and her father as she had been in. The women could not see how far she had been in, because of the bullrushes which we have seen on the wall. One morning she got undressed where Mirium was sitting on the grass, and she walked straight in up to her knees, to where the cradle was. When she saw him, she took him up to her arms, and run back to the bank shouting out as she had found a baby while she was swimming. The women all came round, and Mirium edged in among them. The lady was so pleased as she had got a baby, that she didn't get dressed till she had settled things. But it was not hers, because it was not brought. Only found. And Mirium said: 'Pharaoh's daughter, shall I go and find a nurse for you?' and if the lady didn't go and say yes straight off. Then Mirium ran way fast as you, and who do you think she fetched for a nurse? Moseses mother, as had had him brought to her. And Pharaoh's daughter said unto her, 'I will actually give you wages for nursing this baby.' And so Moseses mother nursed her own little baby without laughing fear she should be found out and not get good wages."

GOLD IN THE PRAIRIES.

It is not generally known that gold is one of the products of the prairies, though washing for gold has been carried on on the North Saskatchewan river for years. The Edmonton *Bulletin* says:—"It is estimated that last season between \$15,000 and \$20,000 worth of gold dust was taken from the Saskatchewan, of which about \$6,000 was taken from the immediate vicinity of Fort Saskatchewan. Several hundred dollars also were taken from the Macleod river, a tributary of the Athabasca, about 125 miles west of Edmonton, on the trail to Jasper House. The gold of Macleod is in even lighter flakes and is of lighter yellow colour than the gold of the Saskatchewan. The skimmings of its bars are fairly rich, but it does not promise as permanent diggings as the Saskatchewan."



THE ROYAL VISIT.—BANFF HOTEL, FROM ACROSS THE BOW RIVER.
(Wm. Notman & Son, photo.)



THE ROYAL VISIT.—MOUNT STEPHEN, CANADIAN ROCKIES.
(Wm. Notman & Son, photo.)

OUR ENGRAVINGS

H. R. H. THE DUCHESS OF CONNAUGHT.—This illustrious lady, who is now visiting Canada with her husband, the Duke of Connaught, so long known to us as Prince Arthur, was formerly the Princess Louise Margaret of Prussia. She is the daughter of the late Prince Frederick Charles of Prussia, a valiant and skilful general, who distinguished himself in the Danish, Austrian and Franco-German wars. She was born on the 25th of July, 1860, and was married to the Duke of Connaught and Strathearn, third son and seventh child of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, on the 13th of March, 1879. Her Royal Highness is the mother of three children—the Princess Margaret, born January 19, 1882; Prince Arthur, born January 13, 1883, and the Princess Victoria Patricia, born March 17, 1886.

BANFF HOTEL, FROM ACROSS THE BOW RIVER.—This fine structure, in which already hundreds of invalids have found rest and recuperation, is situated in the midst of scenery which for grandeur and beauty is unsurpassed on this continent. The station of Banff is 4,500 feet above sea level. Arrived there, the tourist finds himself in the great Rocky Mountain Park and in the vicinity of the famous Hot Springs, which have given the locality such a reputation as a health resort. The Park, which is twenty-six miles in length, by ten in breadth, embraces portions of the valleys of the Bow, Spray and Cascade rivers, Devil's Lake and several of the most imposing mountain ranges. To the north is the huge bulk of Cascade Mountain; to the east, Inglismaldie, and the heights of the Fairholme sub-range (behind which lies Devil's Lake) more than ten thousand feet high; to the left of the Cascade rises the wooded range of Squaw Mountain, beneath which lie the Vermilion lakes, while up the Bow, to the westward, tower the central heights of the main range about Simpson's Pass, prominent amid which is the solid crest of Mount Massive. Nearer, at the left, is the northern end of the Bourgeau range, having on the hither side Sulphur Mount, at whose base are the Hot Springs. The isolated bluff to the south is Tunnel Mountain, and just behind the station is Rundle Peak, which, rising sharply before the spectator, cuts off the view in that direction. The village of Banff, which is 919 miles west of Winnipeg, is about two miles from the station, and a fine steel bridge takes the carriage road across to the splendid hotel, seen in our engraving. The Falls of the Bow and the mouth of the rapid Spray are in the vicinity, and the sportsman can have his fill of fishing and shooting. Among the larger game are the bighorn or wild sheep of the mountains and the mountain goats, both of which animals and the modes of hunting them have been fully illustrated in previous numbers of this paper. Devil's Lake abounds in trout of unusual size, which afford capital sport in the way of trolling. The springs are at different elevations, but are all easily accessible by good roads. From points on these magnificent views can be obtained. Bathing houses have been erected, and other improvements have rendered the locality an admirable and convenient sanatorium. The hotel has every modern convenience, and even luxury, so that the sojourner in search of health, rest or pleasure, can be as comfortable both as to surroundings and attendance as he would be at New York, Boston, Montreal or Toronto. Those who try the effect of the springs have not, therefore, to undergo those sacrifices to which persons who seek for cure at nature's fountains of health have sometimes to submit.

MOUNT STEPHEN, CANADIAN ROCKIES.—This giant peak, named after Sir George Stephen, Bart., formerly president of the Canadian Pacific Railway, is some 8,000 feet above the adjacent valley. Near the station of the same name, there is a small body of water called Summit Lake, in which, as in a mirror, the surrounding eminences are reflected. The scenery at this point is, as may be imagined, exceedingly grand. The line of the railway descends, passing, at Hector Station, Lake Wapta, and crossing the deep gorge of the Wapta or Kicking Horse river, a little beyond. The railway clings to the mountain-side on the left, while the valley on the right rapidly deepens till the river appears like a gleaming thread a thousand feet below. Mount Stephen, with its dome-like head, and the spires of Cathedral Mountain are seen occasionally above the treetops. On the shoulder of Mount Stephen is a shining green glacier, 800 feet in thickness, which slowly presses forward over a tremendous vertical cliff. For a time it is lost to view as the cars pass into a tunnel, but as they emerge, the great dome and spires, with their wonders of shape and colouring, once more come into sight. It is a scene which, once beheld, is never forgotten.

BOSS HILL FARM, VIRDEN, MANITOBA.—The handsome and flourishing town of Virden is not far from the bound-

dary line between Manitoba and Assiniboia. It is the market town of an important agricultural district, to which Professors Pream, Tanner and other English experts have called particular attention in their reports on the North-West. The soil for miles around is remarkably rich—in many places, a fine black loam, with sand or clay sub-soil. The yield of agricultural products corresponds in quantity and quality. Mixed farming has, however, been growing in favour here as at other parts of the North-West, and much care has been devoted to the raising of horses, cattle and sheep. The improvement of the breeds has also received much attention from the wealthier farmers. Some of them make a specialty of rearing first-class horses, for which they have all the necessary appliances. The stables attached to some of these homesteads would, indeed, compare with the best of such structures in older communities. The Virden district has for years excelled in this branch of stock-raising, and some of its most marked successes have been associated with the Boss Hill Farm.

THE RIVAL SCHOOLS.—This is an engraving of a painting by Mr. J. W. L. Forster, which has been the subject of a good deal of controversy among artists and critics of art. The picture is spoken of as a piece of artistic daring in that it sets aside the usually accepted canons of art in composition both in lines, light and colour. For instance, in the composition of a picture there is supposed to be a focal centre for colours when they approach the primaries; but



THE RIVAL SCHOOLS, by J. W. L. Forster, A.R.C.A.

From the painting refused admission to the recent exhibition of the Royal Canadian Academy. (Wm. Notman & Son, photo.)

here the artist has distributed instead of localizing his colour, with the result of a sparkling and bright harmony. And in the arrangement of light, instead of centralizing it, he has made the sky, as in nature, a strong, clear mass of light, and has left the figures to take care of themselves. Few would dare to do this, especially as the figures give the text for the picture. There is a wall slung right across the picture to prevent any trick of distance. It is crisply painted, with creepers and foliage in bright sunlight, so that the "Rival Schools" must pass each other on the sidewalk in front of the wall. This they do without crowding. In painting the figures in almost full light, he has given us one of the most thorough examples of "value" study, and in as difficult a passage, as it has ever been our privilege to see. But the greatest interest to the public will be in the variety of characters shown in the grouping. The directresses are specially to be noticed in the types. The principal figure is evidently a member of one of those continental, aristocratic families, who, being forced by depleted fortune, seeks a home and livelihood teaching languages in a young ladies' academy. Her icy hauteur of manner as she meets, without seeing, her competitor, is well expressed. It may be of interest to some of our readers to know that Mr. Forster's portrait of M. Pasteur Hocart has lately been accepted at the Paris salon.

CANNINGTON MANOR, ASSINIBOIA, N.W.T. Cannington Manor, the subject of this illustration, is a village picturesquely situated close under the lee of the Moose Mountain, and forty miles in a south-westerly direction from Moosomin, on the C.P.R. main line. The settlement, which was organized by the late Captain Pearce, in 1880, consists mainly of English families of more or less means, and the substantial, and (for this country) even palatial, stone buildings which are thickly scattered over the whole neighbourhood, testify to the confidence which the settlers have in the future of the country. The land is of a park-like appearance, being thickly dotted with bluffs, while the line pasture affords the best of grazing for the numerous and well-bred stock, to the raising of which most attention is at present paid. Some few of the settlers have already sunk considerable capital in improvements on their farms, and express every satisfaction at their prospects. Fuel is abundant in the mountain and practically inexhaustible, while there is every hope of a railway being pushed through the district at no distant date. The Moose Mountain Trading Co., who control the trade of the surrounding country for a radius of forty miles, also own the Roller Mill, which turns out the finest quality of flour at the rate of 150 lbs. per day.

THE LATE F. D. BLACK, ESQ., CITY TREASURER OF MONTREAL.—Mr. F. D. Black, whose recent death was a cause of regret to a large number of personal friends as well as to the community whose interests he had served for so many years, was born at Chambly, in this province, on the 22nd of January, 1825. On the death of his mother he went to live with his uncle, Mr. James Fitzgibbon, of the Royal Engineers, who was then employed upon the construction of the Rideau Canal. His education was obtained in Montreal at the school conducted by Rev. E. Black. When sixteen years of age he entered the service of Messrs. H. & S. Jones at Kingston, and after remaining there for some years, he was transferred to their house in Brockville. In 1850 he came to Montreal in the service of the same firm, in whose employ he remained until its disbandment, when he entered the office of the Allan line. He left this position to go into business for himself, but as it did not prove lucrative, he abandoned it, and in 1865 accepted the position of City Treasurer. When in Kingston he married Miss Eliza Boyd, a daughter of the late Surgeon Boyd, R.N., by whom he had three sons and four daughters. Transatlantic voyages always had an injurious effect upon Mr. Black's health. He suffered on his last trip in connection with the civic loan, and had really never enjoyed ordinary health since. The announcement of his death, on the 16th inst., was, nevertheless, a surprise to many as it was a source of grief to all who knew him. On the following day the city officials met in the office of the City Clerk, Mr. Glackmeyer, and under the presidency of the latter, passed resolutions expressive of their sorrow at the loss which the city had sustained and of appreciation of the zeal and ability which their deceased colleague had always shown in the discharge of his responsible duties. They also presented their sincere condolence to Mr. Black's widow and family. On Tuesday, the 20th inst., the members of the Corporation, the city officials and representatives of all classes of the community paid the last tribute of respect to the late Treasurer. The funeral took place from the residence of the family, 1199 Dorchester street, to the Church of St. James the Apostle, of which Mr. Black had once been Church Warden, where the burial service was conducted by Rev. Canon Ellegood, the Rev. G. Osborne Troop, and the Rev. Canon Mullock. At the close of the service, made more impressive by the strains of the Dead March, played by the organist, Mr. Harriss, the procession reformed and moved reverently towards Mount Royal Cemetery. The chief mourners were Messrs. Edward B., James F., and Howard D. Black, sons of the deceased; Ronald E. and Douglas S., his two little grandsons; M. Flannigan, City Clerk of Kingston, his brother-in-law; C. H. Levin, his son-in-law; Major W. M. Drennan, Mayor of Kingston, and H. B. Jagoe, nephews; W. and E. O'Brien, grand-nephews; D. A. O'Sullivan, Q.C., D.C.L., Toronto; Lewis Grant, G. Hutchison, Charles Grant, B. Levin, Sr., John S. Hall, Sr., and John S. Hall, Jr., Q.C.

MR. FRANK MCCULLOCH, LATE SUB-CHIEF OF THE MONTREAL FIRE BRIGADE.—To many of our Montreal readers—those of the fire insurance and business classes, and the civic officials, more especially—the features of this portrait will be familiar. The late Mr. McCulloch had been engaged in the work of waging war with the dread enemy, from whose ravages Montreal has suffered so much, for nearly half a century. He joined the Queen volunteer company as a private in December, 1849, and did good service until the dismissal of the company, when he was appointed foreman of the Hero station. There he remained for some years, being afterwards shifted to the Union station on St. Catherine street, where he resided as foreman until he was appointed sub-chief about the year 1887. Brave and fearless throughout his career, he has been in danger of his life upon several occasions. Many years ago, during the construction of the Central station, he was nearly

burned to death by some burning boards falling on his head and severely injuring him. On another occasion he fell off the roof of a burning house on old St. Joseph street, injuring his leg. Twice was he thrown from reels, once at the corner of St. Paul and McGill streets, when he broke some of the bones of his wrist, and again on Ann street, when his vehicle was upset by a piece of timber in the roadway and he received injuries to his shoulders, being picked up insensible. But it was not in battle with his life-long foe that he was destined to fall. On Sunday morning, the 18th inst., Mr. McCulloch was preparing, as was his custom, to go to St. Stephen's church, when he complained to his wife of feeling unwell. She gave him some water in the hope of helping him; but this proving of no avail, she rushed down stairs to summon her younger son to fetch a doctor, leaving her husband sitting upon the sofa. When she returned a few moments later he was lying face foremost upon the floor. She raised him up, but all was in vain. The spirit had fled and a brave life had ended. The news caused wide and sincere sorrow among the many friends and acquaintances of the deceased chief. A special meeting of the Firemen's Benevolent Association was held, Chief Benoit, the president, in the chair, at which resolutions of sympathy were passed to the widow and family of the late chief, and it was decided that the men should wear mourning for a month as a token of respect for his memory. At the evening services in St. Stephen's Church, which Mr. McCulloch was in the habit of attending, his sudden death was referred to in touching terms by Archdeacon Evans, who also preached on the subject the following Sunday. At an inquest held by Coroner Jones a verdict was rendered that Mr. McCulloch's death was due to aneurism of the heart, resulting from an accident in September last, which lacerated the larger cardiac blood vessels. On the 21st inst. the funeral took place, the cortege, one of the largest ever seen in Montreal, leaving the residence of the family on Wellington street at half-past two, and proceeding to St. Stephen's Church, where the Venerable Archdeacon Evans (the rector), assisted by the Rev. Messrs. Dixon and Walker, read the impressive burial service of the Anglican Church. The Archdeacon also made suitable reference to the career of Mr. McCulloch as a good fireman, a good Christian and an exemplary citizen. The cortege then reformed to proceed to the cemetery. It was led by a posse of police fifty strong, under command of Sub-Chief Lancey and four sergeants. The firemen and policemen of outside municipalities followed, leading the Grand Trunk and Canadian Pacific Railway brigades. The old volunteer firemen of Montreal followed, under command of Lieut.-Col. Fletcher, C.M.G. Among those in the ranks were Messrs. J. Allan, J. Conroy, R. Booth, W. Cunningham, W. Wilson, John Hasley, A. Campbell, S. Mason, W. Atchison (also representing the Canadian Rubber Works' brigade), Thomas H. Waddell, Johnson Cairns, R. Irwin, ex-Ald. Hood, Perrigo, McNaughton, J. Krib, J. A. Mathewson, J. T. Barlow, J. Hudson, R. Nicholson, P. Wethey, P. Lahey, J. Holiday, Geo. Barrington, James Scott, T. H. Brown, H. Verner, R. Tobin, E. Heiland, R. Boyd, Alfred Perry, C. Alexander, H. Lyman, Thomas May, W. Peacock, and others. Following were the ex-members of the brigade, about thirty strong. The Victoria Rifles band came next, playing the "Dead March in Saul" with muffled drums and with the drum-major walking in the rear. A hundred of the Fire Brigade, in full dress, with brass helmets, with Chief Benoit and Sub-Chiefs Naud and Jackson, immediately preceded the catafalque on which the coffin rested. It was No. 4 salvage waggon, on which the deceased rode to his last fire, and was drawn by four black horses draped in black, and decorated with wreaths of sni-lax, floral offerings, axes, hose nozzles and keys. On the top of the coffin were the deceased's helmet and belt, a floral bell with the inscription "1849-1890," and a Union Jack. The floral offerings were numerous and beautiful. The Fire Committee sent three very handsome floral offerings. One was a pillow, on which were the words "Assistant Chief; At Rest; M.F.D." Another was in the shape of a large bell with "1849" and "1890" in large figures. The former was the year in which deceased became a fireman. The third bore the words "Hope; Our Comrade." Chief Benoit sent an anchor with the words "Assistant Chief." Sub-Chiefs Jackson and Naud's wreaths simply bore the word "Comrade." The ladies of St. Stephen's church sent a star; the Underwriters' Association, a large wreath; Mr. Alfred Perry, a wreath; Mr. Briggs, Maltese cross; Logan's park greenhouse, a cross; Archdeacon Evans's son, a cross; No. 1 station, broken wheel and trumpet; No. 2, wreath; No. 3, "Our Late Sub-Chief" on a wreath; No. 4, a large cross; No. 4, his original station, sent a most artistic emblem in the shape of a heart bearing the words "Box 421, 1st Alarm;" No. 10, a heart; Mount Royal Park, Maltese cross; Captain Mitchell, No. 12, a cluster of lilies; Captain Beckingham, a bouquet, etc. The flowers composing the designs were roses, lilies of the valley, carnations, Bermuda lilies, calla lilies, orchids and maidenhair fern. Following the coffin were the deceased's horse and cart, carrying the many floral offerings which could not be placed on the coffin. The chief mourners were the two sons of the deceased, William and Albert, Mr. Hutton and Mr. W. Mann, sons-in-law, W., F., Arthur and J. Mann, grandsons.

MR. HENRY LYMAN.—In pursuance of our plan of forming a portrait gallery of representative citizens, we present in this issue a likeness of Mr. Henry Lyman, so long and so well known in connection with civic affairs as well as in business life. Mr. Lyman was born in the town of Derby, Vermont, in 1813, the youngest of nine children (seven sons

and two daughters), of whom he is the sole survivor. The family having moved into Montreal, Mr. Lyman began his business life in the firm of Hedge & Lyman in 1829. About the year 1835 Mr. Lyman joined a volunteer fire company, called "The Property Protecting Fire Company"—Captain, John Lusk, confectioner, Notre Dame street. In 1836 the firm of William Lyman & Co. was formed, consisting of William Lyman, Benjamin Lyman and Henry Lyman, successors to Hedge and Lyman. About the same period they opened an important branch of this house in the city of Toronto, which is still in successful operation as Lyman Brothers & Co. In 1837, the political atmosphere exhibiting signs of disturbance of a serious nature, Mr. Lyman joined the "Montreal Rifle Corps," under the command of the late Lieut.-Colonel Griffin, and was present at the engagement with the insurgents at St. Eustache in December of that year, the forces being under the personal command of General Sir John Colborne, afterward known as Lord Seaton. Having attained to the rank of captain, his military career was interrupted by the disbandment of the corps in 1850, the last commanding officer being the late Lieut.-Col. Breckanridge. Prior to this date he assisted in the formation of the "Union Fire Engine Company," which became the nucleus of the Montreal Fire Department. In 1851 Mr. Lyman was a member of the Canadian Committee of the Great London Exhibition, and holds the medal "For Services." In 1854 Mr. Lyman was elected to represent the West Ward in the City Council, and served in that capacity for a period of twelve years, retiring in 1870. As chairman of the Fire Committee of the City Council, in 1863, he was instrumental in the establishment of the Electric Fire Alarm Telegraph, the first in the Dominion and in the British Empire. In this connection it would be interesting to have an estimate of how much has been the saving to our citizens, by this improvement, in the reduction of insurance rates alone, not to speak of the immense saving of property, in these last twenty-seven years. Nor was the improvement easily achieved, Mr. Lyman having to meet and overcome considerable and even bitter opposition to his measure. During the progress of the late United States civil war, the incident known as "The Trent Difficulty" occurred, upon which occasion Mr. Lyman resumed military service and organized the 8th Company of the Royal Light Infantry, under the command of the late Col. Routh, of this city, and turned out with his company in the defence of the frontier at Hemmingford in 1866, retiring from active service with the rank of Major the following year. Mr. Lyman was elected vice-president of the Montreal Board of Trade 1863-1864, and as such represented it in the Harbour Commission. He was chosen director of the Citizens' Insurance Company of Canada in 1867, and was president of the Board of Trade during 1878 and 1879. He was chosen president of the Citizens' Insurance Company in succession to the late Sir Hugh Allan in 1871, which position he held for eight years, the company making marked and steady progress during this period. He, having been one of the founders and promoters of the Pharmaceutical Association of the Province of Quebec and College of Pharmacy, was chosen president of the former in the year 1881. In 1889 he retired from the Board of the Citizens' Insurance Company, and for the most part has since then retired practically from participation in public affairs, retaining his active connection with his firms in Montreal and Toronto.

*The engine-house of this company on the Hay Market (Victoria Square), is well remembered by most of our citizens over middle age.

OUR CANADIAN INDUSTRIES.

VI.

LYMAN, SONS & CO.'S DRUG WAREHOUSE.

As our readers have noticed, we have from time to time been illustrating the leading industrial establishments of the country.

Though an ordinary importing business is perhaps not to be classed as an industry, strictly speaking, yet the term may be used with perfect fitness when applied to the drug business.

No doubt in this country the business consisted originally in the mere importation and distribution of foreign productions; but a change soon came about. Naturally, and almost of necessity, the wholesale, and even the retail, druggist (to a certain extent) became a manufacturer.

The firm whose premises we illustrate to-day has had just that experience; and, as the oldest house in the Dominion in their line of business, may be considered as a fair representative of the trade.

Going back to the date of the foundation of the business by Wadsworth & Lyman in the beginning of the century, we find a very different time and a very different city. Our readers will not need to be reminded that Montreal in the year 1800 was still a fortified city, with its wall of fifteen feet in height, narrowing to a width of three feet at the top; that Custom House square was still the "Place de Marché"; the tide of fashion set eastward rather than westward, for the houses of "the nobility and gentry" were clustered around Citadel

Hill, and deer grazed in the park of that far distant country seat—Beaver Hall.

The population of this mediaeval little British-French town was only about 22,000 to 23,000, and the government of the city was in the hands of magistrates, who were certainly much more economical than their successors in the City Council.

But "tempora mutantur"; the city has outgrown its old bounds, new conditions call for new arrangements, and in this there is an evident and natural relation between public and private affairs. In this way the business which we are illustrating shared to some extent in the advance and growth going on all around it. Its experience has not been that of unbroken prosperity. Like the city, and even the country itself, it has had its share of difficulties and trials; but it must be a satisfaction to its esteemed head that he can look back over a business career of more than sixty years with the consciousness that the good name of his house is unquestioned.

Established as a retail business by Messrs. Wadsworth & Lyman in the year 1800, and passing through several changes in the personnel of the firm, it became a wholesale business as early as the year 1829. Twenty-two years after this a paint and oil and drug-grinding mill was added to the business, and the firm became large exporters of cattle food to Great Britain. But as the tendency of business for some years has been the development of specialties, the seed-crushing business was given up in 1887.

The year following this change the business suffered from a disastrous fire, the warehouse being completely gutted and a large stock destroyed. Those interested in the drug trade are aware of the enterprise and determination with which this veteran firm set to work to retrieve its misfortune, with the result that it has to-day one of the best appointed establishments in the country; special attention having been given to safety from fire.

Turning now to the views—No. 2, the St. Paul street front, shows the three buildings which are comprised in the establishment, the main building having the Heyward (London, Eng.) pavement lights, which have changed what was a dark cellar into an excellent room for storage of oils, etc.

No. 3 is the general office, comfortable, roomy and well-lighted; and No. 4 is the surgical instrument department, which has been a feature in this business since the earlier days.

No. 1 is known as the druggists' sundries department, occupying the whole of the first floor up, and containing those thousand and one articles which give to the retail stores so attractive an appearance.

No. 5, which also comprises the whole of one flat, is the order room, in which the orders are put up at the "wet" and "dry" counters. A noteworthy feature in this department is the substitution of hardwood storage bins instead of the old stock barrels.

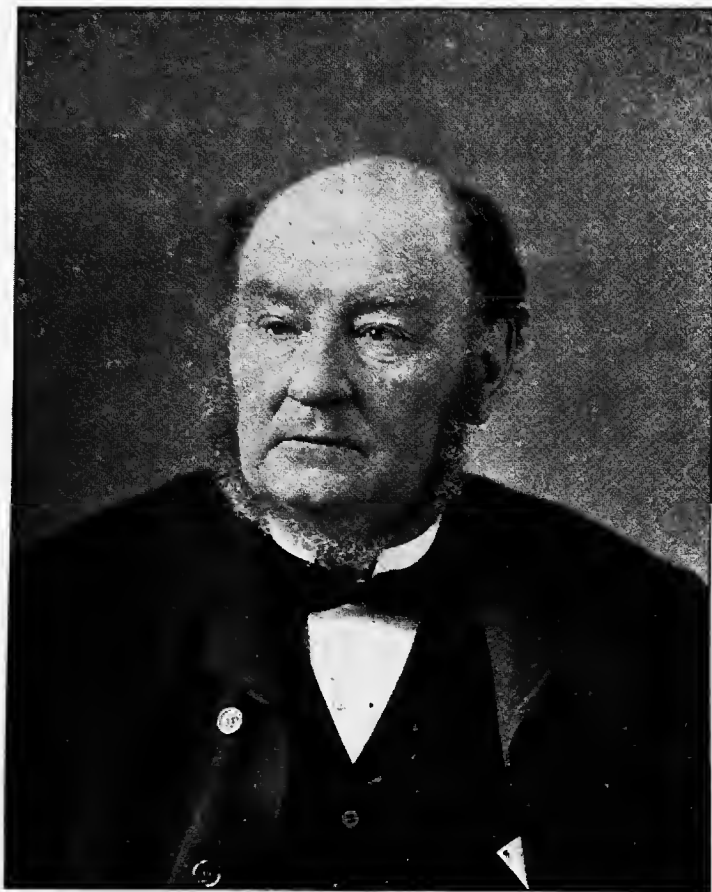
No. 6 is the percolating room of the laboratory, with ample appliances for the preparation of the fluid extracts, tinctures, etc., so necessary in pharmacy and medical practice. This department is under the management of Prof. Jos. Benrose, F.I.C., F.C.S., &c., &c.

The head of the firm is Mr. Henry Lyman, whose portrait we give on another page, as also a brief sketch of his career.

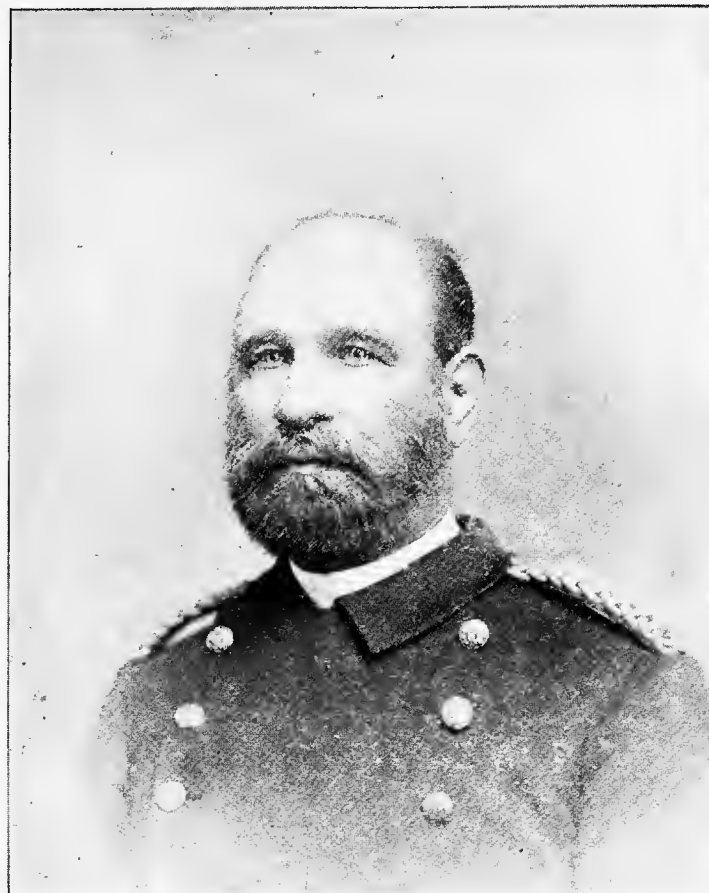
Of the junior members of the firm the senior is Mr. Roswell C. Lyman, son of Mr. Henry Lyman, who entered the business in 1868, and was admitted as a partner to the then firm of Lyman, Clare & Co. in 1878.

The second junior is Mr. Henry Herbert Lyman, also a son of Mr. Henry Lyman, a graduate (M.A.) of McGill University, who entered the business in 1877 and the firm in 1885. Mr. H. H. Lyman is well known in military circles in connection with the 5th Royal Scots of Canada (formerly the 5th Royal Light Infantry), of which crack corps he is the senior major.

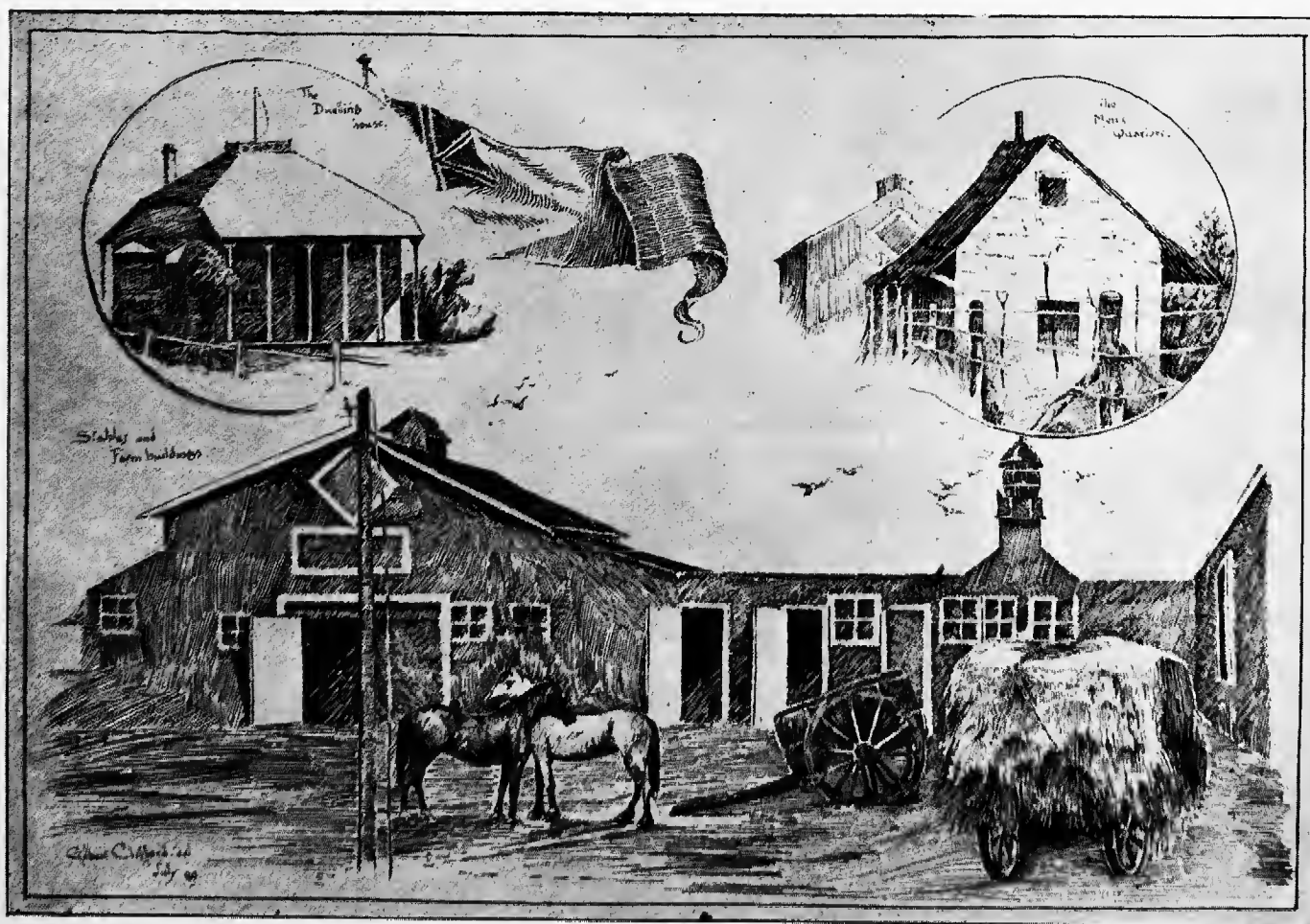
The third junior partner, Mr. Henry Miles, son of Dr. Miles, of Quebec, late Deputy Head of the Department of Public Instruction, entered the house in 1870, and, passing through various grades, was appointed general manager in 1884 and admitted to full partnership January 1st, 1888.



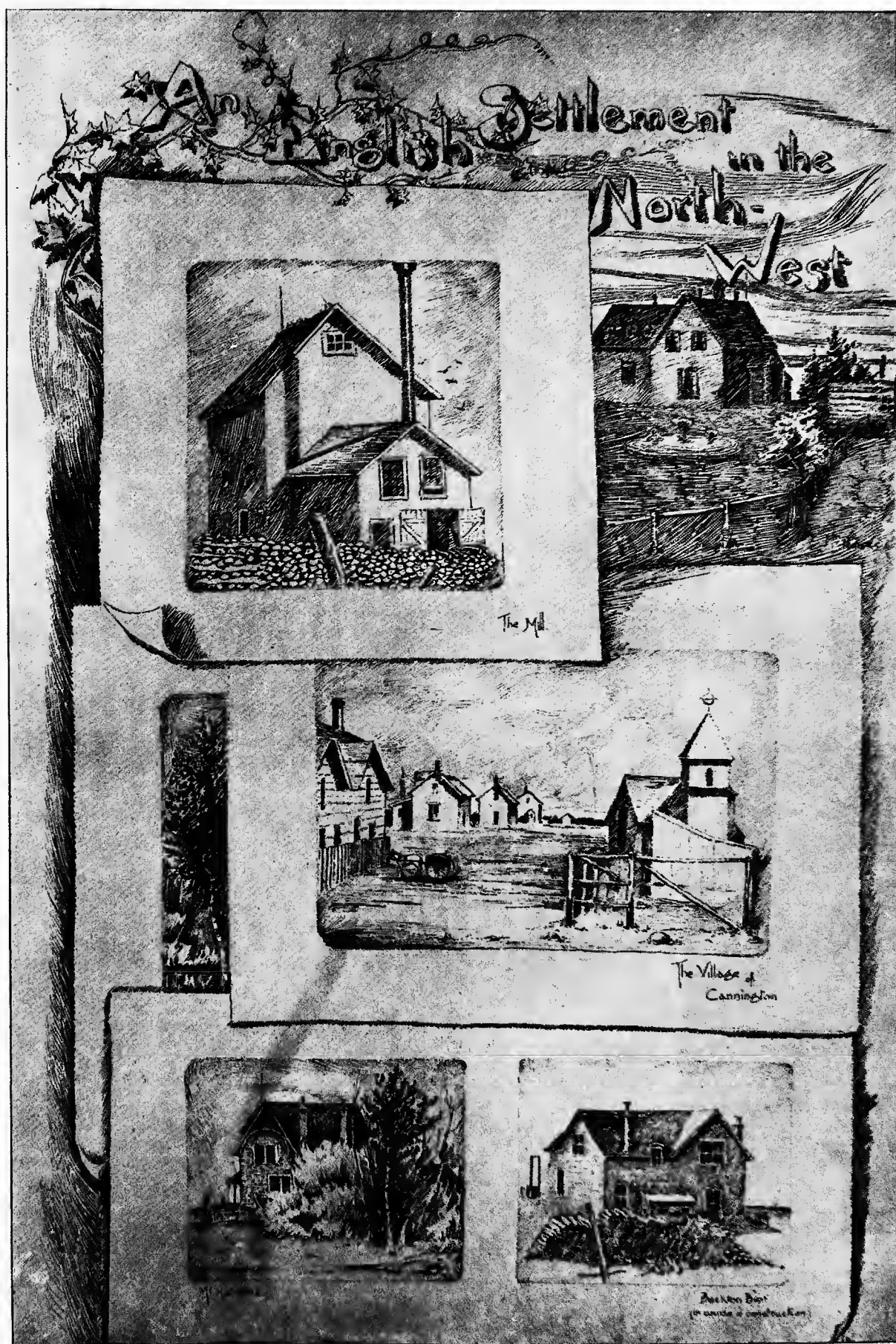
THE LATE JAS. F. D. BLACK,
CITY TREASURER OF MONTREAL.
(Wm. Notman & Son, photo.)



THE LATE FRS. McCULLOCH,
ASSISTANT CHIEF FIRE DEPARTMENT, MONTREAL.
(H. E. Archambault, photo.)



BOSS HILL FARM, VIRDEN, MANITOBA.
(From sketches by Gilbert Clifford.)



SKETCHES IN CANNINGTON, MANITOBA.
(By Gilbert Clifford.)

THE BRITANNIC EMPIRE.

DEVELOPMENT AND DESTINY OF ITS VARIOUS STATES—GREAT BRITAIN (*Continued*).

V.

The British Government is pledged not only in honour, but from a just sentiment of national pride, to defend her Empire. To quote Mr. Gladstone once more: "She would never suffer her colonies to be torn from her, and would no more grudge the cost of defending them against such a consummation than the father of a family grudges the expense of the food necessary to maintain his children." This does not, however, involve the obligation to adopt the dread alternative of war on account of every small aggression or trifling misunderstanding which may affect the relations of a colony with any great nation with whom it comes in contact; while, on the other hand, the colonies are not in a position to demand such rigorous action as they may desire, because they contribute not one iota to the general defence of the empire—except in certain cases—and cannot ask as a right what may only be given as a favour, and the cost of the citizen within the British Isles.

These considerations must prove the unsatisfactory nature of the existing Imperial system, and to Great Britain itself the anomalies of the present relationship with great countries like Canada and Australia must be evident. Of course, while the mother country has all the responsibility and cost of controlling the foreign affairs of the empire, she must have the sole executive authority; but it is becoming necessary to consider whether the surrender of a certain portion of that power to the self-governing states of the realm in return for a corresponding assumption of responsibility on their part is not rapidly assuming the proportions of a great national problem which must be solved. The other alternative of permitting future separation is one which could never commend itself to the approval of any sensible or patriotic Briton. With the loss of Canada and Australia would go the control of the seas in time of war. The laws of neutrality would prevent the use of the coaling stations on the Atlantic and Pacific, and the great harbours on the coasts of Canada and Australasia which now enable the British fleets to sweep the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. The loss of the Canadian Pacific Railway would throw England back upon the precarious route through the Suez Canal for transporting troops to India in time of war—if, indeed, that country, in case of such a consummation, remained under the British flag, which is, at least, doubtful.

The issue, then, is clear, and I cannot but believe that it is evidently in the best interests of Great Britain to adopt a plan of closer union with the colonies, which will systematize the defence of the Empire and make it primarily, a great oceanic power, with the seas for streets, and ships in place of railways. As Sir Charles Dilke so well observes in his most recent work: "The danger in our path is that the enormous forces of European militarism may crush the old country and destroy the integrity of our Empire before the growth of the newer communities has made it too strong for attack," and he goes on to say that Great Britain "imports half her food and the immense masses of raw material which are essential to her industries."

These two last considerations bring us naturally to the great question of trade relations, and how the Mother Country would be benefited by the adoption of some system of Imperial consolidation.

The magnitude of the question may be grasped from the fact that the total trade of the British Empire for 1885 amounted to £1,046,000,000 sterling, contributed as follows:

| | |
|--------------------------|--------------|
| United Kingdom..... | £642,372,000 |
| British Possessions..... | 403,668,000 |

The tendency of late years has been in the direction of an increased trade between Great Britain and the colonies and a decreasing trade with foreign countries on the part of the United Kingdom, as the following table will show:

| | | |
|--------------------------------|--------------|--------------|
| | 1870. | 1885. |
| Exports to foreign countries.. | £147,772,599 | £135,114,875 |
| Decrease | | £12,657,725 |

| | | |
|----------------------------------|-------------|-------------|
| | 1870. | 1885. |
| Exports to British possessions.. | £51,814,223 | £77,929,626 |
| Increase | | £26,115,403 |

There can be no doubt that when Great Britain, forty years ago, adopted free trade, it was in the national interest to do so. With a production largely in excess of her consumption and almost a monopoly of the markets of the world; with the discoveries of gold and steam immensely increasing the demands and purchasing power of the world at large, it was little wonder that British prosperity advanced by leaps and bounds, and that her people laughed at the thought of successful competition.

But times soon changed. Nation after nation adopted protection as its platform and proceeded to manufacture in large measure for itself, the result being that in the last two decades British trade has not advanced proportionately to that of its foreign rivals, as the following table will show:

| | | | |
|--|-------------|--------------|-------------|
| | 1870. | 1885. | Increase |
| Exports of the Produce and Manufactures of | | | |
| United States..... | £78,462,000 | £151,392,000 | £72,930,000 |
| Holland..... | 31,831,000 | 74,106,000 | 42,275,000 |
| Germany (1872)..... | 116,031,000 | 143,015,000 | 26,984,000 |
| Belgium..... | 27,604,000 | 48,000,000 | 20,396,000 |
| Austria-Hungary..... | 39,541,000 | 56,007,000 | 16,466,000 |
| Great Britain..... | 199,586,000 | 213,044,000 | 13,458,000 |
| France..... | 112,084,000 | 123,524,000 | 11,440,000 |

Not only is this the case, but we see that competition from abroad by means of the admission of goods of every kind into the United Kingdom under the free import system is undermining the prosperity of the manufacturing interests and taking away their own home market, which is one of the most important in the world, from an industrial standpoint, if from no other.

The following analysis of the import trade of the United Kingdom, for which I am indebted to a most valuable address by Mr. H. T. Hibbert, F.S.S., before the Manchester Chamber of Commerce, will throw some light upon this branch of the question:

| | | |
|----------------------------|--------------|--------------|
| | 1870. | 1885. |
| Raw material..... | £158,104,673 | £157,470,521 |
| Agricultural products..... | 69,960,054 | 103,970,016 |
| Manufactures..... | 42,278,232 | 67,352,588 |
| Chemical products..... | 13,800,442 | 13,281,535 |
| Subject to duty..... | 29,114,092 | 28,893,295 |

From these figures it will be seen that Great Britain imported £44,000,000 sterling more of agricultural products and £25,000,000 more of manufactured articles in 1885 than she did in 1870. The result of this competition in the home market, coupled with the closing of foreign markets by protective duties, has been the emigration of operatives by thousands, the investment of capital in foreign enterprises, the transfer of manufacturing establishments to protected countries, the fluctuation of prices and wages, with a distinct diminution in the prosperity of the farmer and a migration of the farm labour to the already overcrowded cities.

What, then, is the remedy? I venture to say that it will be found in reciprocal arrangement with the colonies and the consequent use by Great Britain of that magnificent weapon of power in international negotiations—the ability to retaliate. When we consider the very large percentage which the colonies take per head from the mother country in proportion to what foreign countries do, we can easily realize what a great trade may arise in the future if Great Britain develops her Colonial Empire and protects herself, by the adoption of such a policy. The placing of a small duty by the Mother Country upon foreign food and industrial imports, admitting strictly raw material free, and giving the masses an untaxed breakfast table by the removal of the duty upon tea, coffee, etc., could not but be beneficial. Nor would it necessarily raise the price of bread, as the United States must send its wheat somewhere, and the exporters would have to pay part, if not all, of the duty, while the enhancement of colonial production would soon raise the competition to its normal figure, at the same time providing the British people with an absolutely safe supply of food from within the bounds of their own vast Empire, and enabling them to become independent of foreign powers in the event of war or international complications.

The machinery necessary for all this should be very simple, and might consist of little more than the appointment of an Imperial Council, to be composed, ex-officio, of all the Premiers of the self-governing portions of the Empire and such other members as might be elected by a majority vote of the two Houses of the various Parliaments. The details could be arranged and modified from time to time by conferences meeting in London or elsewhere—such council to have the final decision in matters of war, the majority to rule; to control the expenditure upon an Imperial navy, and to facilitate the encouragement of trade between the various parts of the Empire, and the ultimate solution of the many difficulties which now threaten the Imperial structure.

I have attempted, at too great length, I fear, to show that, powerful and wealthy as Great Britain is, a change in the constitutional structure of her Empire is necessary; that it would be in her interest to effect a re-organization of her system of Imperial defence by the introduction of her colonies as partners, and that her commercial welfare is equally bound up in the maintenance and consolidation of existing relations. With the political phase, I have been unable to deal at this time, and cannot do better in concluding than by quoting these lines of the poet:

"The wisdom, the glory, the might of that nation,
Which rose like the sun from the breast of the sea,
And first 'mongst the powers of earth took her station,
'The land of the brave and the home of the free.'
The cradle of genius, the birthplace of freedom,
The soil whence wealth, honour and chivalry sprang
Are ours; all brighter than artist e'er painted,
All nobler than poet or minstrel e'er sung."
Toronto. J. CASTELL HOPKINS.

THE ELGIN PERIOD IN CANADA.

The Marquis of Lorne has paid a graceful compliment to a deserving Canadian *littérateur* in having forwarded copies of Mr. Henry Morgan's ("Mufti's") recent interesting monograph on the Elgin period in Canadian history to the Queen and the Prince of Wales. It will be remembered that the article in question, which first appeared in the *Citizen*, in addition to sketching the life of a prominent and estimable lady of the Queen's household, the late Hon. Mrs. Robert Bruce, gave some interesting details of her brother-in-law's (Lord Elgin's) eventful political career in Canada and India. Lord Lorne was well pleased with the article, which he describes as excellently executed. Several members of the Bruce family have also written to Mr. Morgan thanking him for his interesting and sympathetic sketch. "That a time now so long ago," says Lady Thurlow, "should still be remembered in Canada, is a thing which touches us deeply, and for which we are glad to express our gratitude."—*Ottawa Citizen*.

GRIM TRUTH.

This is the title of a short story written by Miss Alexia Agnes Vail, a lady of considerable literary ability, whom we were proud, some months ago, to have the privilege of placing on our roll of contributors. The tale or sketch, though brief, is pregnant with thought, and shows a good deal of constructive skill. Nor is it destitute of moral purpose, as those who read it will quickly discover. The epidemic that, for a season, overtook the country town of Edgevale, a locality which hundreds of readers, living far apart from each other, will probably recognize as drawn from nature, is a sort of visitation from which, in the main, our own Dominion, like other parts of the world, has been wonderfully free. The symptoms which accompanied the exhibition of the disease, are described very clearly. The effects were different in different cases, notwithstanding a general sameness in the mode of attack. Few, indeed, were proof against its discomforts, though it may be said that those who had been previously inoculated suffered less than their neighbours. The condition of some of the patients was extremely pitiable, though their deplorable plight was the result of their previous mode of life. The lesson which the story inculcates (and essentially it is a true story) is one that none can afford to despise. It deals with a social disorder, with which our political economists and social reformers have troubled themselves too little. Some of them, indeed, are in a sad way themselves. But our readers will understand the question only after studying Miss Vail's little book, which we cordially commend to their attention, assured that no disappointment awaits them. The publishers are Messrs. John Lovell & Son, who have presented the story to us in a tasteful form. Miss Vail dedicates "Grim Truth" to Dr. Williams, Bishop of Quebec.

God's greatness
Flows around our incompleteness;
Round our restlessness, his rest.

TWO PICTURES.

BY HELEN FAIRBAIN.

"Patients or presents, Doctor?"

The speaker, a young French-Canadian lawyer, smoothed his little black moustache, and showed his white teeth in a smile appreciative of his own alliterative jocularity, as he stopped short in the way of Dr. Clarendon, who was striding rapidly along St. James street.

"Presents, of course. My patients are all convalescent," replied the doctor, with a gleam of amusement in his blue eyes.

"Ha! ha! Good! Very good!" laughed the little lawyer. "You should be at the Bar, Clarendon. But, *mon ami*, speaking of presents, I've a lot more to get yet, and this the day before Christmas. Come into the 'Ichi Ban' with me, there's a good fellow, and help me to get a few. You know," he continued, as they entered the fascinating Japanese store, "there's nothing pleases the ladies so well as something from 'Ichi Ban.'" They're all wild about Japanese wares." Turning to the young girl who came forward to serve them, he looked perplexity out of his laughing brown eyes, saying: "I don't know what I want, Ma'amsele. Show me some pretty little things. Anything you like," with just the faintest possible accent on the "you."

This was a proceeding that extended over a good many minutes, and resulted in the purchase of quite a number of little things, amongst them a beautiful little red and gold tea-pot, a cup and saucer of egg-shell China, a marvellous fan and a Japanese umbrella. Finally, Clarendon wandered away from his friend, leaving him and the girl to decide as to the respective merits of ivory and carved wood paper-cutters. He paused at the other end of the store beside a table, on which lay a promiscuous heap of silk handkerchiefs. Selecting one of fine texture and delicate pattern, he purchased it and deposited the tiny parcel in the breast pocket of his coat. Just then Lemesurier joined him.

"Ready!" queried the doctor.

"Ah, yes; ready!" replied the French-Canadian, clapping his coat over the region occupied by his pocket book. "If I don't get away, I shan't have cab hire to take me home. But did you not invest?"

"I have—to a small extent. I can't afford to let the notes fly like you, Lemesurier. My forefathers weren't wealthy seigneurs."

Lemesurier laughed with a comfortable consciousness of prosperity as the two men left the light, attractive store, and parted company forthwith—the lawyer turning east and Clarendon west. The young doctor passed rapidly along St. James street, through Victoria Square, and up Beaver Hall Hill. On his way up the hill he paused in front of the brilliantly lighted window of a florist's shop. Mist and frost were so thick on the glass on account of the summer temperature within, that only confused glimpses of colour were visible from the street. Opening the door, a flush of warm fragrance greeted him.

Bowls of red and white carnations, pots of pink begonia, with clusters of waxen flowers and thick lop-sided leaves, wreaths of smilax and evergreen, and clumps of every imaginable kind of roses made a summer bower of the interior. Clarendon ran his eye over the fragrant tea-roses, the yellow *Maréchal Niel*, the crimson *Jacqueminot*, the pure white varieties, and finally paused at a jar of pink beauties, great heavy, opening flowers, exhaling a faint perfume. He selected one of the largest, a perfect flower, and handed it to the girl behind the counter.

"Will you have anything with it, sir? A white hyacinth would go nicely. Ten cents each the hyacinths are."

"No, thank you," replied the doctor, "only a little green. Get me a good piece of smilax. Stay! This will do," picking up a piece that lay on the counter. The girl placed the rose on the green, wet smilax—all the flowers and trimmings in the place seemed freshly sprinkled—and wrapped them deftly in white wadding and silk paper.

"Thirty-three cents, please," she said, sticking a pin in the end of the parcel and handing it to the doctor. "Thirty for the rose and three for the smilax. Flowers are *ridiculously* dear, now 't Christmas time," she added, as she clicked the silver into the cash drawer, and stooped to mark the sale in her book.

With his floral purchase in one fur-gauntleted hand, Dr. Clarendon left the tropical precincts of the florist's and emerged into the frosty air of the December evening. A quick walk brought him to his place of residence on McGill College Avenue. Entering his study, he threw down cap and gauntlets, loosened his great coat, and taking from his pocket the parcel, proceeded to divest both it and the rose of their wrappings. This done, he seated himself at the table and abstracted from his pocket-book an envelope, whence he took an ordinary visiting card, which he examined critically. On the face of it, in printed characters, was traced "Miss Edna Gordon," and down in the right-hand corner, "A Friend." On the reverse side of the card, written in the same manner, were the following lines:

The flower, faintly pleading, softly begged for fairer fingers,
And brighter, happier eyes than mine to answer back its light.
To thee, Edna, I consign it, while in its depths there lingers
The blessing for thy Christmas-side I breathe in it to-night.

The doctor looked at the lines with a smile—half commendatory, half deprecatory—as young writers are wont to regard their wares. One might wonder why he had written of "happier eyes," as though his own were dulled with grief. Looking at him there in his comfortable, albeit not luxurious, study; handsome, well apparelled; physically, well high perfect, and evidently intellectual, one might

suppose he had much of what goes to make up happiness. But the young often like to fancy themselves unhappy, perhaps for the "pleasure of the pain." True, Clarendon feared that his practice was lagging in its growth, and, moreover, he felt persuaded that there were no signs of his ambitions as a *littérateur* meeting with speedy gratification. His reputation as a writer of graceful verse, and strong, sensible prose, was merely local, when, like all other youthful aspirants to literary laurels, he craved for it to be world-wide. However, at this moment, neither patients nor poesy disturbed his serenity. He was evidently peculiarly pleased with his occupation. After duly inspecting the card, he spread the creamy, shimmering piece of Oriental silk on the table, laid the rose in its setting of smilax upon it, and bent for an instant over the beautiful blossom, its cool petals touching his lips. Then lightly folding it in the silk, he enclosed it in the former wrappings, and pinned securely to one end the square bit of pasteboard, turning out the side bearing the name. Hastily buttoning his overcoat, and resuming cap and gauntlets, he took the parcel and left the house. At the corner of McGill College Avenue and Sherbrooke street he turned west, and in a few minutes was close to the objective point of his excursion. Pulling his cap down over his forehead, and turning up his coat collar, with an evident desire to escape recognition, in which he was befriended by the early darkness of the December day, he quickly ascended the steps of a somewhat imposing and evidently luxurious residence. Slipping a loop which he had purposely attached to the parcel over the door knob, he rang the bell, and betook himself with lightning rapidity to the street. After walking a few paces he crossed the road, and, returning, was opposite the house in time to see the butler open the door and remove the parcel from the knob. Then the door was closed and Clarendon walked rapidly homeward. "Pretty work this for a reputable physician," he muttered to himself as he faced the keen, snow-laden wind that whistled along the broad street. "But then," he added, with an amused smile, "it wasn't the physician, it was the poet who did that!"

When he reached home the second time the hall clock pointed to half past five. A faint odour of savoury culinary operations greeted him, and was by no means unwelcome to either physician or poet. Throwing aside his overcoat, he proceeded to make himself comfortable in his slippers and study chair, and was meeting with unqualified success in this praiseworthy endeavour, when a faint ring of the door bell was followed by a knock at his own door, and "A lady wishes to see you, sir!" from the white-capped and aproned housemaid.

"Show her in here," said the young doctor, muttering to himself, "What sort of a case is this, I wonder?"

The "case" confronted him presently,—a quiet, plainly dressed, tired-looking young woman, holding a handkerchief to her temple, who, in answer to his look of inquiry, said simply:

"I fell on the ice and have hurt my head. I think it must be cut."

Placing his patient in the chair from which he had arisen, Keith Clarendon examined the injured forehead. There was a small cut close to the roots of the soft, dark hair. He bathed it gently and staunched the bleeding.

"Will it be necessary to sew it?" she asked.

"Oh, no; not at all. It's not bad enough for that. Not a serious cut by any means. However," he added, kindly, "you must take a little rest here. Your fall has shaken you considerably."

Then, arranging the cushions comfortably in the depths of a capacious easy chair, he bade her test its merits.

"Now, let me get you a cup of chocolate?" he petitioned, cordially.

"Thank you. I should like it very much, if it is not too much trouble," was the reply.

"No trouble at all, I assure you," said the doctor aloud, adding mentally, "What a comfort it is to get an answer like that when one offers to do anything."

He left the room and returned in a few minutes, carrying a small tray covered with a bit of spotless damask, and bearing a comfortable, old-fashioned, white and gold China cup and saucer—the former full of steaming, creamy chocolate, and a plate with a couple of thin, dry biscuits.

"See what it is to have an accommodating landlady," he said, smiling, as he placed the tray on the table before her. "Now, take plenty of time. Remember there is no hurry, and it is bad for you to eat quickly, especially when you are exhausted as at present."

So saying, he left the room once more, and his weary-looking patient nibbled at the biscuit and sipped the chocolate with a wistful look in her grey eyes. When he returned, she had finished her light repast and was leaning back in the luxurious chair, her eyes closed and an expression of perfect restfulness on her face. She looked up as he entered and said:

"I enjoyed my chocolate so much. It was very comforting."

"I'm glad to hear it," was the hearty reply. "Now, I must put a bandage on your forehead to keep the cold out. Lean forward a little bit. There now."

The patient arose from her chair with a sigh, donned her hat, a plain little affair made up of the same stuff as her gown—a sort of strong black serge—drew on her woollen gloves, and lifted her faded mink muff.

"I have had quite a rest," she said involuntarily, the thought forcing itself into speech.

"You were tired?" queried the doctor. "You look tired," he added with a sympathetic intonation.

"Oh, yes. I am often tired." Then, after an instant's hesitation, "I work in one of the newspaper offices. The work is monotonous and not congenial. When I leave the office I am so weary of it!"

"I am sure you must be," responded Dr. Clarendon. "I know it is very wearying. Perhaps, as a physician, you will allow me to advise you a little. You may not be able to follow my advice fully, but do to what extent you can." (The poet was lost in the background now, and the physician had it all his own way.) "Take as much open air exercise as you can get, eat wholesome plain food. Your diet is of the greatest importance when there is such a strain on you. Be very partial to woollen, and avoid cotton clothing as far as possible; never allow your feet to remain cold or damp, and don't be afraid of sleeping too much. You can't have too much rest. Now, as to the wound on your forehead. Keep it well covered lest you should get cold in it, and come back to me on the 30th and let me see it. I leave town to-night on the 8.30 train," he added, "to spend a few days with my own people in Sherbrooke, but I shall be here again, if all's well, on the 30th."

They had left the room while he spoke and reached the front door. He opened and held it back with a courteous "good night."

"Good night!" responded the girl with one backward look, as she passed out into the driving snow and gathering shadows.

That night, as the train bearing Keith Clarendon homeward sped out of the busy, brilliant station, into the windswept darkness of the December night, the young doctor could not refrain from drawing a sharp contrast between the two girls who had that afternoon occupied his attention in such very different ways. Had he possessed Prince Ali's magical glass and used it for a bird's eye view of them at that moment, he would have had a keener realization of how wide was the gulf that separated their lives.

The one, a study for an artist, standing on a Persian rug in a spacious, richly appointed room. Tall, fair, regally beautiful, with wonderful blue eyes, the glow of health and happiness on her face. A mass of fair hair brushed loosely back from a full white forehead, where two or three tiny curls would linger lovingly, and piled high on the small, proudly erect head. A graceful form, robed in a simple dinner gown of some soft material, against whose cream-white folds a spray of smilax and a half-opened pink rose showed in perfect beauty.

The other, seated on a straight-backed wooden chair, in a small, shabby, second storey back room, her bandaged, throbbing head supported by one thin hand, while the other hung listlessly against the plain black stuff dress. Thin, pale, weary and dispirited, with a hungry look in her grey eyes that would make one long to give that weary spirit the food for which it craved.

II.

On the 29th, after a great deal of snow, the mercury ran up suddenly, and a short rain-fall ensued; but the weathercock veered again on the night of the 29th and shook his tail feathers triumphantly at the balmy south. The north wind roared through the city, making windows rattle in their frames, and the heavy wet limbs of the trees groan and creak as they swayed. The morning of the 30th dawned on a fairy-like scene. The rain had frozen on the trees, encasing trunk, branch and twig in glittering ice. In the morning sunlight the effect was transcendent. The snow on the streets, similarly glazed, was dazzlingly bright. Footpaths and roads shared in the general iciness, and here alone was it an unpleasant feature.

When the afternoon shadows were closing in on the bright, white day, a tired-looking girl rang at the door-bell of a house on McGill College Avenue and inquired for Dr. Clarendon.

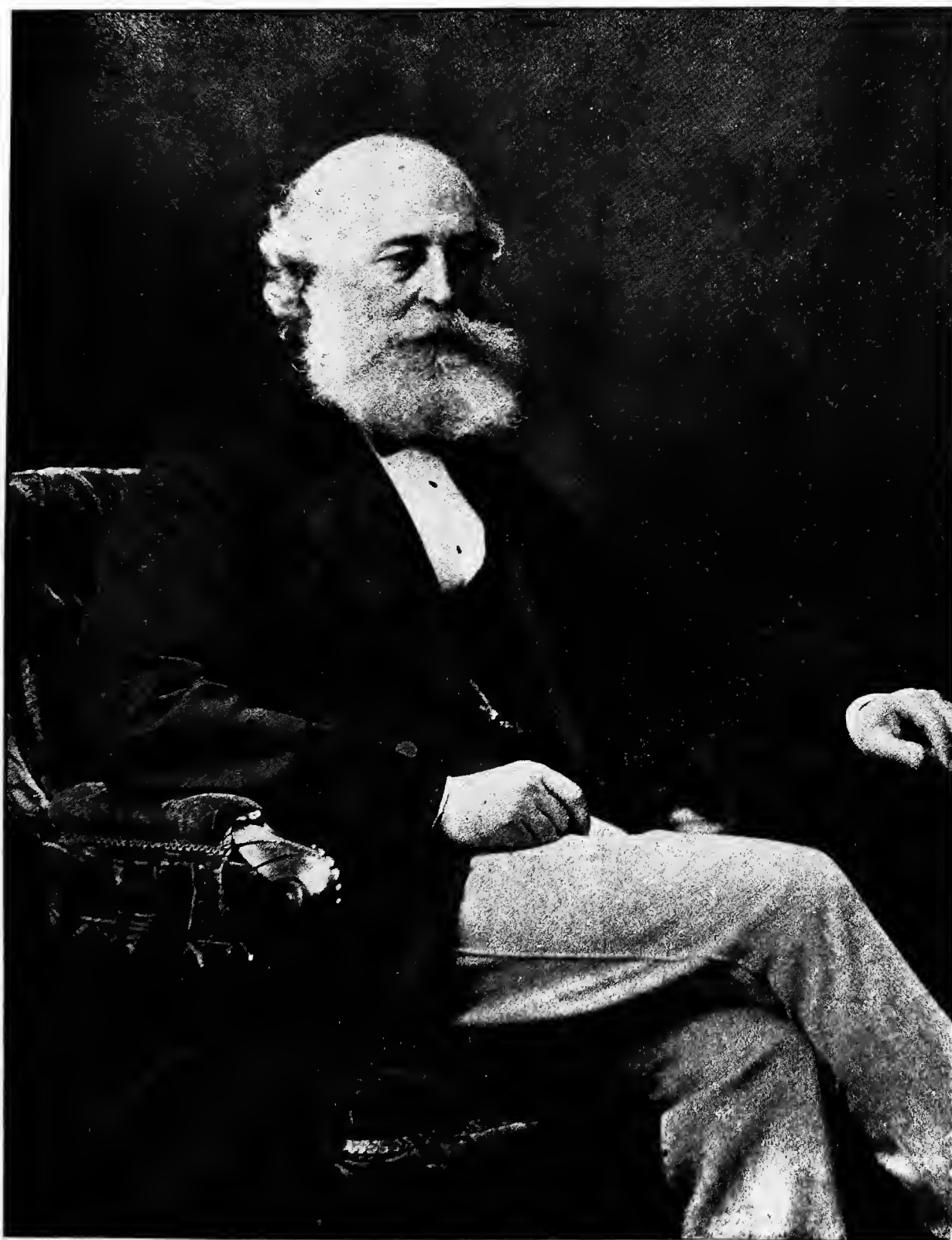
"Doctor's not in yet," ejaculated the housemaid.

"Will he be in soon, do you think? I should like to see him. He told me to come to-day," said the girl anxiously.

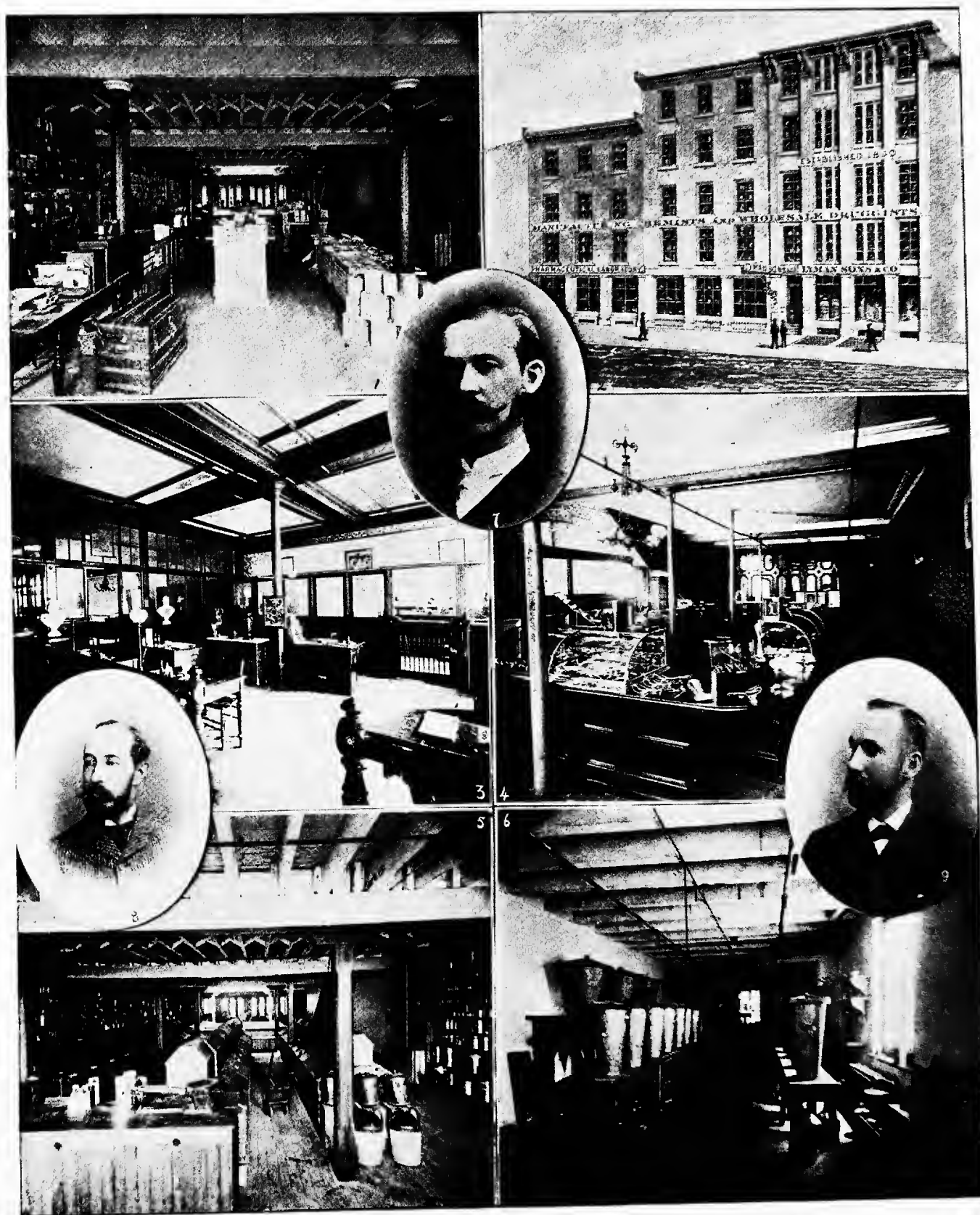
"Well, yes; most likely 'n half 'n hour," responded the maid. "If he told you to come, p'raps you'd best come in 'n wait," holding the door back for the girl to pass in.

She did so, and was shown to a chair in the hall by the smart young housemaid, who vanished to the lower regions through a door at the far end of the hall. There was a gas jet lighted, two or three hats and coats upon the rack, and the atmosphere redolent of roast pork and apple sauce. So much the girl sitting upon the hall chair took in of her surroundings when a step in the porch and the opening of the door made her start. She looked up prepared to meet the doctor, but met instead the inquiring eyes of a young law student, who boarded in the house and whose home was too distant to admit of his spending the Christmas vacation there. He passed on, going upstairs three steps at a time. Soon another young man, this time an insurance clerk, came in and followed the first; then another, and another. Presently the first mentioned came down stairs humming a Salvation Army hymn tune, and arranging his handkerchief in his breast-coat pocket, so that just the right proportion should be visible. He looked at the girl, wondering why she waited there, and passing into the drawing-room, seated himself at the piano and began a vigorous attack upon the keys. Presently he sang to his own accompaniment "Solomon Levi," and then with a very little intermission, "My Bonnie." As he was possessed of a really fine tenor voice, the effect was not unpleasing. The girl sitting in the hall listened eagerly, and when the wily student sang, with pain and longing in his expression, the pleading chorus—"Bring back, bring back, oh, bring back my Bonnie to me!"—the grey eyes were wet.

(To be continued.)



HENRY LYMAN, Esq., MONTREAL.



CANADIAN INDUSTRIES.—THE DRUG AND CHEMICAL LABORATORIES, WAREHOUSE AND OFFICES OF LYMAN, SONS & CO.,
ST. PAUL STREET, MONTREAL.

1. Druggists' Sundries Department.
2. Exterior of Offices and Warehouse.
3. General Office

4. Surgical Instrument Department.
5. Order Room.
6. Percolating Room of Laboratory.

7. Roswell C. Lyman.
8. H. H. Lyman.
9. Henry Miles.

SIR WILLIAM EDMOND LOGAN, F.R.S., F.G.S.

On Tuesday evening, the 13th instant, the Society of Canadian Literature and the Society for Historical Studies met in the Library Room of the Natural History Society to conclude the programme of their winter's work. The attendance was large, and besides the members of both societies comprised a number of invited friends, prominent among whom we may mention the Rev. W. S. Barnes, Mr. and Mrs. W. N. Evans, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Kirkpatrick, Mr. A. Loftus and Prof. Thomas Davidson, of New York.

Mr. George Murray, president of the Society of Canadian Literature, occupied the chair, and having called the meeting to order, introduced Mr. Horace T. Martin, whose paper, on the Life and Works of Sir W. E. Logan, was to form the subject of the evening's study. According to a syllabus which had been handed to the audience, the remarks were grouped under three headings—"Geology, Geology of Canada and Biography."

The opening sentences claimed the importance of ranking an acquired science with the possession of a new sense. The capability of reading the story of the works and unravelling the history of the geologic ages is a faculty to be desired, and as there is no royal road to the possession of these gains, and all have to follow much the same career, it seemed appropriate in the first place to outline the course.

Archibald Geikie's *Primer of Geology* is a book which could not deter the most timid student or reader. It is designed for the use of children, and yet contains suggestions of the most profound nature.

Sir Wm. Dawson's "Lecture Notes" and "Text Book of Canadian Geology" now invite us by their local interest. They carry the sciences much further and prepare a way for a fuller appreciation of the next step. Geikie's "Field Geology" is written in a manner which appeals to every lover of nature to quicken the sense to a better appreciation of the beauty, the eloquence of the earth's many voices—mountains, valleys, lakes, and rivers are made to tell their secrets. And now we are prepared to take up a profounder volume, Dana's "Manual of Geology," a sure guide through nature's workshop, where Vulcan's forge stands robbed of its terrors, and from which we learn the mighty making of continents and oceans.

The outfit for field-work is very simple—the hammer, chisel and bags, with compass, rule and clinometer—need only the pencil and note-book to accomplish good work. The diamond drill, which pierces the earth's crust for hundreds of feet, and like a giant "tester," draws up its samples of the various strata, is valuable, especially to mining interests, but does not obviate the necessity of chipping small specimens of rock with our little pocket hammer.

A matter of greatest satisfaction to the Canadian student is the richness of our country in geological attractions, and the record of them begins with the earliest Canadian writers. Nearly two and a half centuries ago, under circumstances vastly different from anything we know to-day, Pierre Boucher, the Governor of Three Rivers, and whose name we perpetuate in the islands and village of Boucherville, wrote his account of the natural history of Canada. Beasts, birds and fishes; trees, shrubs and plants; rocks, minerals and metals,—all claim his careful attention, even amid the daily fears of the sanguinary Iroquois.

A hundred years pass and we halt to consider the writings of that eminent Swedish traveller, Peter Kalm, the translation of whose works by J. R. Förster amazes us with their research and breadth. Like Boucher, he views and records all natural phenomena, with the material difference of adding scientific names to almost every plant and animal. His books have interest for readers in every capacity, and it is surprising so few copies are to be met with in Montreal.

Another writer of general interest, but one much better known than the former, is Samuel Hearne, who, under direction of the Hudson Bay Company, travelled through a large tract of their northern territory in search of copper. His contributions are mainly of a negative value, and only add to our knowledge an Indian legend to account for the want of copper in a region once supposed to have been rich in this metal.

The "Father of Canadian Geology" is the title chosen recently for Logan by the contributor of a biographical sketch, but with more appropriateness could this distinction be applied to Dr. John J. Bigsby, who visited Canada as secretary to the Boundary Commission, and in the course of his labours recorded the geological features of the country in such a manner as to identify his name forever with the study of the localities in which he worked. To us particularly has his name an interest, as his article on the "Geology of the Island of Montreal," written in 1823, remained for sixty years the only extended record of our neighbourhood. An abridged copy appears in "Hochelaga Depicta," and was only superseded in 1888 by Dr. Harrington's account, which we find in S. E. Dawson's "Guide to Montreal and Vicinity." Dr. Bigsby's greatest work was the study of the Huronian Rocks.

About this period we find several names claiming prominence in the field of geology. All of them rank in the Imperial army and navy, showing qualities which these branches do not usually imply. We must be content merely with a mention of the names: Lieut. F. H. Baddeley, who recorded the geological features of Labrador and the north coast of the St. Lawrence to Quebec; Lieut. F. L. Ingall described the basin of the St. Maurice; Admiral H. W. Bayfield continued the line of the St. Lawrence, and

extended our knowledge even to Lake Superior. These writings bring us to the year 1831, with which we begin another group of geologists whose labours extend to 1842, thus completing the chronological review preceding the establishment of the Geological Survey of Canada. Important as many of these names are, we must hasten by them with only a mention of their work.

J. Finch gives us a pleasant account of the country between Niagara and Quebec by way of the St. Lawrence. Sir R. H. Bonycastle contributes a very detailed account of the neighbourhood of Kingston. J. Roy is identified with studies of the superficial geology of Western Canada. Dr. A. Gesner, whose works merit an evening's study, was the forerunner of that prominent school of geologists who seem to have received inspiration from the rocks of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. Much favoured by circumstances, they have given good accounts of their stewardship, as the world to-day acknowledges, and well may Canada be proud of her sons of those rocky coasts.

No more eminent name has ever appeared on the roll of scientists than that of Sir Chas. Lyell. With him was born our modern treatment of those profound geological problems. His name marks an epoch. His travels through Canada are recorded in a very attractive style, and their interest is by no means limited to the scope of a single branch of science. He heralds the foundation of our Geological Survey, and prophesies its value to us, and with proud gratitude should his name ever appear as a co-labourer with Canadian geologists.

For years had this question been discussed, but in the hands of Dr. A. F. Holmes was the matter finally arranged.

Logan is just now entering on his duties as chief of the Canadian Survey, having been called to this office in 1842. But to better introduce the main subject of this paper we shall now take up the Biography and review from its beginning the life of the one we would honour.

With so admirable a book at hand as Dr. Bernard J. Harrington's "Life of Sir William E. Logan," it is almost superfluous to recount much of the history here so attractively recorded. Still a short summary is necessary to fulfil the title of this paper.

In 1794 Mr. William Logan married Miss Janet E. Edmond, who left her Scottish home, near Stirling, for Canada and her future husband. On April 20th, 1798, the third child was born at Montreal, and on May 16th, in the St. Gabriel Street Church, was christened as William Edmond Logan. His early education was received from Mr. Alex. Shakel, in the school on Little St. James street. At the age of 16 he was taken to Edinburgh to complete his studies at the High School. Three years later, having achieved distinguished honours, he leaves for London and enters the employ of his uncle. In 1831 Logan is in Wales superintending the interests of his uncle in some mines, and here the first evidence of any care for geology is exhibited as he writes to his brother in London for text books on mineralogy and geology. Later he writes to Montreal and begs for small specimens of our rocks; his entire ignorance of Canadian geology could scarcely be more clearly shown than by the question: "Did you ever hear of any copper ore in Canada, or anywhere near it?" His spare time was now entirely absorbed in the preparation of a geological map, which, with much modesty, was handed to Sir Henry De la Beche, of the British Survey, and was adopted as part of the official map. This fact actually became the turning-point in Logan's career, and his admission to the Geological Society and his appointment by the Canadian Government became only a matter of time.

It was for the discovery of coal that Logan was called, and Gaspé was his first field. The work was difficult and prolonged, but it has been fully valued. He worked almost alone for some years, but from time to time he contrived to associate with him assistants in the several branches of the work; and it is through his sagacity in selecting men of such high order that we are able to point to his record with such unqualified pride. Surely the union of these men made them more powerful, and over names so eminent it is difficult to pass without proclaiming their merits. Thomas Sterry Hunt as chemist and mineralogist; Elkanah Billings as palæontologist, with the stratigraphical assistance of Alexander Murray and the field assistance of Robert Bell, while names which will live long in the annals of our country include those of Thos. McFarlane, Thos. Devine and many others. Even further went Logan, and enlisted the direct and friendly assistance of England's best scientists, of whom we may mention De la Beche, Murchison, Lyell and Bigsby.

When the results of the work of our Survey had become noteworthy, an opportunity was afforded by the great Industrial Exhibition of London in 1851 to exhibit the collection of minerals, which at once brought our native wealth into prominent notice; again, in 1855, was the good work extended at the Paris Exposition, and on both occasions did Logan well sustain Canadian interests, thereby winning not only honours for Canada but meriting the recognition of a knighthood from the Queen of England, and from the Emperor of France the Cross of the Legion of Honour.

Hard work had yet to be done at home, and as we handle that grand compilation, the "Geology of Canada 1863," we must not forget that it represents the care and labour of nearly eight years, and though some complaint was heard from Parliament the testimony from abroad was highly complimentary, and must have been very gratifying. Thus went the years with their increasing pressure on the diminishing strength of Logan. At last, in 1869, after nearly thirty years' labour, the public received with regret the announcement of Sir William's retirement.

But even yet his work is not done, certain of his conclusions are called in question and he must verify his statements. With this task was he engaged when rather suddenly death closed his career on the 22nd of June, 1875, and he was laid to rest in the churchyard of Llechryd, Wales.

The office of Director of the Survey had been filled by Mr. A. R. C. Selwyn, who continues the good work, while many of Sir William's co-workers still contribute to our wealth of knowledge, being spared to give us many amusing and interesting accounts of their personal experiences with Logan. Sir J. W. Dawson speaks to us from his extraordinary experience, giving us personal reminiscences extending back to Dr. Bigsby; and Dr. Robt. Bell has also a rich store of memory, covering 17 years' constant intercourse with Logan. These accounts, it is hoped, will be published at no distant date, and will add to our appreciation of so great a character. Already Dr. Bell has done good service in establishing the "Logan Club" in Ottawa, which, with its motto, "Mente et Malleo" will serve for both pleasure and profit. Their poet writes:

"By thought and dint of hammering
Is the good work done whereof I sing,
And a jollier lot you'll rarely find
Than the men who chip at earth's old rind."

The Canadian Naturalist and Geologist, the organ of the Natural History Society of Montreal, records many matters of deep interest to scientists. Many contributions of Logan's are stored among its treasures, until in it we find that last sad entry. Volume VIII. contains the obituaries of Sir Charles Lyell, Elkanah Billings and Sir William E. Logan. In concluding his memoir, Dr. Harrington uses words which seem eminently chosen to close the present paper: "If you would do honour to that noble old man, 'who fought so long, so bravely, for his country, for science, for you, then honour the cause for which he fought.'"

MAY MUSINGS.

AFTER RAIN COMES SUNSHINE.

"Oh May, sweet maid, what ails thee? Why so pensive and sad? It is not like thee to have thy bonny blue eyes so often dimmed with tears. Come, smile again before thy short stay is o'er."

"Who is speaking?" asked May, suddenly lifting her dimpled face over the edge of a cloud.

"I am sure I don't know," said a wee William, vainly trying to shake May's tears from its white face. "But I wish you would give us a little more sunshine; it is so cold and damp in the woods."

"Prithee, friend, cease thy grumbling," answered a staidier William, as it swayed gracefully on its long stalk.

"Look under yonder rose-bush, May, and you will see June hiding there; it was he that was speaking."

"Come forth, June, thou art discovered!" And June, somewhat abashed, crept forth from his hiding place. "Ah, June, thou hast no right here, I reign supreme as yet."

"Thy pardon, sweet May, I crave; but I could no longer withhold my complaint; so pray listen and be thine own bright sunny self again."

"Methinks, friend June, thou art somewhat afraid that if my present mood continues thy rose-bushes will not bear as soon as you would wish. Confess now, if such were not thy thoughts?"

"Well," said June, as he laughingly pointed to a rose-bush somewhat destitute of leaves. "You certainly have not done as well as you might have."

"And you would have me resume my character of being the

"Month of bees and month of flowers,
Month of blossoms, laden bowers;
Month of little hands with daisies,
Lovers' love, and poets' praises."

Well, so I will for the rest of my brief stay. To-morrow listen, and you will hear the blending of many voices in glad strains for the perfect day they shall have."

"Did you hear that, my dear? May promises us a fine day to-morrow," said robin to his mate, who, with his head perched on one side, was intently watching a fine fat grub; "but though some others may not like it, we Robins do enjoy the rain, and sunshine, too," quoth she, and away she hopped to seize Mr. Grub.

"The wild wood flowers, so tender-eyed and pale,—
The wood-mouse sitting by the forest spring, re-echoed sunshine, too."

How delightful are the woods in May! what glimpses of rare loveliness are seen through the thin-foliaged trees, which, later on, are hidden from view! What exquisite shades of green meet the eye—from the glossy, light shade just unfolded to the deeper, richer tints, while intermingling with these are indescribable tints of brown; beneath one's feet the soft, thick grass, yielding to the touch, gives back no sound to disturb the calm silence of the woods; and yet, amidst this silence, one feels an undue current of stirring life on all sides. At first the faint hum of bees, glad to escape from their winter quarters—they are eagerly gathering supplies for their honey. Then a noise, like the pattering of rain upon the dead leaves of last year, is heard in yon thicket, and looking more closely, birds of all sizes and colour are seen, from the little wren to his sable majesty the crow, blackbirds, robins and numerous charming yellow canaries, and others with beautiful plumage whose names are not familiar. Hopping among the leaves

and poking about with their sharp beaks, they seem to be having a most enjoyable time.

Two baby squirrels play hide-and seek among them, while on an old stump near by, sits their mother. Cautiously drawing near, for the slightest noise would disturb the timid dwellers of the woods, one hears a sound like a file at work; it is the mother squirrel filing a butternut with her sharp little teeth. Who can tell from what hidden store she got it. How cleverly she holds the nut in her forepaws; but her bright eye discovers somebody watching, and, quick as a flash, the nut is dropped, and with her pretty broad tail spread out away she goes. Suddenly there flits by a golden oriole. Scarce has one turned to watch its flight and admire its loveliness when a sharp tapping is heard, and running up the trunk of a tree the pretty hooded woodpecker is seen. And

"Where forest paths and glades, and thickets green
Make up, of flowers and leaves, a world serene.
The soul can learn to love all things
The God hath made."

HOW WE WON THE TROPHY.

No stirring deed of arms I tell, by flood or trampled field,
Nor elash of sword on plumed helm, nor spear 'gainst ring-
ing shield.
The Isthmian and Olympic games were sung of old in
Greece,
And in the bright Laurentian land we too love wars of
peace.
Let gladsome pæans songful rise, on high your garland's
toss,
With chaplets crown our hero game, the Indian's gift,
Lacrosse!
Then let it down our history ring with Deeds and Arts and
Laws,
And children's children welcome it in thunders of applause!

THE CAPTAIN'S STORY.

Tell how we won the Championship and swept the field
that day?
And you, the old time veteran, the great game missed, you
say!
Your fighting spirit sure has flown, your blood no longer
stirs
As in the days of long ago when first you won your spurs!
In swelling crowds, full hours before the time play should
begin,
The people come in car and cab still ever flowing in,
Filled the grand stand from end to end, packed all its
ample space
In towering tiers of manly strength, beauty and winsome
grace.
I vow 'twas sight to fire the blood;—enthroned, that serried
mass
Of pulsing life, with color bloomed; afoot, the velvet
grass;
Above, the blue Canadian sky; beyond, the river's sheen
Shot back the burnished rays that kissed the mountain's
crested green.
And almost hidden 'mid the flock, with brilliant plumage
gay,
That fluttering and twittering await the coming fray,
Was one white dove whose heart I knew beat 'neath its
downy vest
In visions of her love's return, crowned, from that stirring
quest.
All paused. I watched the players stand, or toss the
rubber high;
Admiring scanned each stalwart form, dear to an athlete's
eye,
As o'er the field, with easy grace, the lissome figures glide;
Or, playful, chase the darling ball with lithe and winged
stride.
The signal whistle shrilly piped, sharp on the stroke of
three
The teams lined up in centre field; out stepped the Referee.
Kindly he warned us of the rules: "Now boys, let people
say,
In after years, who see this game, 'twas pure Lacrosse
that day!"
Nervous! you're right; although our men were in the
finest trim,
And jauntily toyed with their sticks, their smiles were
rather grim.
Ten thousand pairs of eager eyes, the Championship at
stake!
Man, each green blade sprang 'neath our shoes with brist-
ling nerves awake!
I won the toss and chose to play down, with the sun be-
hind;
And, as the team strung out to place, urged them to keep
in mind
The precepts I, all practice eves, unceasing trained them
in—
"Cover; check close; get on the ball; keep cool and
sure we'll win!"
The Centre-field's knelt for the face. "Ball's off!" the
ladies cry.
Quick as a flash our Outside Home caught at it on the fly,

And, heedless of the raining blows, dodged each man as
he came,
Passed it to Home. A shot, dead on; the Umpire's
signal. Game!

'Tis ours! 'tis ours! Surprise, delight, dear brimming
eyes confess,
And sweet with hope their speech to me, and joy at first
success;—

Then, as bent low in archer's hand twangs from the loos-
ened string,
The pent voice of the people's heart breathed in one
mighty ring!

The old heads, when they got their breath after the first
glad shout
None could restrain, looked very wise and muttered:
"Boys! look out!"

That's but the first—too quickly won,—the pace is rather
fast!
And swift the ready challenge came: "Yes, much too
good to last!"

Next game both sides had settled down and showed some
pretty play,
As up and back the ball was tossed along its bounding
way.

Our Home poured in their red hot shots; theirs rattled
round the poles;
Till, swift and true, in arrow flight, the ball whizzed
through our goals!

The second game against us scored, our doughty rivals
heard
The cheer that heartens combatants,—and then they took
the third!

Somehow that's always been our luck—it takes a crack or
two
To knock the dust out of our eyes and let the grit shine
through.

And so it proved, for, when the teams answered the
whistle's call,
My men were first upon the field; I saw in each and all
The look betokening grit would tell, 'spite the stonewall
Defence

That held the goal impregnable—a living barrier dense.
Again the ball was quickly faced. Our Cover-point leapt
in

'Mid whirling sticks and bore it off, amid ear-splitting din
Of proffered counsel, ringing cheer, applause that never
lags,
Till luckily he heard me roar: "High drop, right on the
flags!"

One instant balanced on the net, then urged by powerful
swing
The soaring ball rose to the sky as if on buoyant wing.
The players stood and watched its flight; the stand gazed,
breathless, too,
And strained their eyes upon the speck cleaving the distant
blue.

As darting hawk in downward swoop, the rubber, curving,
dipped;
The Home rushed in. "Check sticks!" I cried. Each
man his crosse tight gripped.

Crash went the sticks! Home's furious swipe the flag-pole
barely shaved.
"Missed by an inch!" the Umpire said. The hard pressed
goal was saved!

Back to our end the rubber whirled. Their Home sprang
to attack
In fierce assault our citadel, by our Defence hurled back.
In vain they tried to force a breach, each well-aimed shot
was stopped,
Till Point a soaring over-hand clean through their fortress
dropped!

"Magnificent!" "Twas only chance!" But all could
plainly see
How narrow was the time between defeat and victory.
Each side two games; ten minutes rest; but *three* in which
to win
Or lose, or draw!—the odds were then a crosse stick to a
pin.

Three minutes for the Championship! How the swift
seconds flew,
"Play!" cried the Referee at last, and sharp and quick
'twas too;

The face—a draw—a catch—a shot! "Game!" rings
across the field;
Our hero-team had nobly won their title to the Shield!

And if our sticks were tossed in joy, you should have seen
the crowd
Dance, laugh, and slap each other's backs and shout in
glee aloud;
While sparkling eyes their plaudits beamed, and kerchiefs
waved on high,
And polished tiles went rocketing up towards the evening
sky.

But sweeter far than glad applause, dearer than glittering
prize,
The whispered praise from those dear lips, the welcome in
her eyes.

Stilled the unquiet heart that beat in fond anxiety
When Victory's wings brushed by Defeat—now triumphing
with me.

The gallant stand our rivals made we shall not soon forget,
The cheer we gave them on the field rings in my memory
yet.

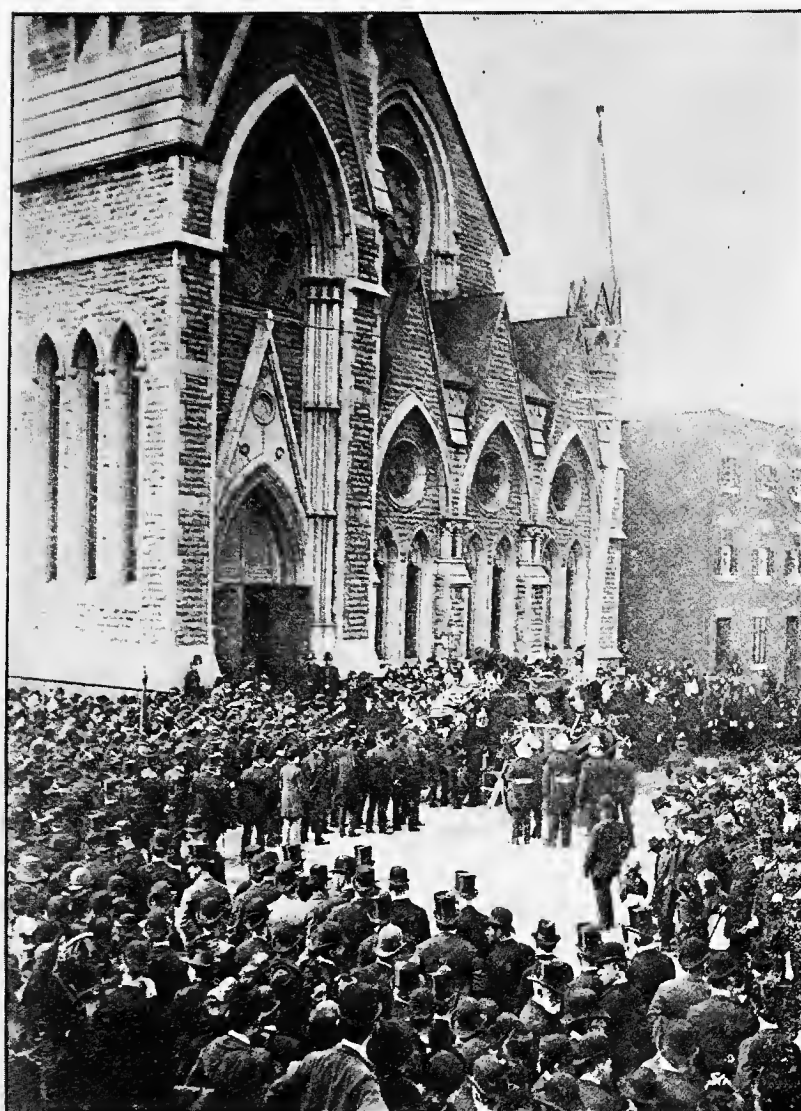
Right royally they sent it back, and in its hearty ring
Was highest tribute to success—defeat had left no sting!
Montreal. SAMUEL M. BAYLIS.

HONOURING DEAD ARTISTS.

At the banquet of the Royal Academy Sir F. Leighton, Bart., the president, made the following reference to mem-
bers who had passed away during the last twelve months,
including in the honorary list the artist-poet, Browning:—

This year the call from which there was no appeal has
been heard twice within our active ranks, once within those
of our honorary members. The first to fall away from
them left a void not easily filled in the number, too small
already, of our engravers. To his gifts as an artist was
added a most kindly nature, and his friends will long miss
the gentle and courteous companionship of Thomas Oldham
Barlow. (Hear, hear.) Our latest loss was sustained in
the person of a veteran who in the days of his prime held
and deserved a conspicuous position; an artist whose aspira-
tions were ever high and who never paltered with his
beliefs. Hand and eye paid, no doubt, in the days of his
advanced age their necessary debt to un pitying Time; but
in elevation of aim and singleness of purpose J. Rogers
Herbert was true to himself to the end. (Hear, hear.)
The third loss we deplore robs not us only; in it a nation,
a generation, a literature are the poorer. It is for others
more fit than I am to gauge the depth and range of genius
of the great deliver in human souls who now sleeps by
Chaucer and Dryden; but may I not say this—that by his
loss the pulse and temperature of English verse seem in
some sensible degree lowered? For surely in our genera-
tion no such white heat has faded into ashes as that
which burns no more in the breast of Robert Browning.
(Hear, hear.) But whilst I record with sorrow that his seat
here will know him no longer, I rejoice to be able to an-
nounce that the honorary office he held among us will be
henceforth filled by a man widely known and as widely
esteemed, to whose insight and magnificent energy this
country owes, among other things, the priceless samples of
Assyrian art which are the boast of our famous museum in
Bloomsbury—Sir H. Austen Layard. (Cheers.) Gentle-
men, these walls on which are presented to you to-day
some fruits of this year's labour in English art were bright
some months ago with the works of artists long since
passed away. In this array Spain and the Low Countries
played a magnificent part; but the art of our own country
contributed also its large and honourable share. One
room, indeed, in which had been seen but recently a re-
markable display of plastic work of the Italian Renaissance,
revealed in a most impressive manner—I fear that to many
it was a revelation—the genius of a great English designer,
who was filled full with the spirit of that supreme period of
Italian art, and in whom was seen much of the versatility
of his great predecessor—Alfred Stevens. We saw,
among other examples of his power, the sketch model of
the first monument that has in this country issued from
English hands—the monument erected in St. Paul's to the
great Duke of Wellington; and in those who are careful
of the honour of English art a warm hope was once more
kindled, that this great work, no longer stowed away un-
finished and uncrowned, thrust aside in a chapel where it
cannot be duly seen, may some day soar in completed
beauty under the arch and on the spot which it was de-
signed to enrich. But there is, to my thinking, another
and peculiar significance in this gathering of some of
Stevens's principal designs, and it attaches to the illus-
tration they furnished of the employment of the highest
gifts in the production of objects of common use, and the
witness borne in every touch of his hand to this great
cardinal truth—that all art is one. (Cheers.) And the
sight of the works of a great English artist, thus momen-
tarily, many of them, emerging from oblivion, had yet a
further lesson; it shargened in many minds a conscious-
ness which has long been gaining strength, and is now on
many sides finding articulate expres-ion—the consciousness
that England possesses no great gallery specially devoted
to the achievements of native art in all its manifestations.
(Hear, hear.) Does a foreigner desire to learn what is the
condition of modern art down to the present day among
our great neighbours in France or Germany, magnificent
galleries stand open where he can see, study and admire.
Shall we alone be content that no such monument of the
manifold energy of living art in our country be found
among us? Gentlemen, the absence of such a witness to
our artistic life is a reproach which should not be longer
suffered. The time is ripe; I cannot doubt that action is
at hand. What form that action may take I cannot prophe-
sy; this only I think may be foreseen—that whatever
is achieved will be in a large measure promoted, as are
most great things amongst us, by the munificence of in-
dividual Englishmen; and I ask you as I sit down to share
with me not only the hope but the faith that the year which
lies before us may see the inception of a scheme which
shall ripen in due time and bear fruit to the honour of
British patriotism and of British art. (Loud cheers.)

The famous old mountain fortress of Asirgarh, which
was formerly regarded as one of the principal defences of
Central India, is about to be dismantled. It stands on the
summit of an almost inaccessible mountain, and has many
interesting historical associations.



FUNERAL OF THE LATE SUB-CHIEF McCULLOCH,
AT ST. STEPHEN'S CHURCH, MONTREAL.

HERE AND THERE.

Sir James Hector, New Zealand's foremost Scientist, has been deploring what he describes as "the perfect athletic mania which has arisen in the Australias." To be a hero in the Colonies now, he says, you must excel not in brain work, but in the training of the muscles of the arms and legs.

There has been of late years somewhat of a revolution in the idea of how foreign mission work should be handled. The earlier idea was that the heathen should be preached to. Whatever success may have attended this method, it was certainly not sufficient to prevent the inquiry whether the same expenditure might not be more telling if directed in some different channel. It then began to be seen that the effects of a large part of a lifetime spent in heathenism could not be wholly rooted out, and that a wiser plan was to begin at the beginning of the lives to be converted. This has led to the vast upgrowth of the educational system in foreign missions.—*Rev. D. M. Bates.*

The theatres of Japan begin in the morning and last until sundown. The audiences sit on the floor, and the people are as much affected as children by the plays. Whole families come and spend the entire day in the theatre. Some of them bring their provisions with them, and others have them served from the neighbouring tea-houses. In some theatres, when a person wishes to leave the hall and come back again, he is not given a return check, as with us. There is no passing of your ticket to newsboys in Japan. The door-keeper takes hold of the right hand of the man going out and stamps on his wrist the mark of the theatre. When the play-goer

returns, he presents his wrist, the seal of the theatre is shown, and he is admitted.

Dr. Liddon is the author of the following: Burke has shown how various attitudes of the human body correspond to, or are inconsistent with, deep emotions of the human soul. You cannot, for instance, sit lolling back in an arm chair with your mouth wide open, and feel a warm glow of indignation; and, if you or I were introduced suddenly into the presence of the Queen, we should not keep our hats on and sit down with our hands in our pockets, on the ground that the genuine sentiment of loyalty is quite independent of its outward expression. And if people come to church and sit and talk and look about them while prayers are being addressed to the Infinite and Eternal Being, it is not because they are so very, very spiritual as to be able to do without any outward forms. They really do not kneel because they do not with the eye of their souls see Him, the sight of whom awes first the soul and then the body into profoundest reverence. After all, there is nothing very spiritual, as some people seem to think, in the practice of outward irreverence. Church rules on the subject are but the natural outcome of deep interest of the soul of man when it is confronted by the greatness of its Maker and its Redeemer.

A DISTINGUISHED CRITIC.

M. Armand de Pontmartin, one of the oldest and best French critics, died a few weeks ago at Avignon, where he was born in 1811. He was a staunch Roman Catholic and Legitimist, and started as a journalist in 1833. For the last twenty-three years he was feuilletonist to the *Gazette de France*, and many of his 1,500 articles in that paper have been reprinted in

volumes. He was a caustic but not usually an unfair critic. He had an aversion for George Sand, Ste-Beuve, Balzac, and latterly Zola. He firmly declined a seat in the Academy.

HUMOUROUS.

It is hard on a young man to spend three months deciding which of two girls he will choose for his wife, and then to find out when he proposes that neither of them will have him.

JUDGE: How did you come to rob this man in broad daylight on a frequented thoroughfare? Highwayman: I couldn't help it, Judge; I had an engagement for every night of that week.

LITTLE JANET the other day was eating at the tea-table when she suddenly burst into tears. "What is the matter, Janet?" inquired her mother. "Oh," sobbed Janet, when she had recovered a little, "my teeth stepped on my tongue."

JOHNNIE: You've got a cold in your head, have you? Cholly (calling on Johnnie's sister): Yes, a very bad cold. Johnnie: Then sister was wrong. Cholly: Wrong in what? Johnnie: She said you hadn't anything in your head at all.

"WHAT are these, John?" inquired an affected and languid hostess at a dinner-party she was giving, as John, an untutored stable-help who had been brought in on emergency to assist, tremblingly thrust forward a dish of tartlets just under her right elbow. "I don't know, ma'am, really," he replied; "but I think they're tuppence apiece!"

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HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS.

All even numbered sections, excepting 8 and 26, are open for homestead and pre-emption entry.

ENTRY.

Entry may be made personally at the local land office in which the land to be taken is situate, or if the homesteader desires, he may, on application to the Minister of the Interior, Ottawa, or the Commissioner of Dominion Lands, Winnipeg, receive authority for some one near the local office to make the entry for him.

DUTIES.

Under the present law homestead duties may be performed in three ways:

1. Three years' cultivation and residence, during which period the settler may not be absent for more than six months in any one year without forfeiting the entry.

2. Residence for three years within two miles of the homestead quarter section and afterwards next prior to application for patent, residing for 3 months in a habitable house erected upon it. Ten acres must be broken the first year after entry, 15 acres additional in the second, and 15 in the third year; 10 acres to be in crop the second year, and 25 acres the third year.

3. A settler may reside anywhere for the first two years, in the first year breaking 5 acres, in the second cropping said 5 acres and breaking additional 10 acres, also building a habitable house. The entry is forfeited if residence is not commenced at the expiration of two years from date of entry. Thereafter the settler must reside upon and cultivate his homestead for at least six months in each year for three years.

APPLICATION FOR PATENT

may be made before the local agent, any homestead inspector, or the intelligence officer at Medicine Hat or Qu'Appelle Station.

Six months' notice must be given in writing to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands by a settler of his intention prior to making application for patent.

Intelligence offices are situate at Winnipeg, Qu'Appelle Station and Medicine Hat. Newly arrived immigrants will receive, at any of these offices, information as to the lands that are open for entry, and from the officers in charge, free of expense, advice and assistance in securing lands to suit them.

A SECOND HOMESTEAD

may be taken by any one who has received a homestead patent or a certificate of reconsecration, countersigned by the Commissioner of Dominion Lands, upon application for patent made by him prior to the second day of June, 1887.

All communications having reference to lands under control of the Dominion Government, lying between the eastern boundary of Manitoba and the Pacific Coast, should be addressed to the Secretary of the Department of the Interior, Ottawa, or to H. H. Smith, Commissioner of Dominion Lands, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

A. M. BURGESS,

Deputy Minister of the Interior.

Department of the Interior,
Ottawa, Sept. 2, 1889.